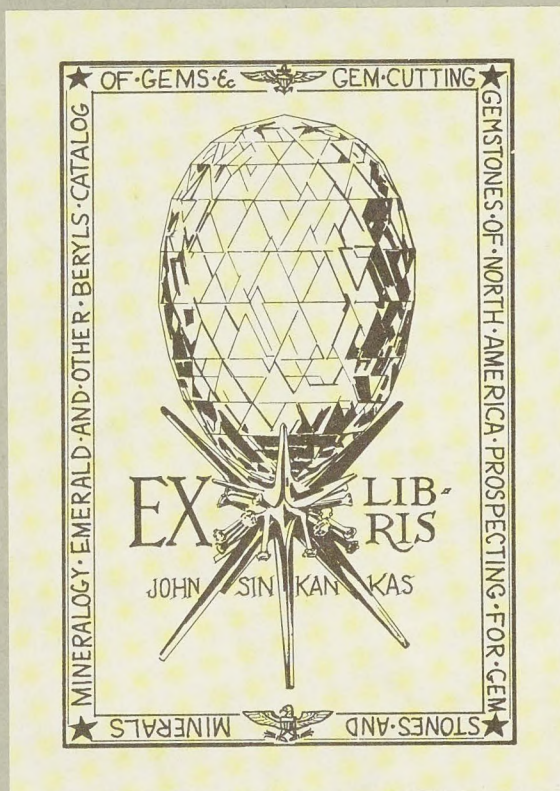
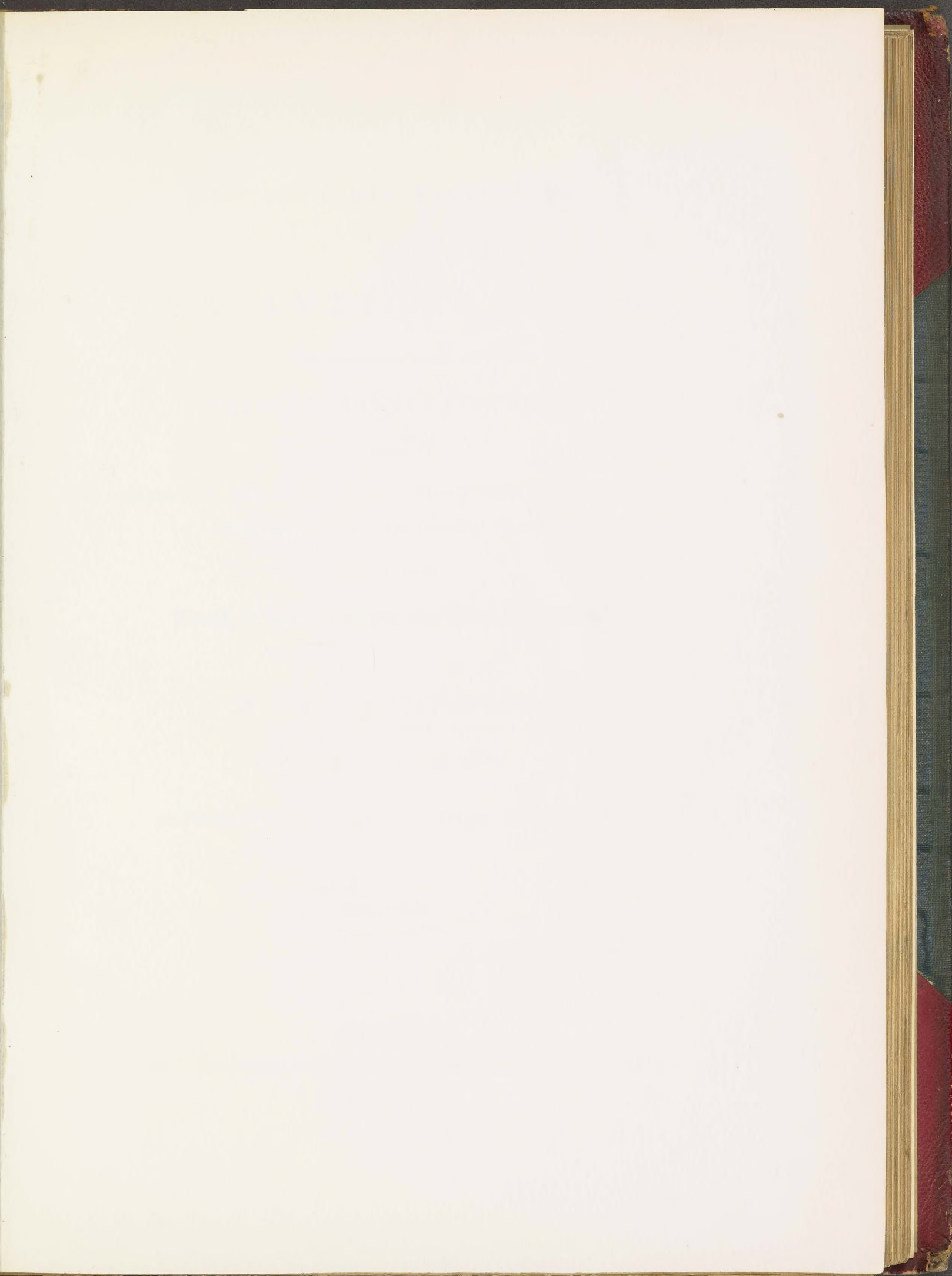




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A DESCRIPTION AND POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF EACH SUBJECT,
CAREFULLY SELECTED FROM CLASSICAL AUTHORS,

TOGETHER WITH AN

Essay on Ancient Gems and Gem-Engraving.

BY JAMES PRENDEVILLE, B.A.

EDITOR OF "LIVY," "PARADISE LOST," ETC.

ASSISTED BY THE LATE DR. MAGINN.

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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, K.G.

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE HIGH RESPECT IN WHICH

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS IS HELD

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST OBEDIENT AND MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

JOHN TYRRELL.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, K.G.

CHAPLAIN

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, WESTMINSTER

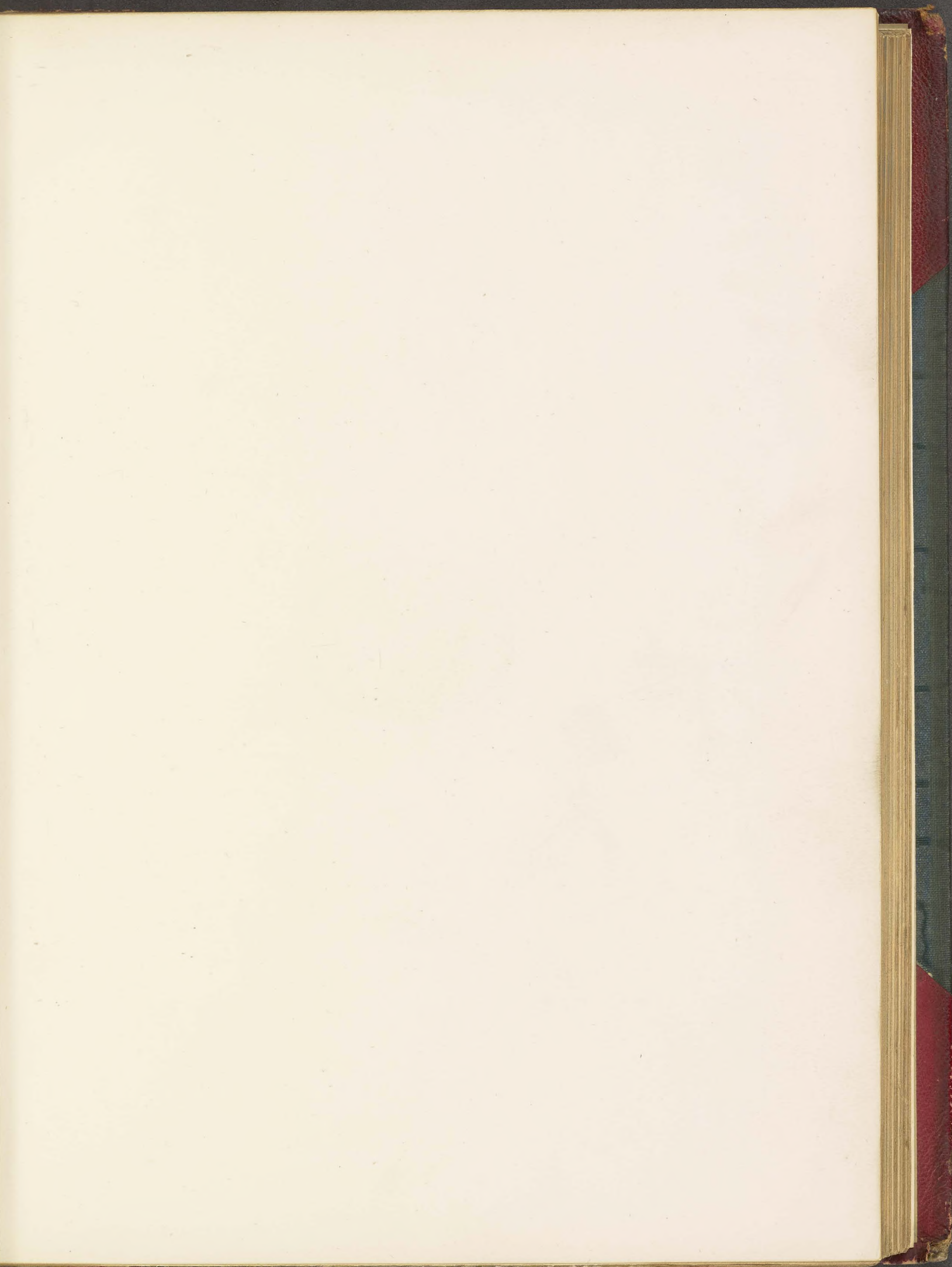
ON SATURDAY, 12th JUNE 1965

AT THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, WESTMINSTER

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, WESTMINSTER

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, WESTMINSTER

JOHN KEEBLE



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244

CLASS II.

DEMI-GODS.

No. 214.

Chaos.

Cyclops. *Sardonyx.*

" Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heav'n's high canopy that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face—
Rather a pulp and indigested mass;
A formless lump, unshap'd and unbound,
Of mingling seeds, and judd'ring Chaos round.
No sun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blest horns reveal;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
Nor yet did on her own foundations lie;
Nor was about the shapes their arms had thrown;

But earth, and air, and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth was void;
And water's dark abyss unperceptive;
No certain form on any was impress;
All were confus'd, and each distort'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fix'd;
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mix'd.

From the beginning say who first arose;
First of all beings Chaos was."

DEIA.

" Now I will sing how mixing seeds were hurl'd,
How toss'd in order, how they form'd the world:
How sun and moon began; what steady fires
Mark'd out their walk; what makes them keep
their course.
For sure outstriking seeds did ne'er dispose
Themselves by counsel, nor their order chose;
Nor any compact made how each should move,
Nor force eternal through the vacuum strove,
By that was weight, or by eternal blows,
All compact made, or find the best of those;

All unious too, if, by their various play,
They could compose new beings any way;
Thus long they whirl'd, most sorts of motion
past,
Most sorts of union too, they join'd at last
In such convenient order, when began
The sea, the heav'n, and earth, and beasts, and
men:
But yet no glistering sun, no twinkling star,
No heav'n, no roaring sea, no earth, no air,
Nor any thing like these did then appear.

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cat



CLASS II.

DEMI-GODS.

No. 244.

Chaos.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx.*

" Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heav'n's high canopy that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face—
Rather a rude and indigested mass ;
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up the world to view ;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew ;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
Nor pois'd did on her own foundations lie ;
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown ;

But earth, and air, and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was imprest ;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fix'd ;
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mix'd.

From the beginning say who first arose ;
First of all beings Chaos was."

OVID.

" Now I will sing how moving seeds were hurl'd,
How toss'd to order, how they fram'd the world :
How sun and moon began ; what steady force
Mark'd out their walk ; what makes them keep
their course.

For sure unthinking seeds did ne'er dispose
Themselves by counsel, nor their order chose ;
Nor any compacts made how each should move,
But from eternal through the vacuum strove,
By their own weight, or by eternal blows,
All motions tried, to find the best of those ;

All unions too, if, by their various play,
They could compose new beings any way :
Thus long they whirl'd, most sorts of motion
past,

Most sorts of union too, they join'd at last
In such convenient order, whence began
The sea, the heav'n, and earth, and beasts, and
man :

But yet no glitt'ring sun, no twinkling star,
No heav'n, no roaring sea, no earth, no air,
Nor any thing like these did then appear,

But a vast heap; and from this mighty mass
Each part retir'd, and took its proper place:
Agreeing seeds combin'd; each atom ran
And sought his like, and so the frame began.
From disagreeing seeds the world did rise,
Because their various motion, weight, and size,

And figure, would not let them all combine,
And lie together, nor friendly motions join:
Thus skies, and thus the sun first rais'd his
head,
Thus stars, thus seas o'er proper places spread."
LUCRETIVS, book iv.

"And now let this as the first rule be laid,
Nothing was by the gods of nothing made.
From hence proceeds all our distrust and fear,
That many things in heaven and earth appear,
Whose causes far remote and hidden lie,
Beyond the ken of vulgar reason's eye,
And therefore men ascribe them to the Deity.
But this once prov'd, it gives an open way
To nature's secrets, and we walk in day."

LUCRETIVS, book i.

—"I saw the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep;
I saw, when, at God's word, this formless mass,
The world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding, darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their sev'ral quarters hasten'd then
The cumb'rous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And the ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars:

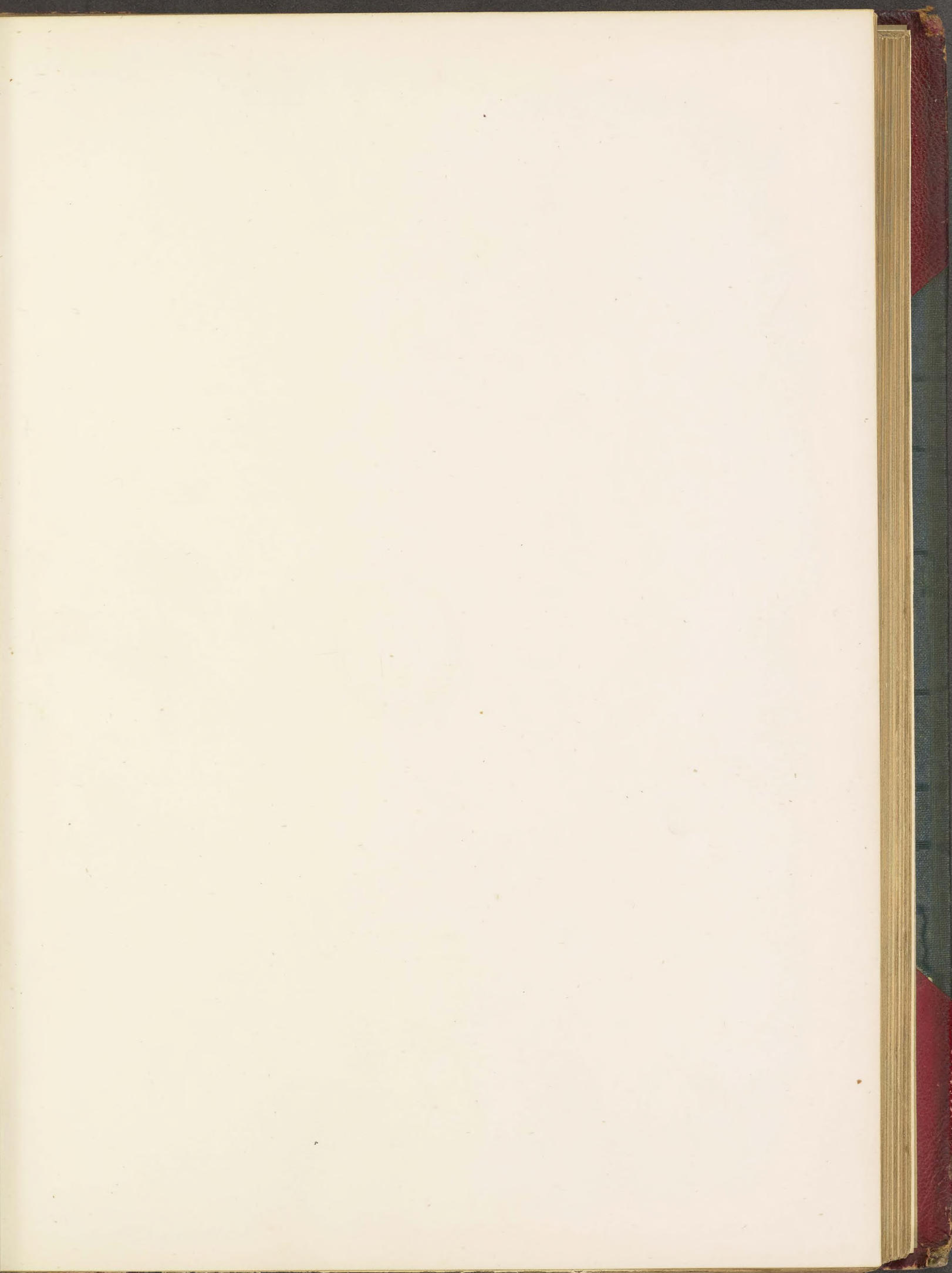
Each had his place appointed, each his course.
Thus God the heav'ns created, thus the earth,
Matter uniform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss: but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass; but downwards
purg'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal drugs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like; the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And earth, self-balan'd, on her centre hung."

MILTON.

"He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame:
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void; and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball!
The tender soil then, stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas:
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose,
And a new sun to the new world arose;

And mists, condens'd to clouds, obscure the
sky;
And clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty ground sup-
ply:
The rising trees the lofty mountains grace;
The lofty mountains feed the savage race,
Yet few, and strangers in the unpeopled place."

VIRGIL, *Ec.*: DRYDEN.



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245

No. 245.

Head of Æolus.

Autos. *Cornelian.*

"In a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons bind;
This way and that th' impatient captives send,
And passing for release the mountain's end,
High hills half th' unmounted monster's head,
And shake his empire, and their rage commands;
Which did he not, their curbed way
Would sweep the world before them in their way."

Earth, air, and sea, through empty space would
roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving wind!
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Curb'd their fury in those dark abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with
mountain loads;
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force ally."

VIRGIL.

"Thus he commands the changing clouds to
stop,
These thundering terrors mortal minds dismay;
And, with the lightning, winds expand'ring slow,
Yet not permitted every way to blow,
Who hardly now to hear the world below
(As whether late), though they divided reign,
To winds and waves leave their
Whose game performs the blushing seas' caprice."

Next to the evening, and the dawn that glows
With setting Phœbus, thy're Jeph'tas throne.
In Scythia's forest Theseus holds his reign,
Beneath Dodon and the frozen main.
The lead to this oppos'd dark Aster stay
With faithful slaves, and steeds which wait
weep."

OTTO'S MET. : SANDER.

"At length we reach'd Æolus's sea-girt
shore,
Where great Hippobates the warden bore;
A blacking tide! High sail'd by sail diving,
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast enclose.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters grace'd the royal bed:
These sons their sisters wed, and all around
Flash parents' pride, and pleasure of their reign.
All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and merriment through the blest abound.
At night each pair on opulent carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day."

This happy port affords our wandering fleet
A month's reception and a safe retreat.
Till off the monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of Ilion and the Grecian fate:
Till off I told: at length for parting mov'd;
The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
The odorous wine in leathern bags he bound,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling
blast.

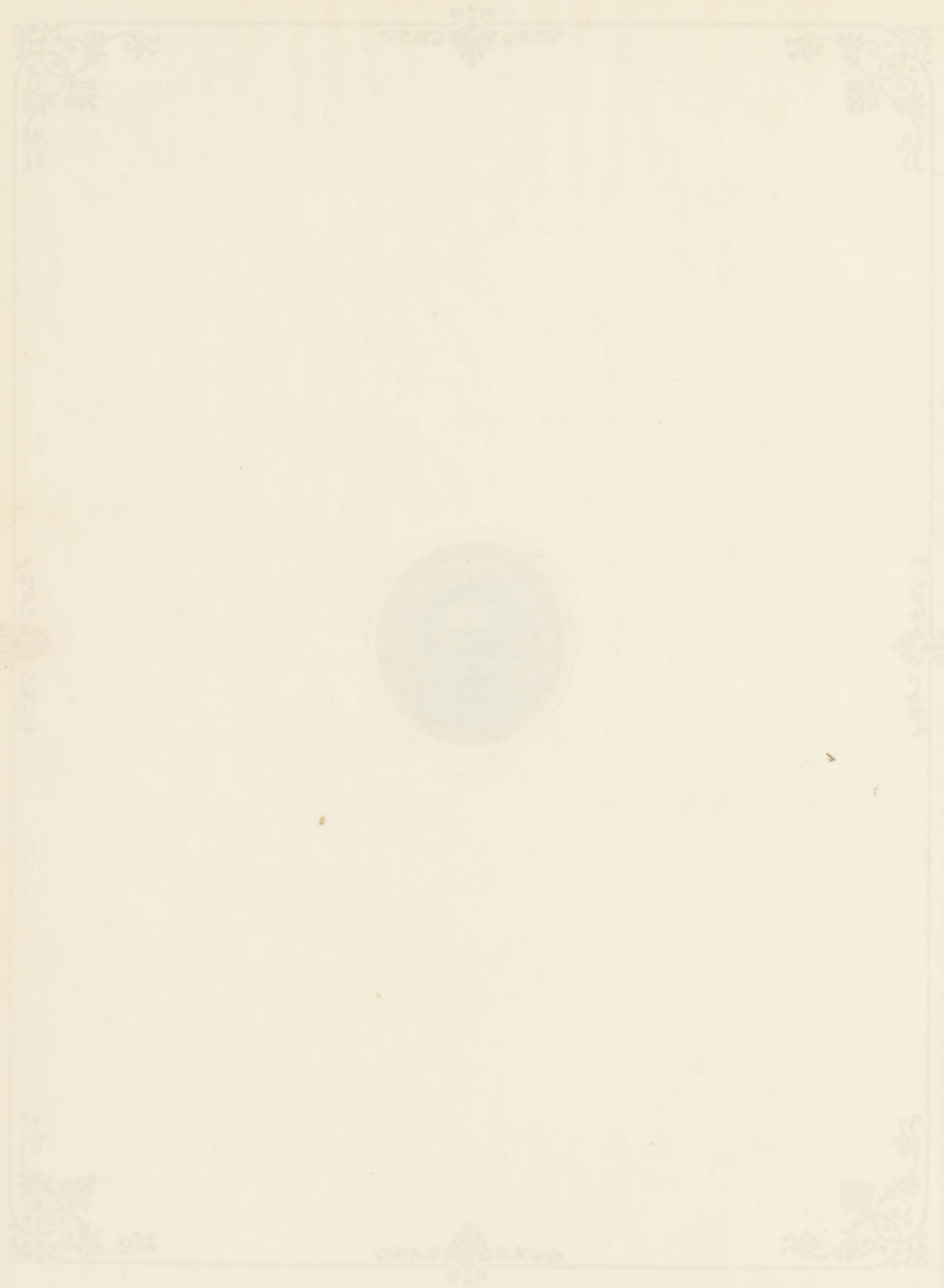
For him the mighty sire of gods assign'd
The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the listening storms obey,
To smooth the deep or swell the foamy sea."

DANTE.

"Thus, doing all at once and unconfined,
From every quarter rose the rushing wind."

First from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed
Tempestuous Eurus rear'd his dreadful head;

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No. 245.

Head of Æolus.

AULOS. *Cornelian.*

"In a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds;
This way and that th' impatient captives tend,
And pressing for release the mountains rend.
High in his hall th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands;
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way;

Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would
roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving soul!
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with
mountain loads;
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay."

VIRGIL.

"There he commands the changing clouds to
stray,
There thund'ring terrors mortal minds dismay;
And, with the lightning, winds engend'ring snow,
Yet not permitted every way to blow,
Who hardly now to tear the world refrain
(So brothers jar), though they divided reign.
To Persis and Sabæa Eurys flies,
Whose gums perfume the blushing morn's uprise.

Next to the evening, and the coast that glows
With setting Phœbus, flow'ry Zeph'rus blows.
In Scythia horrid Boreas holds his reign,
Beneath Boötes and the frozen wain.
The land to this oppos'd doth Auster steep
With fruitful show'rs, and clouds which ever
weep."

OVID'S *Met.*: SANDYS.

"At length we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt
shore,
Where great Hippotades the sceptre bore;
A floating isle! High rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters grac'd the royal bed:
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
Their parents' pride, and pleasure of their reign.
All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and music through the isle resound.
At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.

This happy port affords our wandering fleet
A month's reception and a safe retreat.
Full oft the monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of Ilion and the Grecian fate:
Full oft I told; at length for parting mov'd;
The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling
blast.

For him the mighty sire of gods assign'd
The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the listening storms obey,
To smooth the deep or swell the foamy sea."

Odyssey.

"Now rising all at once and unconfin'd,
From every quarter roars the rushing wind.

First from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed
Tempestuous Corus rears his dreadful head;

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cat

Th' obedient deep his potent breath controls,
And mountain-high the foamy flood he rolls.
Him the north-east encountering fierce defied,
And back rebuffed the yielding tide.
The curling surges loud conflicting meet,
Dash their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing Boreas from the Scythian strand
Ploughs up the waves, and scoops the lowest sand.
Nor Eurus then I ween was left to dwell,
Nor showery Notus in the Æolian cell;

But each from every side, his power to boast,
Rang'd his proud forces to defend his coast.
Equal in might, alike they strive in vain,
While in the midst the seas unmov'd remain.
In lesser wars they yield to stormy heaven,
And captive waves to other deeps are driven;
The Tyrrhene billows dash Ægean shores,
And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars."

LUCAN'S *Phar.*: ROWE.

No. 246.

Æolus menacing his daughter Canace.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

She holds in her arms the child born of her illicit marriage with her brother Macareus.

"The babe he seiz'd, the feigned rites unveil'd,
And hapless me with raging voice assail'd;
As ocean quivers to the passing breeze,
As stormy south winds shake the rustling trees,
My pale limbs shiv'ring at his voice and frown,
So shook beneath my frame the bed of down.
A father's tongue proclaim'd his daughter's shame,
And e'en from violence could scarce refrain.

O'erwhelm'd with conscious guilt and fears,
I only answer'd him with sobs and tears.
To vultures and to hungry dogs a prey,
He bids them cast our helpless babe away;
The guiltless child, as conscious of his doom,
With cries implor'd to snatch him from the tomb."

OVID'S *Ep. Can. to Mac.*: N. O.

No. 247.

Oceanus borne by a sea-crab.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Oceanus, son of Cœlus and Vesta, was the father of all the principal rivers, and of three thousand nymphs called Oceanides, whom he had by his wife Tethys. The sea-crab was consecrated to him. He holds a sceptre and a rudder, and majestically traverses the sea.

"Thetis to Ocean brought the rivers forth,
In whirlpool waters roll'd: Eridanus
Deep-eddied, and Alpheus, and the Nile;
Fair-flowing Ister, Strymon, and Meander,
Phasis and Rhesus; Achelous bright

With silver-circled tides; Heptaporus,
And Nessus; Haliaemon and Rhodius;
Granicus and the heavenly Simois;
Æsapus, Hermus, and Sangarius vast;
Peneus, and Caicus smoothly flowing;



240



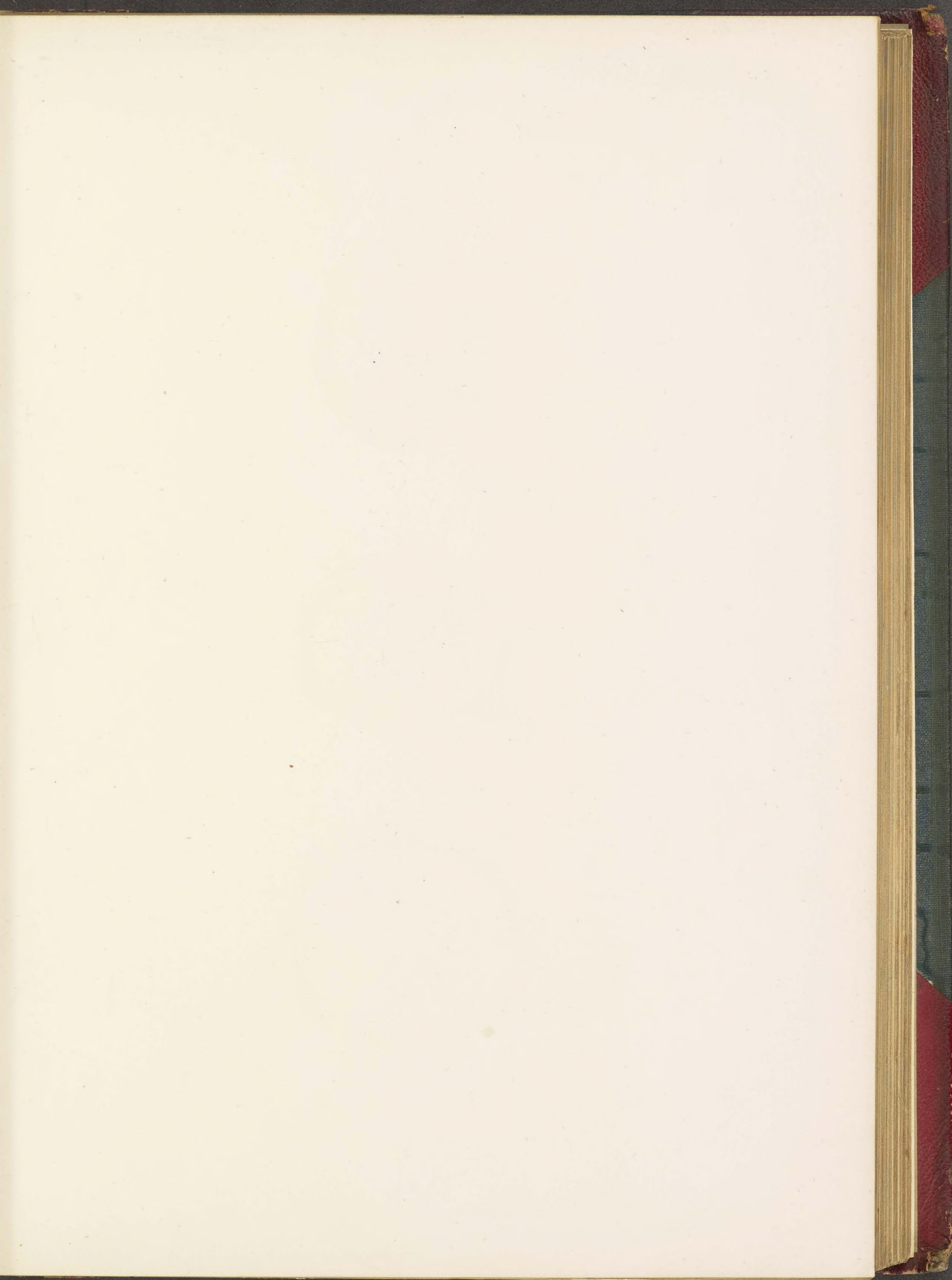


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248



249



250

And Ino, and Perthenus, and Evadne;
 Arctone, and Scyzander the divine:
 Three thousand graceful Oceanides
 Long sleeping tread the earth; or far and wide
 Dispers'd, they haunt the glassy depth of lakes,
 A glorious sisterhood of goddess-birth.

As many rivers also, yet untold,
 Rushing with hollow-dashing echoes, rose
 From awful Tethys: but their every name
 Is not for mortal ears to pronounce,
 Anducus, yet known to all the borderers round."

HESIOD.

No. 248.

A head of Ocean.

CHROMIOS. *Amethyst.*

" Ah, me! what draws thee hither? Art thou come,
 Spectator of my falls? How lost thou wert'st
 To leave the ocean-waves, from thee to call'd,
 Thy rock-roof'd grottoes, arch'd by Nature's hand,
 And land upon this iron-burning earth?
 Com'st thou to visit and bewail my ills?"

ÆSCHYLUS, *Prometheus Bound*.

No. 249.

Galatea, daughter of Nereus and Doris, accompanied by a Triton, who,
 playing on a sea-shell, calms the angry waves.

DIOSCORIDES. *Amethyst.*

" Triton, at his call, appears
 Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears,
 And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
 The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
 And give the waves the signal to retire.
 His withen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
 Grows by degrees into a large extent;

Then gives it breath: the blast, with doubling
 sound,
 Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
 The Sun first heard it in his early east,
 And met the rattling echoes in the west;
 The waters, list'ning to the trumpet's roar,
 Obey the summons, and forsake the shore."

OVER.

No. 250.

Polyphemus the Cyclops, enamoured of Galatea, arranging his hair, and
 looking at himself in the sea, which serves him as a mirror.

CHROMIOS. *Calcedony.*

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And Ladon, and Parthenius, and Evenus;
 Ardescus, and Scamander the divine:
 Three thousand graceful Oceanides
 Long stepping tread the earth; or far and wide
 Dispers'd, they haunt the glassy depth of lakes,
 A glorious sisterhood of goddess-birth.

As many rivers also, yet untold,
 Rushing with hollow-dashing echoes, rose
 From awful Tethys: but their every name
 Is not for mortal man to memorate,
 Arduous, yet known to all the borderers round."

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A head of Ocean.

CHROMIOS. *Amethyst.*

" Ah, me! what draws thee hither? Art thou come,
 Spectator of my toils? How hast thou ventur'd
 To leave the ocean-waves, from thee so call'd,
 Thy rock-roof'd grottoes, arch'd by Nature's hand,
 And land upon this iron-teeming earth?
 Com'st thou to visit and bewail my ills?"

ÆSCHYLUS, *Prometheus*: POTTER.

No. 249.

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 Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears,
 And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
 The sov'reign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
 And give the waves the signal to retire.
 His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
 Grows by degrees into a large extent;

Then gives it breath: the blast, with doubling
 sound,
 Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
 The Sun first heard it in his early east,
 And met the rattling echoes in the west;
 The waters, list'ning to the trumpets' roar,
 Obey the summons, and forsake the shore."

OVID.

No. 250.

Polyphemus the Cyclops, enamoured of Galatea, arranging his hair, and
 looking at himself in the sea, which serves him as a mirror.

CHROMIOS. *Calcedony.*

“ On a steep
Rough-pointed rock, that overlook'd the deep,
And with brown horror high impending hung,
The giant monster sat, and thus he sung:—

‘ Fair nymph, why will you thus my passion
slight ?

Softer than lambs you seem, than curds more white;
Wanton as calves before the udder'd kine,
Harsh as the unripe fruitage of the vine.
You come when pleasing sleep has clos'd mine eye,
And like a vision with my slumbers fly,
Swift as before the wolf the lambkin bounds,
Panting and trembling, o'er the furrow'd grounds.
Then first I lov'd, and thence I date my flame,
When here to gather hyacinths you came;
My mother brought you—'twas a fatal day—
And I, alas! unwary led the way.
E'er since my tortur'd mind has known no rest;
Peace is become a stranger to my breast:
Yet you nor pity nor relieve my pain—
Yes, yes, I know the cause of your disdain.
For, stretch'd from ear to ear with shagged grace,
My single brow adds horror to my face;
My single eye enormous lids enclose,
And o'er my blubber'd lips projects my nose.
Yet homely as I am, large flocks I keep,
And drain the udders of a thousand sheep;
My pails with milk, my shelves with cheese they
fill,

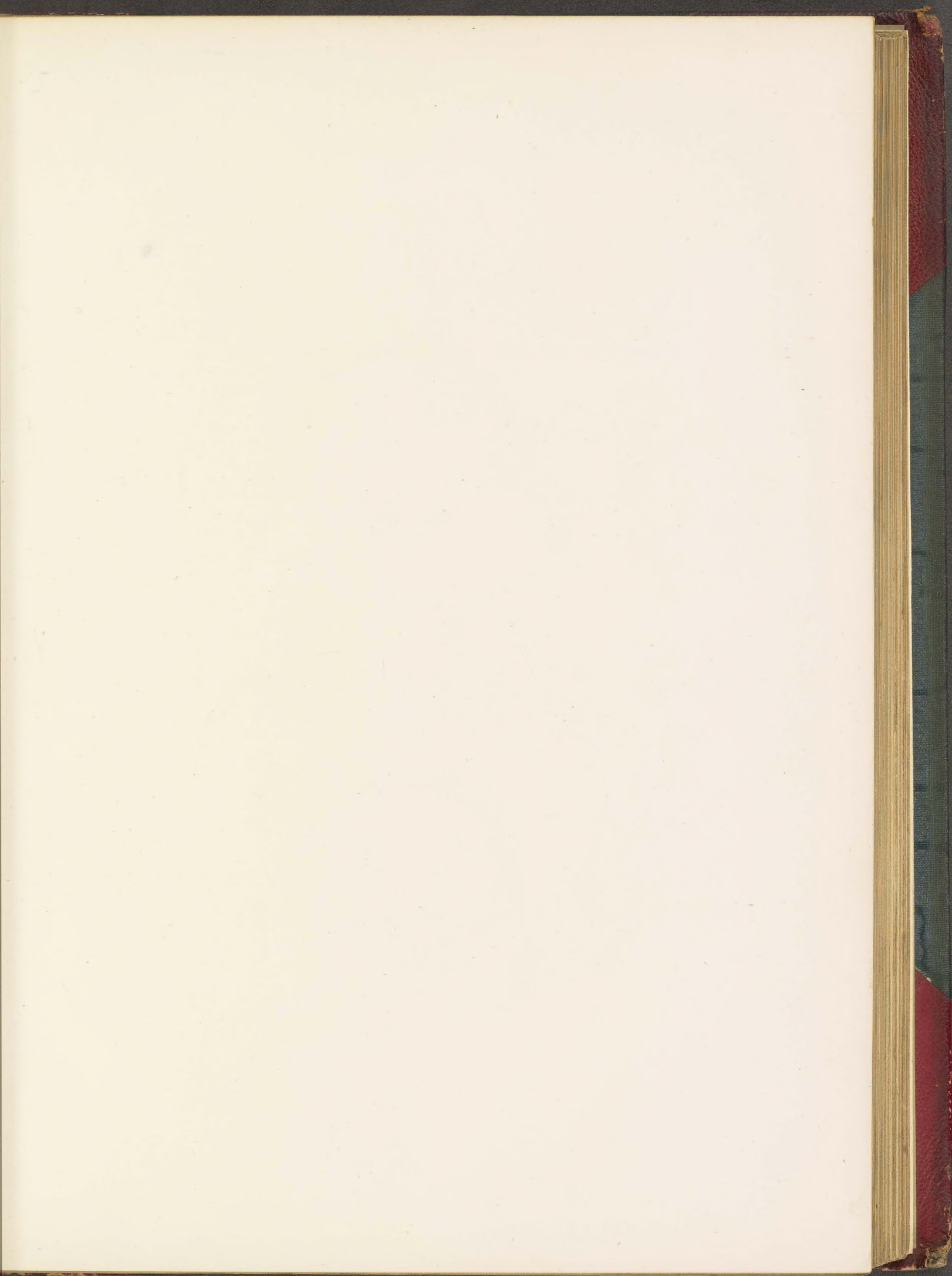
In summer scorching, and in winter chill.
The vocal pipe I tune with pleasing glee,
No other Cyclops can compare with me;
Your charms I sing, sweet apple of delight!
Myself and you I sing the live-long night.

For you ten fawns, with collars deck'd, I feed,
And four young bears for your diversion breed.
Come, live with me; all these you may command,
And change your azure ocean for the land:
More pleasing slumbers will my cave bestow;
There spiry cypress and green laurels grow;
There round my trees the sable ivy twines,
And grapes as sweet as honey load my vines;
From grove-crown'd Etna, rob'd in purest snow,
Cool springs roll nectar to the swains below.
Say, who would quit such peaceful scenes as these
For blustering billows and tempestuous seas?
Though my rough form's no object of desire,
My oaks supply me with abundant fire;
My hearth unceasing blazes: though I swear
By this one eye, to me for ever dear,
Well might that fire to warm my breast suffice,
That kindled at the lightning of your eyes.
Had I, like fish, with fins and gills been made,
Then might I in your element have play'd;
With ease have div'd beneath your azure tide,
And kiss'd your hand, though you your lips
deny'd;
Brought lilies fair, or poppies red that grow
In summer's solstice, or in winter's snow:
These flowers I could not both together bear,
That bloom'd in different seasons of the year.
Well, I'm resolv'd, fair nymph, I'll learn to dive,
If e'er a sailor at this port arrive;
Then shall I surely by experience know
What pleasures charm you in the depths below.
Emerge, O Galatea! from the sea,
And here forget your native home like me.”

THEOCRITUS.

“ Forgot his caverns and his woolly care,
Assum'd the softness of a lover's air,
And comb'd with teeth of rakes his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks,
Now in the crystal stream he looks to try
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.”

OVID.



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No. 251.

Galatea escaping from Polyphemus.

CHRONIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Polyphemus, having surprised Galatea with the young Acis the son of Faunus, hurled a piece of rock at him and crushed him. Galatea, fearing the same fate, saved herself as is represented on this stone.

"Astrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighb'ring ocean plang'd my
head.

Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, 'Help,' he cried,
'Help, Galatea, help, my parent gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.'
The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before
A rib which from the living rock he tore:

Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis; 'twere too late to save,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his bosom should return,
And roll, among the river-gods, his urn.
Straight pour'd from the stone a stream of blood;
Which met the purple, mingling with the flood."

Ovid.

No. 252.

Glaucus addressing Scylla.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

Glaucus, the son of Neptune, loved the nymph Scylla, and wished to marry her, but she refused to listen to him, and fled.

"Wide Scylla, distant of the wide-spread
main,

Swift to the water when returns again,
There o'er the sandy margin unarm'd,
With pointed footsteps flies the bounding maid:
Or in some winding creek's secure retreat
She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noon-
day's heat.

Her Glaucus saw as o'er the deep he rode,
New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god.
He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love;
With many an artful blandishment he strove
Her sight to hinder, and her fears remove.
The more he saw, the more she wings her
flight,
And wand'ring gains a neighb'ring mountain's
height.

Steep shelving to the margin of the flood,
A neighb'ring mountain bare and woodless
stood,

Hence, by the place secur'd, her steps she stop'd,
And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd.
His shape, his hue, how trobbled eyes appall,
And drooping locks that o'er his shoulders fall:
She sees his face divine and manly form,
And in a holy wonder fall before;
She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind:
Whether he comes of god or monster kind,
This Glaucus soon perceiv'd; and, 'O! forbear,
(His hand supporting on a rock lay near)
'Forbear,' he cried, 'fear nought, this wand'ring
bar;

For fish am I, not monster of the sea,
But equal with the wat'ry gods I reign."

Ovid.

10⁰⁰
1965
cat



No. 251.

Galatea escaping from Polyphemus.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Polyphemus, having surprised Galatea with the young Acis the son of Faunus, hurled a piece of rock at him and crushed him. Galatea, fearing the same fate, saved herself as is represented on this stone.

“ Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighb’ring ocean plung’d my
head.
Poor Acis turn’d his back, and, ‘ Help,’ he cried,
‘ Help, Galatea, help, my parent gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.’
The Cyclops follow’d ; but he sent before
A rib which from the living rock he tore :

Though but an angle reach’d him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis ; ’twas too late to save,
But what the fates allow’d to give, I gave :
That Acis to his lineage should return,
And roll, among the river-gods, his urn.
Straight issu’d from the stone a stream of blood ;
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.”

OVID.

No. 252.

Glaucus addressing Scylla.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

Glaucus, the son of Neptune, loved the nymph Scylla, and wished to marry her, but she refused to listen to him, and fled.

“ While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread
main,
Swift to the safer shore returns again.
There o’er the sandy margin unarray’d,
With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid ;
Or in some winding creek’s secure retreat
She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noon-
day’s heat.
Her Glaucus saw as o’er the deep he rode,
New to the seas, and late receiv’d a god.
He saw, and languish’d for the virgin’s love ;
With many an artful blandishment he strove
Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.
The more he sues, the more she wings her
flight,
And nimbly gains a neighb’ring mountain’s
height.

Steep shelving to the margin of the flood,
A neighb’ring mountain bare and woodless
stood ;
Here, by the place secur’d, her steps she stay’d,
And, trembling still, her lover’s form survey’d.
His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appall,
And dropping locks that o’er his shoulders fall :
She sees his face divine and manly brow
End in a fish’s wreathy tail below :
She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind
Whether he comes of god or monster kind.
This Glaucus soon perceiv’d ; and, ‘ O ! forbear,
(His hand supporting on a rock lay near)
‘ Forbear,’ he cried, ‘ fond maid, this needless
fear ;
Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main,
But equal with the wat’ry gods I reign.”

OVID.

No. 253.

Nereus and Doris.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Amethyst.*

Children of Ocean and Tethys, of whom were born the fifty Nereids.

No. 254.

The birth of Rhodus, one of the Oceanides, beloved by Apollo, who gave
her name to an island called Rhodes.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"Some say, that when by lot th' immortal gods
With Jove these earthly regions did divide,
All undiscover'd lay Phœbean Rhodes,
Whelm'd deep beneath the salt Carpathian
tide :

That, absent on his course, the god of day
By all the heavenly synod was forgot,
Who, his incessant labours to repay,
Nor land nor sea to Phœbus did allot ;

That Jove, reminded, would again renew
Th' unjust partition, but the god denied ;
And said, beneath yon hoary surge I view
An isle emerging through the briny tide ;

A region pregnant with the fertile seed
Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and foodful
grain ;

Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks shall feed ;
Unnumber'd men possess each flow'ry plain.

Then straight to Lachesis he gave command,
Who binds in golden cauls her jetty hair ;
He bade the fatal sister stretch her hand,
And by the Stygian rivers bade her swear ;

Swear to confirm the Thunderer's decree
Which to his rule that fruitful island gave,

When from the oozy bottom of the sea
Her head she rear'd above the Lycian wave.

The fatal sister swore, nor swore in vain ;
Nor did the tongue of Delphi's prophet err ;
Upsprung the blooming island through the main,
And Jove on Phœbus did the boon confer.

In this fam'd isle, the radiant fire of light,
The god whose reins the fiery steeds obey
Fair Rhodos saw, and, kindling at the sight,
Seiz'd, and by force enjoy'd the beauteous
prey :

From whose divine embraces sprung a race
Of mortals, wisest of all human kind ;
Seven sons, endow'd with every noble grace—
The noble graces of a sapient mind.

Of these Ialysus and Lindus came,
Who with Camirus shar'd the Rhodian lands ;
Apart they reign'd, and sacred to his name
Apart each brother's royal city stands.

Here a secure retreat from all his woes
Astydamia's hapless offspring found ;
Here, like a god in undisturb'd repose,
And like a god with heav'nly honours crown'd."

PINDAR, *Homeric Stanzas*: WEST.



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para 21

100
1965
cat

No. 253.

Sphinx and Doris.

Greece. Oriental Amethyst.

Children of Ocean and Tethys, of whom were born the fifty Nereids.

No. 254.

The birth of Rhodius, one of the Oceanides, beloved by Apollo, who gave her name to an island called Rhodes.

Phaenicia. Oriental Sardonyx.

"Hear, say, that when by lot the immortal guest
With Jove these earthly regions did divide,
All undivided by Phœbean Rhodius,
Whom'd deep beneath the salt Caspian
tides

That, absent on his shores, the god of day
By all the heavenly eyes was sought;
Why, his immortal labours to repay,
Nor had we seen to Phœbe and child

That Jove, revealed, would again return
To' expect partition, but the god desired
And said, beneath your house, where I was born,
As he emerging through the waves, came

A region pregnant with the fruits and seed
Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and fruitful
grains;

Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks of birds
Unnumber'd trees possess each flow'ry plain.

Then straight to Lætes he gave command,
Whom he had in golden coils his jolly love;

He bade the fair sister stretch her hand,
And by the Paphos rivers bade her swim;

Swear to seal the Thunderer's decree
Which in his robe that faithful island gave,

When from the deep bottom of the sea
She found the world above the Lydian wave.

The land above, which, her waves to vain;
Nor did the larges of Trophæ's prophet stir;
Upsetting the blooming island through the main,
And Jove on Phœbe and the beam confer

To the land's side, the radiant fire of light,
The god whose robes the fiery steeds obey
For Rhodius was, and, blooming at the sight,
Said, and he gave enjoy'd the heavenly
gift.

Then when Jove's eagle had sprung a rock
Of marble, which of all human kinds
None was more, Jove's will, every noble grace—
The noblest grace of all, the noblest mind.

Of these Jove's and Lætes gave,
Who with the gods of the Rhodius land;
Apert they said of what would be his name
Apert with Lætes's royal city stand.

How Jove's and Lætes gave of his name
Autonomous, saying, saying, saying;
Ours, like a god in our own name,
And like a god with Lætes's name, we would.

Phœnix, Heracles, Lætes, Wray.

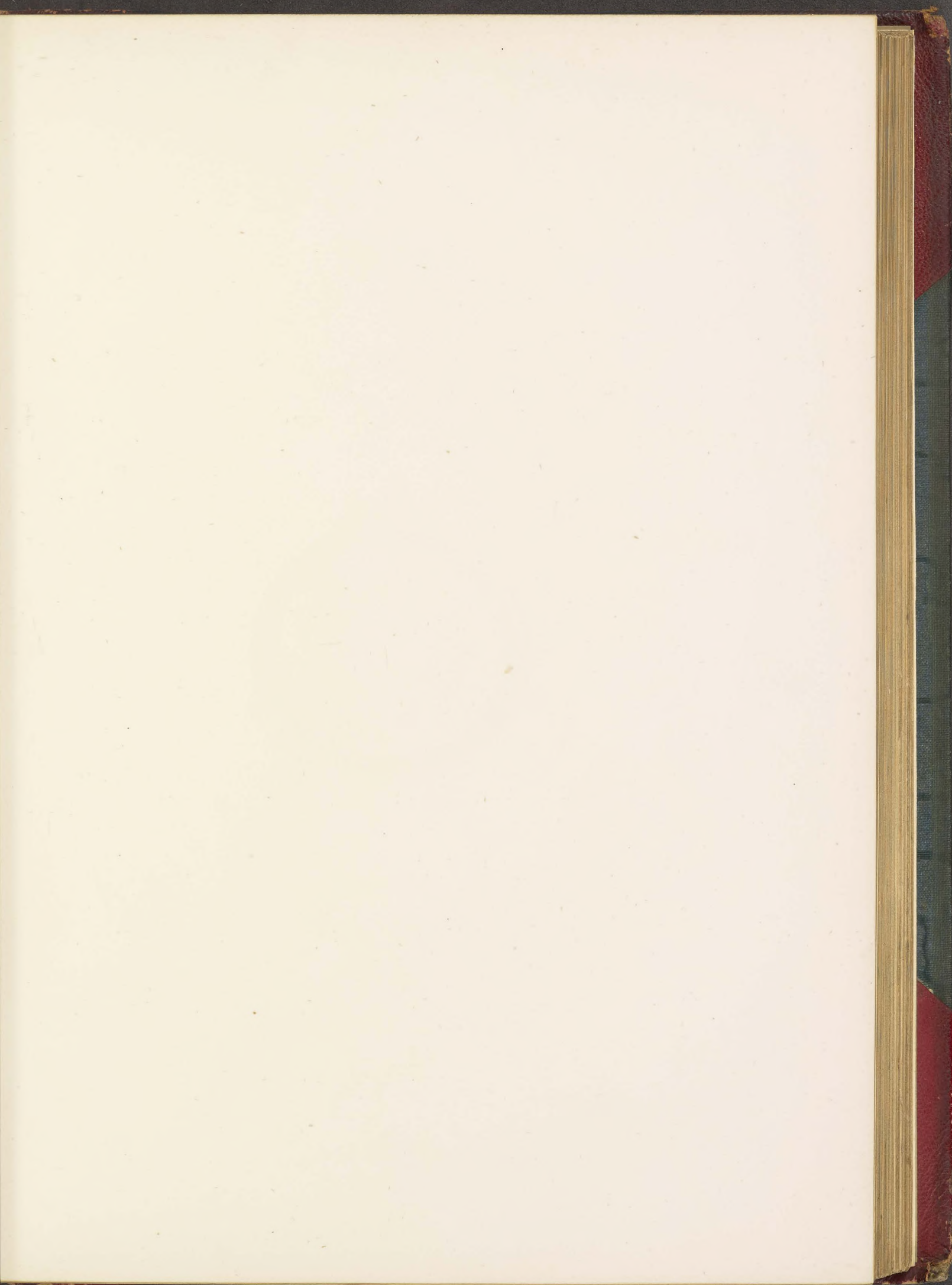


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cat



255

No. 255.

The birth of Bacchus.

Dioscorides. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Jupiter appears to Semele, who, instigated by Juno under the form of her nurse Berea, desired to see him in all his glory. He heard her request with horror; but as he had sworn by the Styx to grant whatsoever she should ask, he acquiesced; and Semele was consumed, but Bacchus was saved from the flames.

"To keep his promise he ascends, and
 abroad
 His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
 Whirls all around, in terrible array,
 His thunders rattle and his lightnings play.
 Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
 The illustrious god, descending from his height,
 Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
 The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
 Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
 And in the terrible confusion expir'd.
 But, to preserve his offspring from the womb,
 Jove took him, suckling, from the blasted womb;
 And, if an ancient tale we may rely,
 Embrac'd the half-born infant in his thigh."

OVID.

"T'ry hapless daughters' various fate
 This moral truth, O Cadmus, show;
 Who, ventur'd now with mortal state,
 The heavenly stream to prove,
 And yet affliction's thorny weed
 In bitter anguish ever they tread,
 But bliss superior hath eras'd
 The memory of their woe;
 While Semele, on high Olympus plac'd,

To heavenly zephyrs hides her tresses flow,
 Once by devouring lightnings all consum'd.
 There, with immortal charms improv'd,
 Inhabitant of heaven's serene shades
 She dwells, by virgin Pallas lov'd;
 Lov'd by Saturnus, father of the gods;
 Lov'd by her youthful son, whose beams divine
 In twining ivy bound, with joy eternal shine."

PARNASSUS, OLYMPUS, &c. WARD.

"When sudden throes her entrails tore,
 As whir'd from heav'n the rapid lightnings came,
 The mother an abortive infant bore,
 And died a victim by that celestial flame.
 But Jove, in such distressful state,
 Did for his son another womb supply;
 And safe within his fostering thigh
 Conceal'd him from Saturnus's hate.
 At length the homed god he bore,
 Form'd by the Fates with plastic care,
 Who on his head a wreath of serpents wore,
 The Mænadæ hence revine the spoils around their hair."

EUPHROS. BACCH. : WATSON.

10⁰⁰
1965
cat



No. 255.

The birth of Bacchus.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Jupiter appears to Semele, who, instigated by Juno under the form of her nurse Beroë, desired to see him in all his glory. He heard her request with horror; but as he had sworn by the Styx to grant whatsoever she should ask, he acquiesced; and Semele was consumed, but Bacchus was saved from the flames.

“To keep his promise he ascends, and
shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle and his lightnings play.
Thus dreadfully adorn’d, with horror bright,
Th’ illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning’s flashes and the thunder’s rage,
Consum’d amidst the glories she desir’d,
And in the terrible embrace expir’d.

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him, smoking, from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Enclos’d the half-born infant in his thigh.”

OVID.

“Thy hapless daughters’ various fate
This moral truth, O Cadmus, shews;
Who, vested now with godlike state,
On heavenly thrones repose,
And yet affliction’s thorny road
In bitter anguish once they trod.
But bliss superior hath eras’d
The memory of their woe;
While Semele, on high Olympus plac’d,

To heavenly zephyrs bids her tresses flow,
Once by devouring lightnings all defac’d.

There, with immortal charms improv’d,
Inhabitant of heaven’s serene abodes
She dwells, by virgin Pallas lov’d;
Lov’d by Saturnius, father of the gods;
Lov’d by her youthful son, whose brows divine,
In twisting ivy bound, with joy eternal shine.”

PINDAR, *Olym. ii.*: WEST.

“When sudden throes her entrails tore,
As wing’d from heav’n the rapid lightnings came,
The mother an abortive infant bore,
And died o’ercome by that celestial flame.
But Jove, in such distressful state,
Did for his son another womb supply;
And safe within his fostering thigh
Conceal him from Saturnia’s hate.
At length the horned god he bore,
Form’d by the Fates with plastic care,
Who on his head a wreath of serpents wore,
The Mænades hence twine the spoils around their hair.”

EURIP. *Bacch.*: WOODHULL.

No. 256.

Mercury conveying Bacchus to the nymph Ino.

GNAIOS. *Sardonyx.*

" By those who wander o'er the briny deep
 She's call'd Leucothea, and her son obtains
 The sailor's worship by Palæmon's name."

EURIP. *Frag.*

" Whom first

By stealth his careful aunt, kind Ino, nurst;
 Then given to the Nysseides, and bred
 In secret caves, with milk and honey fed."

OVID: SANDYS.

" Thee saw the wild and rocky steep,
 Whose forked summits proudly rise,
 And stretch their rude brows to the skies,
 Where the Corycian nymphs their orgies keep.
 Thee, the flames blazing on the mount;
 Thee, pure Castalia's sacred fount;
 Thee, the Nysæan mountain's craggy sides,

O'er which the mantling ivy twines,
 The swelling hillocks green with vines,
 Whose purple fruit their foliage hides;
 And waking harmony's enchanting pow'rs
 On thee attends, thy raptur'd train;
 Raises the high immortal strain,
 And hails thee guardian of the Theban tow'rs."

SOPH. *Antig.*: POTTER.

No. 257.

Bacchus changed to a kid.

DIOSCORIDES. *Calcedony.*

Jupiter, to conceal from Juno the fruit of his amours with Semele, changes Bacchus to a kid,
 and commands Mercury to convey him to the Nysæan nymphs.

No. 258.

Mercury carrying the kid Bacchus.

DIOSCORIDES. *Amethyst.*



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Mercury accompanying Bacchus to the nymphs.

GRÆCÆ. *Sardonyx.*

By those who wander o'er the briny deep
She's call'd Leucothea, and her son obtains
The sailor's worship by Palæmon's name."

Ætius. *Prop.*

When first

By death his cruel doom, that first, was
Then given to the Nereids, and last
To some, with which, and some, and

Ætius. *Prop.*

Then, the wild and rocky shore,
Where fished some, and some, and
And stretch their beds to the shore,
Where the Corycian nymphs their organs keep
Then, the flames blazing on the shore,
Then, pure Castalia's sacred fount,
Then, the Nysian mountain's every side,

Then, the wild and rocky shore,
Where fished some, and some, and
And stretch their beds to the shore,
Where the Corycian nymphs their organs keep
Then, the flames blazing on the shore,
Then, pure Castalia's sacred fount,
Then, the Nysian mountain's every side,
And last, that guarding of the Tiber, there."

Ætius. *Prop.*

Bacchus changed to a kid.

DIOSCORIDÆ. *Calcedony.*

Jupiter, to conceal from Jove the fruit of his amour with Semele, changes Bacchus to a kid,
and afterwards Mercury to convey him to the Nysian nymphs.

Mercury carrying the kid Bacchus.

DIOSCORIDÆ. *Amethyst.*



256

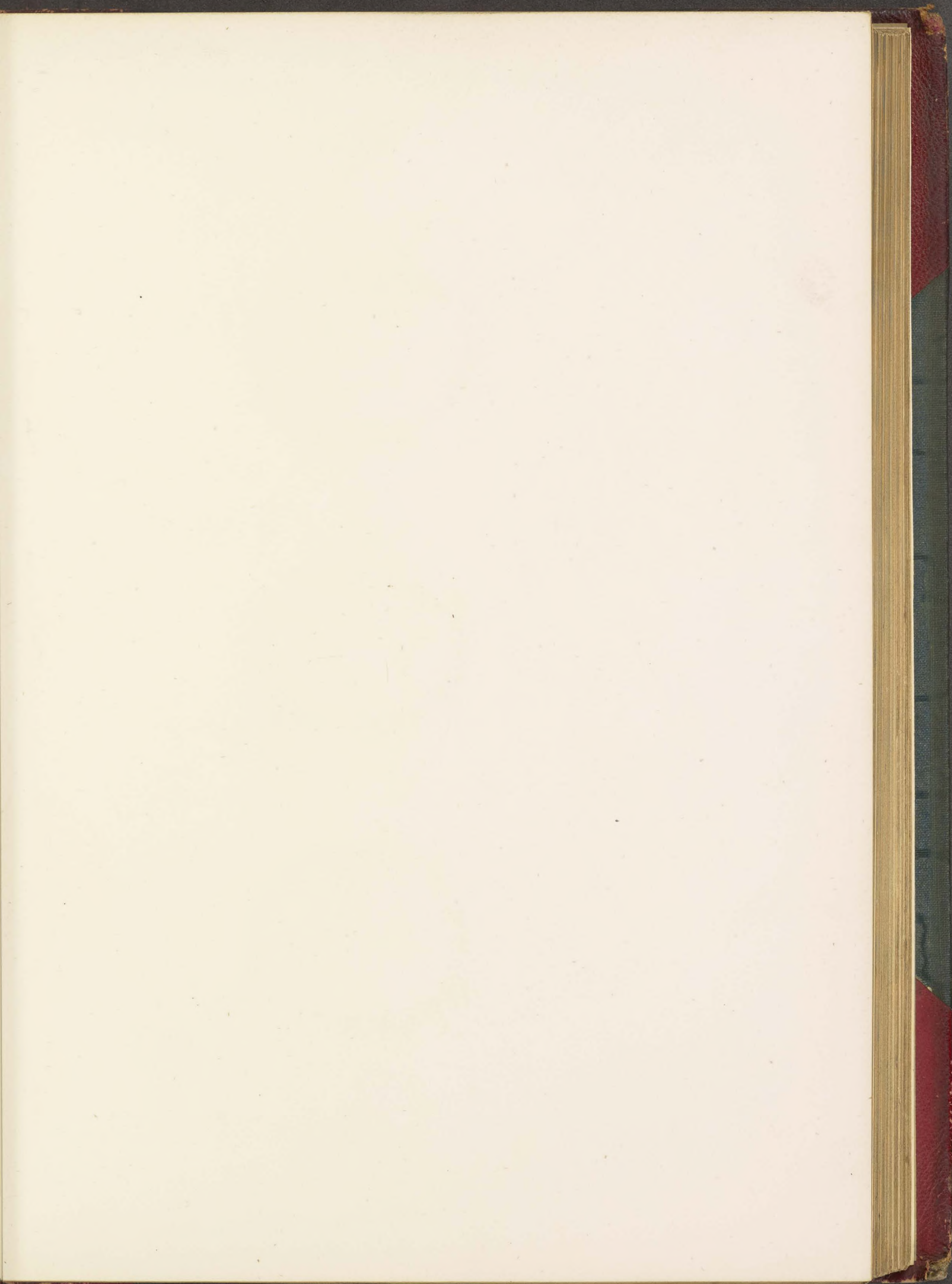


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258

10²²
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259



260



261

No. 259.

Mercury confiding the infant Bacchus to Ino-Leucothoe, the sister of Semele, that he might be educated by her, with the assistance of the Hyads, the Hours, and the Nymphs.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"Ere first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Nyseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god."

No. 260.

Bacchus, enamoured of Erigone, daughter of Ierchus, changes himself to a bunch of grapes to deceive her.

PRYOCOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"There Bacchus, imaged like the clustering grape,
Melting, bedrops Erigone's fair lip."
Ques's Met. book vi.

"I know'd awhile in happy trust,
Yet Love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel;
Then, then I fell like some poor willow,
That waves on the wintry billow!"

ANACREON: MOURN.

No. 261.

Bacchus bringing Semele from Hades.

SCYLAX. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Semele, the mother of Bacchus, who was consumed by beholding Jupiter in all his radiance, descended to the infernal regions. The first adventure of Bacchus was to bring her thence.

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No. 259.

Mercury confiding the infant Bacchus to Ino-Leucothoe, the sister of Semele, that he might be educated by her, with the assistance of the Hyads, the Hours, and the Nymphs.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"Ino first took him for her foster-child ;
Then the Nyseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god."

No. 260.

Bacchus, enamoured of Erigone, daughter of Icarius, changes himself to a bunch of grapes to deceive her.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"There Bacchus, imaged like the clust'ring grape,
Melting, bedrops Erigone's fair lap."
OVID's *Met.* book vi.

"I bloom'd awhile in happy flower,
Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel ;
Then, then I fell like some poor willow,
That tosses on the wintry billow."

ANACREON: MOORE.

No. 261.

Bacchus bringing Semele from Hades.

SCYLAX. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Semele, the mother of Bacchus, who was consumed by beholding Jupiter in all his radiance, descended to the infernal regions. The first adventure of Bacchus was to bring her thence.

"With golden horn supremely bright,
You darted round the bending light,
Far-beaming through the gloom of hell;
When Cerberus, with fear amaz'd,
Forgot his rage, and frowning gaz'd,
And at thy feet adoring fell."

HOR. book ii. Od. 19.

"Thy prayers have sped,
And hell no more withholds the hallow'd dead;
Elysian landscapes shine expos'd to day,
And yawning chasms the nether shades display.

The next in order as they pass along,
Vary in sex and age, a mingled throng:
Antonoë, the first, is bath'd in tears,
And Semele the bolt she merits fears."

APOLL. RH. book iv.

No. 262.

Ariadne, daughter of Minos king of Crete, weeping in the Isle of Naxos because she was forsaken by Theseus, who had carried off her sister Phædra.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Amethyst.*

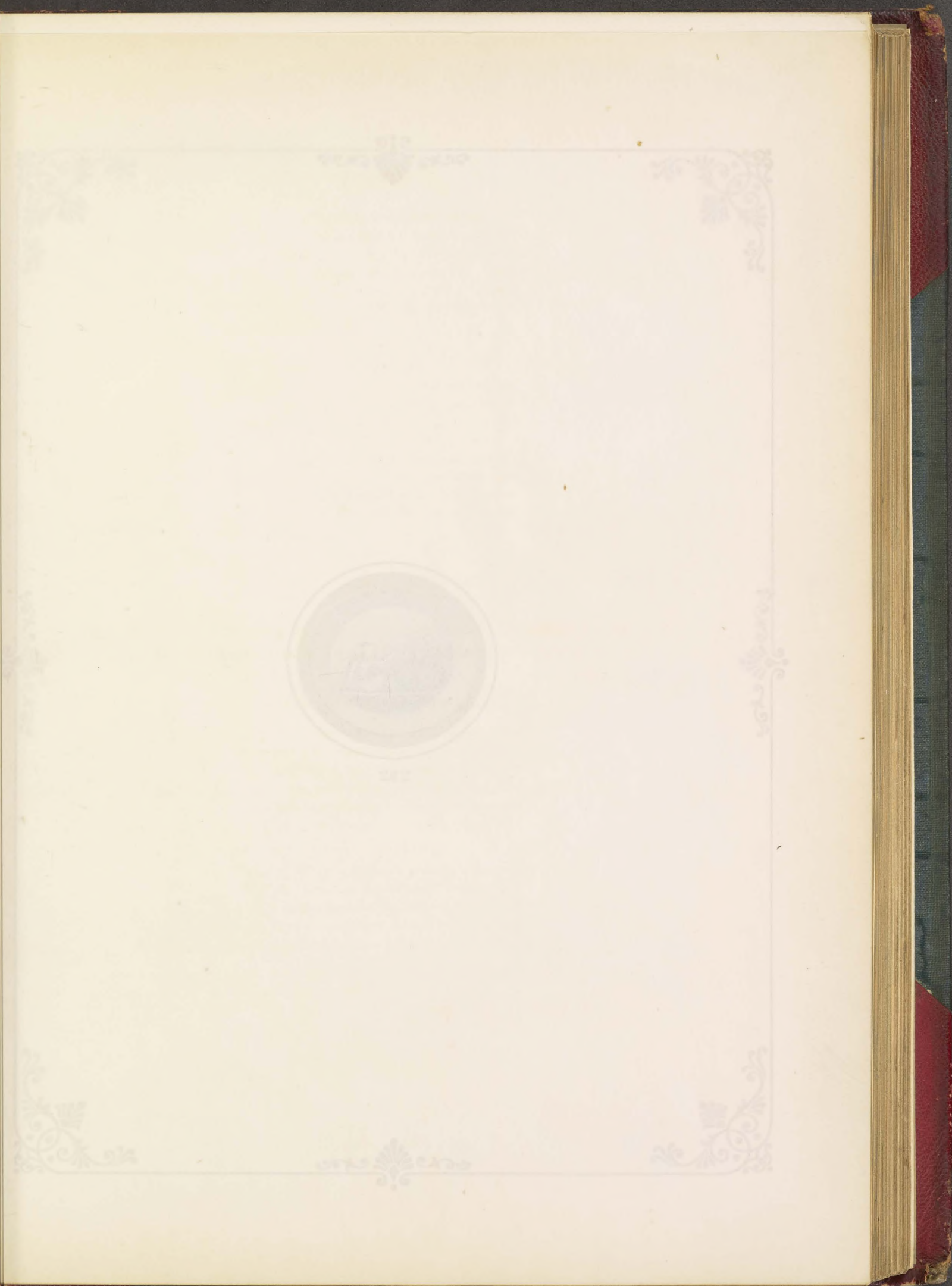
"When Theseus, aided by the virgin's art,
Had trac'd the guiding thread through ev'ry part,
He took the gentle maid that set him free,
And, bound for Dias, cut the briny sea.
There quickly cloy'd, ungrateful and unkind,
Left his fair consort in the isle behind."

"You, Ariadne, on a coast unknown,
The perjur'd Theseus wept, and wept alone;
But learn'd Catullus in immortal strains
Has sung his baseness, and has wept your pains."

TIBULLUS: GRAINGER.

"Than savage beasts more fierce, more to be
fear'd,
Expos'd by thee, by them I yet am spar'd!

These lines from that unhappy shore I write,
Where you forsook me in your faithless
flight,



10.22
1965
cat

"With golden hairs expressly bright,
I've charged around the burning light,
Flareblazing through the gloom of hell;
When Cæsar, with his arm'd,
Brought his rage, and frowning gaze'd,
And at thy feet adoring fell."

Hon. book 8. Od. 12.

"Thy prayers have sped,
And hell no more withholds the hollow'd deed;
Elysian landscapes shine expos'd to day,
And yawning chasms the better shades display.

The next in order as they pass along,
Very in sex and age, a mingled throng:
Antenor, the first, is hail'd to mark,
And Scæva the last she weeps to spare."

Æneid. lib. book 6.

No. 262.

Ariadne, daughter of Minos king of Crete, weeping in the Isle of Naxos because she was forsaken by Theseus, who had carried off her sister Phædra.

GRÆCÆ. *Oriental Anachyris.*

"When Theseus, aided by the virgin's art,
Had won'd the grilling thread through wry's path,
He took the gentle maid that set the fire,
And, bound her fast, set the busy sea.
Thus quickly they'd, ungrateful and unkind,
Left his fair consort in the isle behind."

"You, Ariadne, on a coast unknown,
The perjur'd Theseus wept, and wept alone;
But leave'd Catullus in immortal strains
His song his baseness, and has wept your pains."

TRIVULGI: GRÆCÆ.

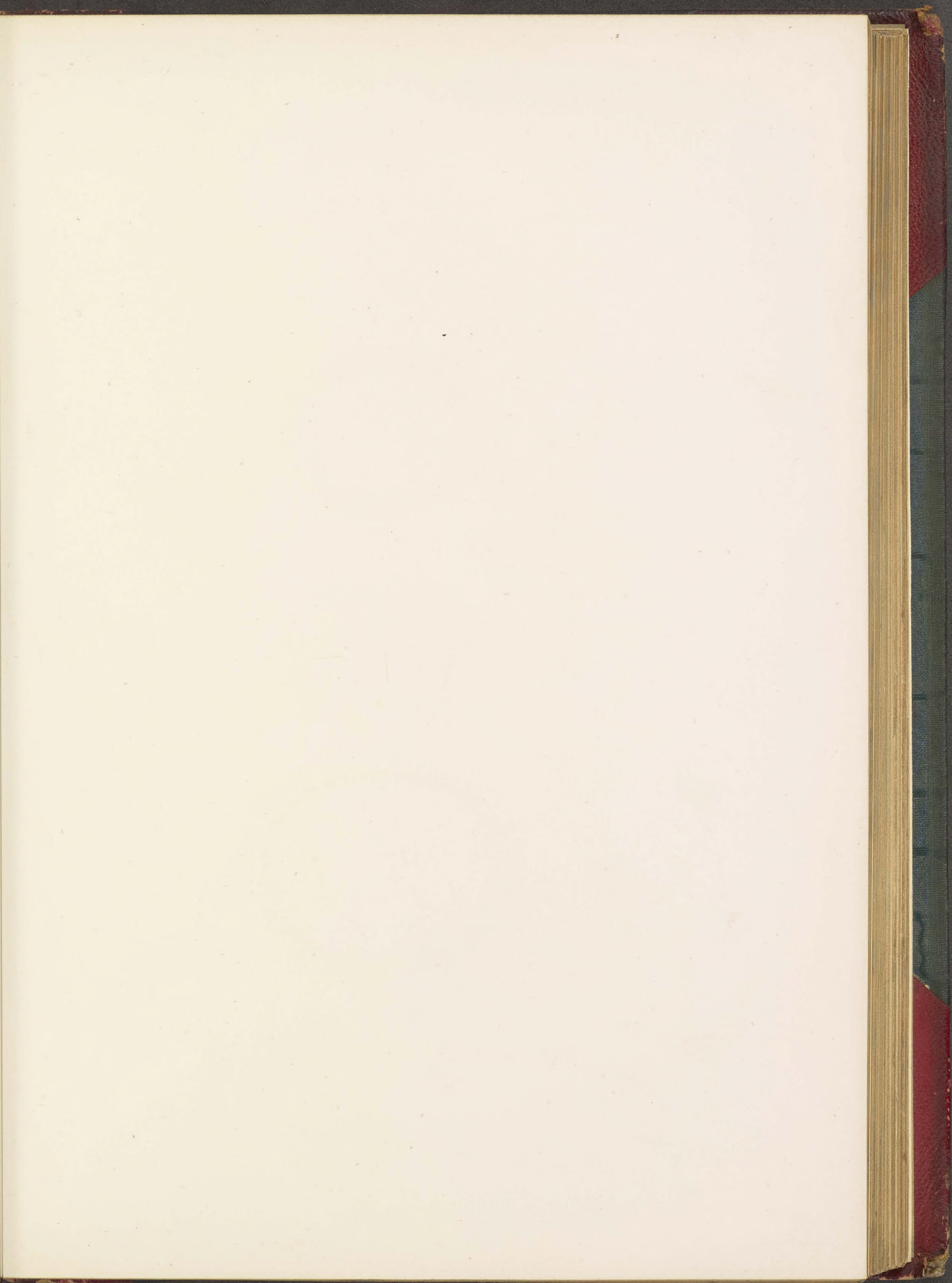
"These strange fables more fierce, more to be
Expos'd to men, by those I yet not sped!"

These lines from that unhappy shore I write,
Where you forsake me to your faithless
Sight.



262

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263



264

And the most tender lover did betray,
While lock'd in sleep and in your arms she lay.
When morning dew on all the fields did fall,
And birds with early songs for day did call,
Then I, half-sleeping, stretch'd me tow'rd your
place,
And sought to press you with a new embrace;
Oft sought to press you close, but still in vain,
My folding arms came empty back again.
Startled, I rose, and found that you were gone,
Then on my widow'd bed fell raging down;
That the fond breast where, spite of me, you dwell,
And trace that hair which once you lik'd so well.

By the moon's light I the wide shore did
view,
But all was desert, and no sight of you.
Then ev'ry way with love's mad haste I try,
But ill my feet with my desires comply;
Weary they sink in the deep-yielding sands,
Refusing to obey such wild commands.
To all the shores of Thesens I complain,
The hills and rocks send back that name again;
Oft they repeat aloud the mournful noise,
And kindly aid a hoarse and dying voice."

Orion, Ep.

No. 263.

Bacchus discovering Ariadne asleep on a rock.

GRÆCOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theseus lov'd, from Crete with Theseus fled:
Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,
And tow'rd his Athens bears the lovely prize;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires."

No. 264.

Ariadne presenting a cup to Bacchus containing a most exquisite liquid.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"What time with large nectareous draughts oppress'd,
On the soft vesture Bacchus sunk to rest,
Close by his side the Cretan maid reclin'd,
At Naxos' isle where Theseus left behind;
From that bless'd hour the robe, with odours fill'd,
Ambrosial fragrance wide around distill'd."

APOLL. REGO.

"Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
What would not follow, when a god invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
Kind and indulgent to his former sins."

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
Forsook now, and Theseus loves no more.
Loose was her gown, dishevell'd was her hair,
Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare,

10⁰⁰
1960
cat



And the most tender lover did betray,
 While lock'd in sleep and in your arms she lay.
 When morning dew on all the fields did fall,
 And birds with early songs for day did call,
 Then I, half-sleeping, stretch'd me tow'rs your
 place,
 And sought to press you with a new embrace;
 Oft sought to press you close, but still in vain,
 My folding arms came empty back again.
 Startled, I rose, and found that you were gone,
 Then on my widow'd bed fell raging down;
 Beat the fond breast where, spite of me, you dwell,
 And tore that hair which once you lik'd so well.

By the moon's light I the wide shore did
 view,
 But all was desert, and no sight of you.
 Then ev'ry way with love's mad haste I fly,
 But ill my feet with my desires comply;
 Weary they sink in the deep-yielding sands,
 Refusing to obey such wild commands.
 To all the shore of Theseus I complain,
 The hills and rocks send back that name again;
 Oft they repeat aloud the mournful noise,
 And kindly aid a hoarse and dying voice."

OVID, *Ep.*

No. 263.

Bacchus discovering Ariadne asleep on a rock.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
 She Theseus lov'd, from Crete with Theseus fled:
 Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,
 And tow'rs his Athens bears the lovely prize;
 There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
 The goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires."

No. 264.

Ariadne presenting a cup to Bacchus containing a most exquisite liquid.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"What time with large nectareous draughts oppress'd,
 On the soft vesture Bacchus sunk to rest,
 Close by his side the Cretan maid reclin'd,
 At Naxos' isle whom Theseus left behind;
 From that bless'd hour the robe, with odours fill'd,
 Ambrosial fragrance wide around distill'd."

APOLL. RHO.

"Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
 Who would not follow, when a god invites?
 He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
 Kind and indulgent to his former sires.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
 Forsaken now, and Theseus loves no more.
 Loose was her gown, dishevell'd was her hair,
 Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare;

Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood,
Her briny tears augment the briny flood;
She shriek'd and wept, and both became her face,
No posture could that heav'nly form disgrace.
She beat her breast: 'The traitor's gone,' said
she;

'What shall become of poor forsaken me?
What shall become—' She had not time for more,
The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore.
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground,
No vital heat was in her body found;
The Mimallonian dames about her stood,
And scudding satyrs ran before their god.
And now the god of wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn:
Her colour, voice, and sense forsook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.

She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests
blow,

Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow:
To whom the god,—'Compose thy fearful mind,
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.

With heav'n I will endow thee; and thy star
Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner.'
He said; and from his chariot leaping light,
Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waist he threw,
(For gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do.)
And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep;
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep."

OVID, *Ar. Am.*

No. 265.

Bacchus placing the crown of stars on the head of Ariadne.

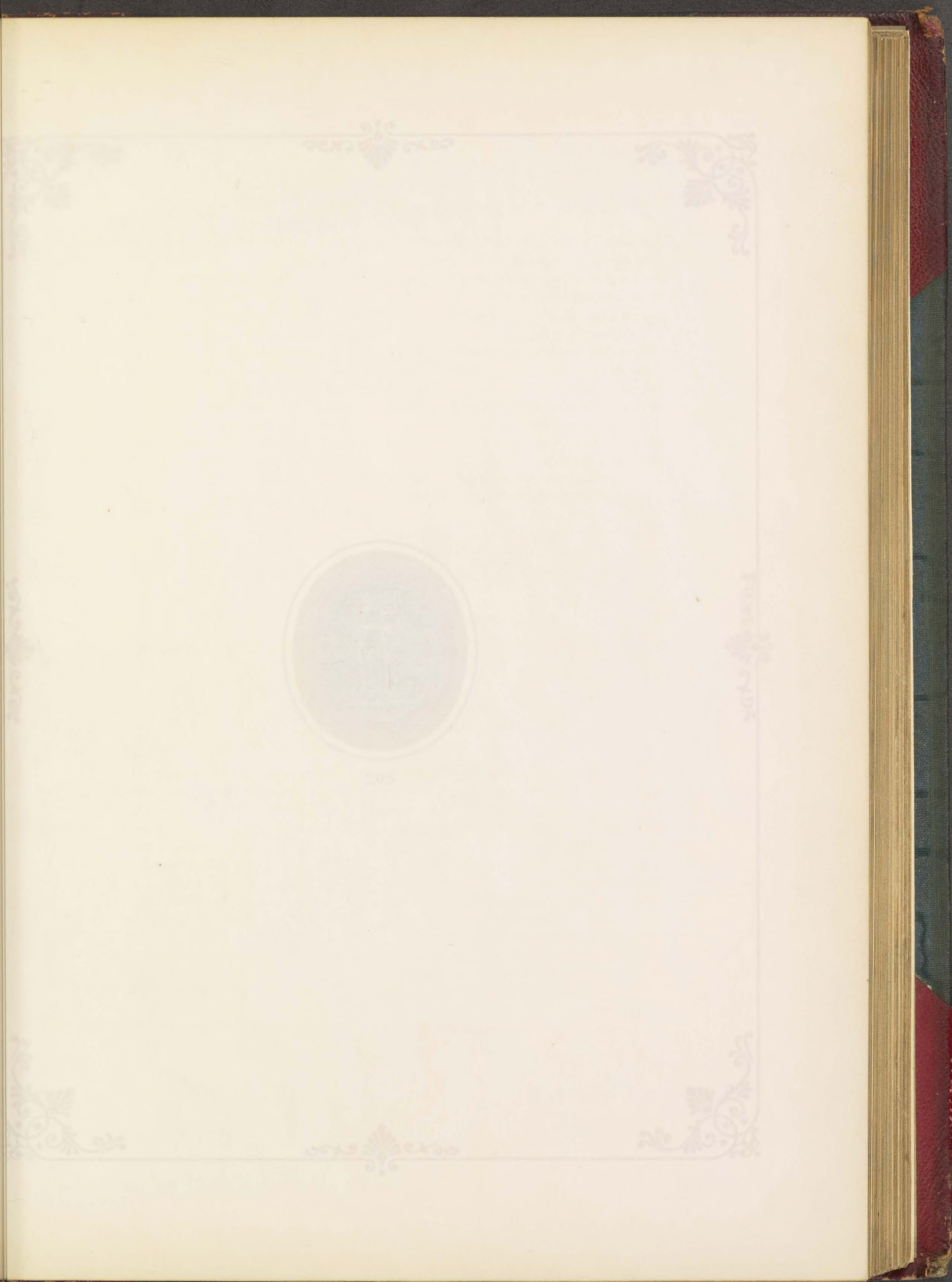
GNAIOS. *Sardonyx.*

"Fair Ariadne's crown shall rise,
And add new glories to the skies."

HOR. book iii. Od. 19.

"Next night thou Ariadne's crown mayst see,
Install'd divine by Theseus' perjury.
Now she that gave her thankless love the thread
Had chang'd for Bacchus that perjurious bed;
Joy'd in her match, 'Fool that I was to mourn;
'Tis my advantage that he prov'd forsworn.'
The long-lock'd Indians Liber i' th' mean time
Subdu'd, and came enrich'd from th' eastern clime.
Among the captive maids which did excel
In beauty, he the princess lov'd too well.
His wife bewails; and wand'ring on the shore
With scatter'd hairs, her case doth thus deplore:
'Once more, ye waves, hear my old mournful
cares;
Once more, ye sands, swim in a flood of tears.

I Theseus once accus'd for perjury—
He's gone; and Bacchus proves as false as he.
Once more I cry, No woman trust a man;
In change of names my act is new begun.
O that my fate had its first course held on!
Now had my essence with my woes been done.
Why didst thou, Liber, me from dying save?
My sorrows then but one release did crave.
Light Bacchus, lighter than thy brow-bound
leaves!
O Bacchus, known but to my tears and griefs!
Ah! where's thy faith? those solemn vows in-
dented?
Ah me, how oft have I these dirges vented!



Exclaiming as the water's brink she stood,
Her bride too, engaged the heavy flood;
She shrieked and wept, and both became her foes;
No power could then save her from those foes.
She then her hands: "The traitor's gone," said

"I shall be gone of your broken heart!
What shall become—?" She had not time for more,
The wedding symbols rattled on the shore,
She saw her fear, she falls upon the ground,
No vital heat was in her lady found:
The Hymeneus dances about her shroud,
And wedding songs ran before their god.
And now the god of wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn:
Her colour, voice, and sense forsook the fair;
Terror did her bounding feet for flight prepare;
And thenceforth did her flight forbear.

She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests
blow,

On slender reeds that in the marshes grow:
To whom the god—"Dispute thy fearful mind,
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
With beer's I will endow thee; and thy star
Shall with perpetual light be seen afar,
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner."
He said; and from his chariot leaping light,
Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
His heavy arms around her waist he threw,
(For gods, whatever they will, with ease can do.)
And swiftly bore her thence: He attending throng
Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep;
The bride-groom's liquor lays the bride asleep."

OVID, *Art. Am.*

No. 265.

Bacchus placing the crown of stars on the head of Ariadne.

GRAND. *Sardauya.*

"Thy daughter's crown shall rise,
And add new glories to the skies."

HOMER, *Book III. Od. 19.*

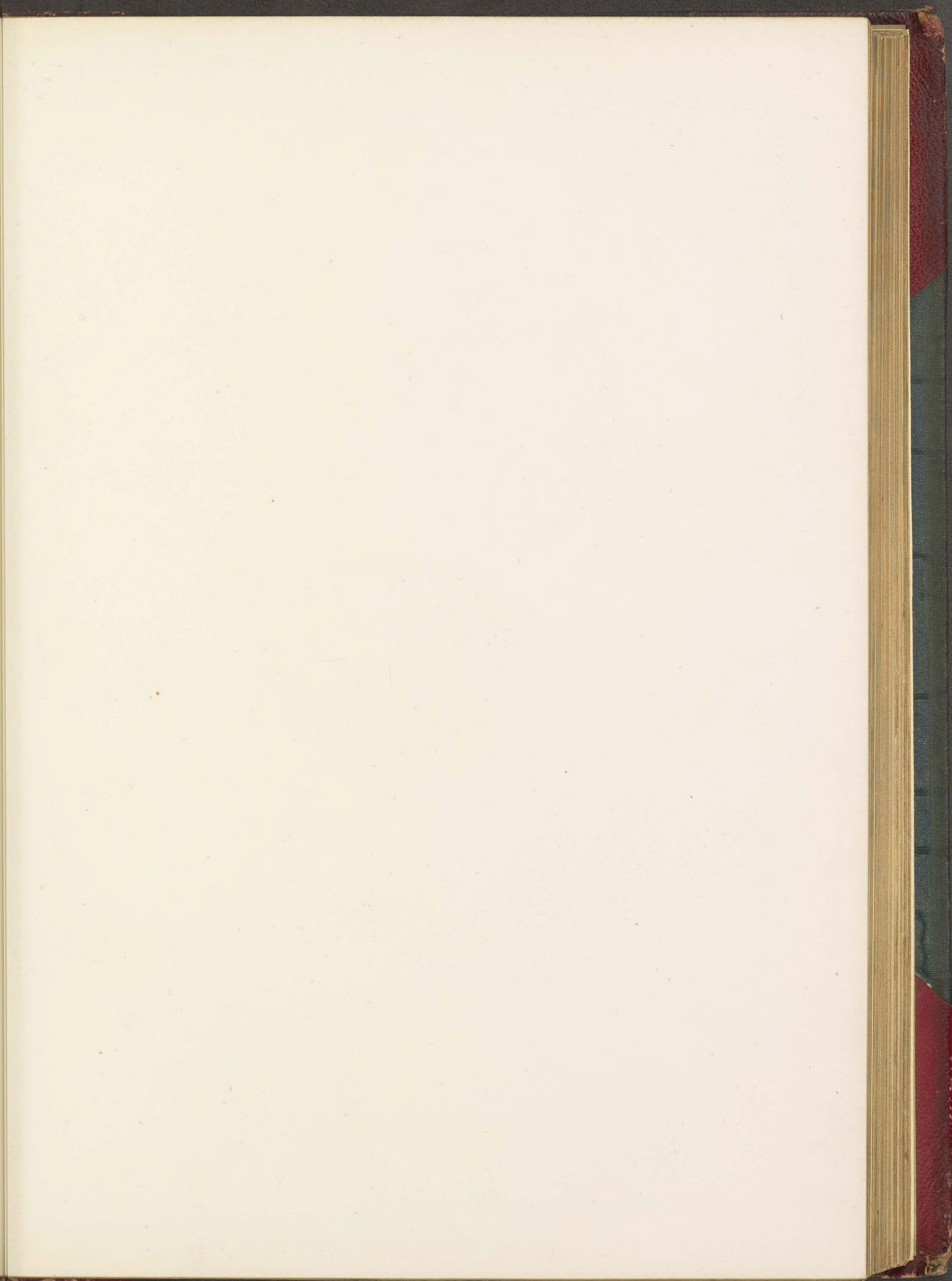
"Next night then Ariadne's crown was set on,
Bacchus'd divine by Thesus' perfery.
Now she that gave her thanks has lost the thread
Had chang'd for Bacchus that perfidious bed;
Joy'd in her match, 'Till that I was to mourn;
'To my advantage that he per'd between.'
The long-lost Indian Lillier I th' moon time
Sought, and came enrich'd from th' eastern clime.
Among the captive maids which did wait
In beauty, he the princess he'd too well.
His wife he calls, and wand'ring on the shore
With water's foam, her name doth thus deplore:
'Once more, ye waves, bear my old mournful
—
Dues more, ye sands, swim in a flood of tears.

I Thesus once accus'd for perjury—
He's gone; and Bacchus proves as false as he.
Once more I say, No woman trust a man!
In change of names my art is new begun.
O that my fate had its first course held on!
Now had my course with my woes been done.
Why didst thou, Lillier, me from dying save?
My sorrows then but one release did crave.
Light Bacchus, lighter than thy brow-bound
leaves!
O Bacchus, known but to my tears and griefs!
Ah! where's thy faith! those solemn vows in-
dented!
Ah no, how oft have I those dirges vented!



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266

Thou know'st Theseus, and him false didst style;
 In thine own judgment thou art far more vile.
 In secret griefs I burn, and dare not tell,
 Lest it be thought I am thus oft serv'd well.
 O let not Theseus know't, of all, lest he
 Triumph the more in thy society.
 Perhaps her white complexion you prefer
 Before my tann'd: that colour be to her.
 But what's all this? She's lik'd the better in
 Her black defects: take heed she stains thy skin.
 O keep thy vow; nor strangers' heels approve
 Before thy wife's! A man I e'er did love.
 The white bull's horns my mother caught: thine,
 me;
 But this thy base love wounds me heavily.
 Make not my love my bane: thine did not prove
 So when to me thyself coust'd, thy love.

Thou burn'st me; 'tis not strange: thou wert
 coust'd
 in fire; from fire by father's hand rescu'd.
 To me, O Bacchus, thou betroth'dst heaven;
 Ah me, for heaven what dowries here are given!
 She ended. Bacchus all the while did mind her
 Lamenting, as by chance he came behind her.
 He clasp'd her waist, and tears with kisses dries.
 'Let's both,' quoth he, 'together mount the skies;
 Our beds are one, our names shall be the same,
 And Libera shall be thy chang'd name;
 Thy crown with thee a monument shall be —
 What Vulcan gave to Venus, she to thee.'
 This said, her pearls to stars, in number nine,
 He chang'd, with which she now in gold doth
 shine."

OTIS, *Fæd.* book II. : *GOWEN.*

" Whom Bacchus saw,
 Resolves the dear engaging dame
 Shall shine for ever in the rolls of fame;
 And bids her crown among the stars be plac'd,
 With an eternal constellation grac'd.
 The golden circlet mounts; and, as it flies,
 Its diamonds twinkle in the distant skies;
 There, in their pristine form, the gemmy rays
 Between Alcides and the Dragon blaze."

No. 266.

Bacchus laughing at Hercules.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules is drunk, and seated on the skin of the Nemean lion, on the ground.

" When gay Bacchus fills my breast,
 All my cares are hush'd to rest;
 Rich I seem as Lydia's king,
 Merry catch or belted sing;
 Ivy-wreaths my temple shade,
 Ivy that will never fade:

Thus I sit in mind state
 Laughing at the frowns of state.
 Some delight in fighting-fields;
 Nobler transports Bacchus yields.
 Fill the bowl; I ever said,
 'Tis better to be drunk than dead."

ANACREON: *FAWLER.*

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Thou blamedst Theseus, and him false didst style ;
 In thine own judgment thou art far more vile.
 In secret griefs I burn, and dare not tell,
 Lest it be thought I am thus oft serv'd well.
 O let not Theseus know't, of all, lest he
 Triumph the more in thy society.
 Perhaps her white complexion you prefer
 Before my tann'd : that colour be to her.
 But what's all this ? She's lik'd the better in
 Her black defects : take heed she stains thy skin.
 O keep thy vow ; nor strangers' beds approve
 Before thy wife's ! A man I e'er did love.
 The white bull's horns my mother caught : thine,
 me ;
 But this thy base love wounds me heavily.
 Make not my love my bane : thine did not prove
 So when to me thyself confess'd thy love.

Thou burn'st me ; 'tis not strange : thou wert
 conceiv'd
 In fire ; from fire by father's hand repriev'd.
 To me, O Bacchus, thou betrothedst heaven ;
 Ah me, for heaven what dowries here are given !
 She ended. Bacchus all the while did mind her
 Lamenting, as by chance he came behind her.
 He clips her waist, and tears with kisses dries.
 'Let's both,' quoth he, 'together mount the skies ;
 Our beds are one, our names shall be the same,
 And Libera shall be thy changèd name ;
 Thy crown with thee a monument shall be —
 What Vulcan gave to Venus, she to thee.'
 This said, her pearls to stars, in number nine,
 He chang'd, with which she now in gold doth
 shine."

OVID, *Fasti*, book iii. : GOWER.

" Whom Bacchus saw,
 Resolves the dear engaging dame
 Shall shine for ever in the rolls of fame ;
 And bids her crown among the stars be plac'd,
 With an eternal constellation grac'd.
 The golden circlet mounts ; and, as it flies,
 Its diamonds twinkle in the distant skies ;
 There, in their pristine form, the gemmy rays
 Between Alcides and the Dragon blaze."

No. 266.

Bacchus laughing at Hercules.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx*.

Hercules is drunk, and seated on the skin of the Nemean lion, on the ground.

" When gay Bacchus fills my breast,
 All my cares are lull'd to rest ;
 Rich I seem as Lydia's king,
 Merry catch or ballad sing ;
 Ivy-wreaths my temple shade,
 Ivy that will never fade :

Thus I sit in mind elate
 Laughing at the farce of state.
 Some delight in fighting-fields ;
 Nobler transports Bacchus yields.
 Fill the bowl ; I ever said,
 'Tis better to lie drunk than dead."

ANACREON : FAWKES.

" Arm you, arm you, man of might,
 Hasten to the sanguine fight;
 Let me, O my budding vine,
 Spill no other blood than thine!
 Yonder brimming goblet see,
 That alone shall vanquish me.
 Warrior! shall I tell you true
 How we differ, I and you?
 You'll be dead, a senseless trunk,
 I shall only be—dead drunk!"

MOORE.

No. 267.

Bacchus, in a car drawn by panthers, looking at Hercules drunk under a tree.

PYRGOTELES. *Calcedony.*

" Or that conqueror
 Who whirl'd his axle down Nysæan steep,
 Bridling fierce tigers, with his purple reins
 Wreath'd with vine-tendrils."

Æneis, book vi.: OGLE.

"The god himself with clust'ring grapes was crown'd,
 And shook his spear, which curling vines surround:
 Tigers and lynxes round him seem'd to lie,
 And painted panthers, dreadful to the eye."

OVID, *Met.* book iii.

No. 268.

Head of Ariadne.

ONESAS. *Cornelian.*

" Poor Ariadne! thou must perish here,
 Breathe out thy soul in strange and hated air,
 Nor see thy pitying mother shed one tear;
 Want a kind hand which thy fix'd eyes may close,
 And thy stiff limbs may decently compose;

Thy carcass to the birds must be a prey:
 Thus Theseus all thy kindness does repay!
 Meanwhile to Athens your swift ship does run,
 There tell the wond'ring crowd what you have
 done:



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"And you, you too, man of might,
 How in the sun's light;
 Let me, to my budding vine,
 Spill no other blood than thine!
 Yonder burning golden sea,
 That alone shall vanquish me,
 Warrior! shall I tell you true
 How we differ, I and you?
 You'll be dead, a senseless trunk,
 I shall only be—dead drunk!"

MOORE.

No. 267.

Bacchus, in a car drawn by panthers, looking at Hercules drunk under
 a tree.

PROLOGUE. *Calcedony.*

"On that one alone
 Who whid'd his axle down Nymph steep,
 Bridling fierce tigers, with his purple reins
 Wroth'd with vine-madrell."

Ecce, book vi, c. 10.

"The god himself with clust'ring grapes was crown'd,
 And shook the spear, which curling vines surround;
 Tigers and Lyons round him mov'd to fly,
 And palated panthers, smould'ring to the eye."

Quint, Met. book II.

No. 268.

Head of Ariadne.

OSIRIS. *Cornelian.*

"Poor Ariadne! dare most perish here,
 Breathe out thy sweetest sighs and hated air,
 Now we thy pining mother shall see thee;
 Want a kind face, which thy dear eyes may close,
 And thy soft hands may sweetly compose."

Thy curst to the black must be a grey;
 Time Thence all thy bladders does repay;
 Meanwhile in Athens your soft slip does run,
 These tell the worldling crowd what you have
 done!



267



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271

How the wild's prodigy you did subdue;
The bound and man how with one stroke you slew;
Descend the lab'rinth, and how, taught by me,
You 'scaped from all those perplex'd mazes free.
Tell, in return, what generous things you've
done:

Such gratitude will all your triumphs crown!

Sprung were from rocks, and not of human
race,
Thy cruelty does thy great line disguise.
Yet couldst thou see, as herb'rous as thou art,
Those dismal looks, sure they would touch thy
heart."

OWEN, Ep.

No. 269.

Bacchus caressing and looking complaisantly at Ampelus, the son of
Silenus.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 270.

Bacchus placing the Ram among the signs of the Zodiac.

PRACORUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Bacchus, wandering over the barren sands of Libya, and worn out with thirst and fatigue, explains the emblem of Jupiter, who appears to him under the form of a ram, and, striking the earth with his feet, indicates a spring of cool and limpid water. Bacchus, in gratitude, places the ram among the signs of the zodiac.

No. 271.

Bacchus killing Dryas with his thyrsus.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Bacchus, when he conquered Iddia, where he introduced the culture of the vine, killed Dryas prince of that country with his thyrsus.

"Is naught to Mars inferior than I call,
Great midst the sons of Jove, than vast with all;
Not Mars with more success his spear does wield,
Than thou thy thyrsus on th' embattled field."

DIOGENE, book xviii.

"But in their wrath the peasants,
Harm'd by Bacchus' ravages, took up arms.

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261



262

How the mix'd prodigy you did subdue;
 The beast and man how with one stroke you slew;
 Describe the lab'rinth, and how, taught by me,
 You 'scaped from all those perplex'd mazes free.
 Tell, in return, what gen'rous things you've
 done:

Such gratitude will all your triumphs crown!

Sprung sure from rocks, and not of human
 race,
 Thy cruelty does thy great line disgrace.
 Yet couldst thou see, as barb'rous as thou art,
 These dismal looks, sure they would touch thy
 heart."

OVID, *Ep.*

No. 269.

Bacchus caressing and looking complaisantly at Ampelus, the son of
 Silenus.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 270.

Bacchus placing the Ram among the signs of the Zodiac.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Bacchus, wandering over the barren sands of Libya, and worn out with thirst and fatigue, implores the assistance of Jupiter, who appears to him under the form of a ram, and, striking the earth with his foot, indicates a spring of cool and limpid water. Bacchus, in gratitude, placed the ram among the signs of the zodiac.

No. 271.

Bacchus killing Dryas with his thyrsus.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Bacchus, when he conquered India, where he introduced the culture of the vine, killed Dryas prince of that country with his thyrsus.

"In nought to Mars inferior thee I call,
 Great midst the sons of Jove, thou viest with all;
 Not Mars with more success his spear does wield,
 Than thou thy thyrsus on th' embattled field."

DIONYS. book xviii.

"But in their wrath the peasants,
 Harass'd by Bacchus' vot'ries, took up arms.

A wondrous spectacle, O king, ensued ;
 For by our brazen spears no blood was drawn,
 Hurl'd from their hands; but where the thyrsus smote,
 A grisly wound appear'd."

EURIP. *Bacch.*: WOODHULL.

"The tardy god arrives at length,
 His stedfast promise to fulfil,
 Exulting in immortal strength.
 Tremble, ye ministers of ill !
 With vengeance arm'd he smites the impious head
 Of him who dares pollute his shrine,
 And madly spurn the powers divine."

EURIP. *Bacch.*

No. 272.

Bacchus teaching CEnopion, his son by Ariadne, the art of making wine.

APOLLONIDES. *Amethyst.*

"Osiris first contriv'd the crooked plough,
 And pull'd ripe apples from the novice bough ;
 He taught the swains the savage mould to wound,
 And scatter'd seed-corn in th' unpractis'd ground ;
 He first with poles sustain'd the reptile vine,
 And shew'd its infant tendrils how to twine ;
 Its wanton shoots instructed man to shear,
 Subdue their wildness, and mature the year :
 Then too the ripen'd cluster first was trod,
 Then in gay streams its cordial soul bestow'd ;

This as swains quaff'd, spontaneous numbers
 came,
 They prais'd the festal cask, and hymn'd thy
 name.
 All ecstasy ! to certain time they bound,
 And beat in measur'd awkwardness the ground.
 Gay bowls serene the wrinkled front of care,
 Gay bowls the toil-oppressed swain repair ;
 And let the slave the laughing goblet drain,
 He blithsome sings, though manacles enchain."

TIBULLUS : GRAINGER.

"For this the malefactor goat was laid
 On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
 At Athens thus old comedy began,
 When round the streets the reeling actors ran ;
 In country villages, and crossing ways,
 Contending for the prizes of their plays ;
 And glad, with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
 Leap'd o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil.
 Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
 In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy :

With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience
 please,
 Deform'd with vizards cut from barks of
 trees ;
 In jolly hymns they praise the god of wine,
 Whose earthen images adorn the pine,
 And there are hung on high, in honour of the
 vine :
 A madness so devout the vineyard fills,
 In hollow valleys and on rising hills ;





272

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273

On whom'er able he turns his honest face,
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his
grace.

To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue recount his praise.
Thin cakes in charges, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whose offer'd entrails shall his crimes reproach,
And drip their fumes from the hasty branch.
To dress thy vines new labour is requir'd;
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd;
For thrice, at least, in compass of a year,
Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer
To man the globe; besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain,
To unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That seek the vital moisture of the vine.
That in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.

Even in the lowest months, when storms have
shed

From vines the hairy hunters of their head,
Not then the drudging blind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends:
Even then the naked vine he persecutes;
His peevish hells at once reforms and cuts.
He digs it up the ground, he first to burn
The branches topp'd, and dust the props return
Late his losses, that here the burden'd vines;
But hast to reap the vintage of thy vines.

Twice in the year husbandmost leaves thy vine,
Th' encumber'd vine; rough branches twice the
vine;

Hard labour both! command the large masses
Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less.
Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorns,
Sallows and reeds on banks of rivers born,
Remains to cut; for vineyards useful found,
To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound,
When peaceful vines from pruning hooks are free,
When husband's late survey'd the last degree
And utmost flow of plants, and order'd every
tree;

Even when they sleep in vines in full content,
Insulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet still they feel a heavy task remain,
To turn the soil and break the clods again;
And after all, their joys are but more,
While falling vines are cleaving grapes they find.
Quite opposite to those not often found;
No dressing they require, and dread no wound;
No makes new harvests apt, but still below
Rejoice in open air, and exultantly grow.
The soil itself due nourishment supplies;
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise:
Content with small sub-grounds till they spring,
Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring;
Then olives plant, and hymns to Palms sing."

Georgics, B. 1. DRYDEN.

No. 273.

Bacchus, metamorphosed to a lion, tearing a Titan in pieces.

CHROMIOS. Oriental Cornelian.

"When rising fierce, in impious arms,
The giant-race with dire alarms
Assail'd the sacred realms of light,
With lion-scratch and dreadful paw,
With blood-hemmer'd and frowning jaw,
You put their horrid chief to flight."

Hon. book B. Od. 19.

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On whate'er side he turns his honest face,
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his
grace.

To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue resound his praise.
Thin cakes in charges, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatness from the hazle broach.
To dress thy vines new labour is requir'd,
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd;
For thrice, at least, in compass of a year,
Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer
To turn the glebe; besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain,
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
E'en in the lowest months, when storms have
shed

From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends:
E'en then the naked vine he persecutes;
His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be first to dig the ground, be first to burn
The branches lopp'd, and first the props return
Into thy house, that bore the burden'd vines;
But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.

Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'ershade
Th' encumber'd vine; rough brambles twice in-
vade;

Hard labour both! commend the large excess
Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less.
Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut; for vineyards useful found,
To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound,
When peaceful vines from pruning hooks are free,
When husbands have survey'd the last degree
And utmost files of plants, and order'd every
tree;

E'en when they sing at ease in full content,
Insulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet still they find a future task remain,
To turn the soil and break the clods again;
And after all, their joys are insincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite opposite to these are olives found;
No dressing they require, and dread no wound;
No rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The soil itself due nourishment supplies;
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise:
Content with small endeavours till they spring,
Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas sing."

Georgics, ii.: DRYDEN.

No. 273.

Bacchus, metamorphosed to a lion, tearing a Titan in pieces.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"When rising fierce, in impious arms,
The giant-race with dire alarms
Assail'd the sacred realms of light,
With lion-wrath and dreadful paw,
With blood-besmeared and foaming jaw,
You put their horrid chief to flight."

HOM. book ii. Od. 19.

No. 274.

Bacchus presenting to Thetis the urn containing the ashes of Achilles and Patroclus.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Bacchus, to save himself from the sacrilegious fury of Lycurgus king of Thrace, threw himself into the sea, and was saved by Thetis, whose guest he became. Bacchus gratefully offered her in return a golden urn, the beautiful work of Vulcan. It was the same urn that, on the death of Achilles, the goddess took to the Grecian camp, and in which were enclosed the ashes of Patroclus and the son of Peleus.

“ Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight.
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandish'd steel, from Nyssa's sacred grove:
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling god.

Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move
(Th' immortals blest with endless ease above);
Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,
Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the
gloom;
Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurst, and hated by the gods!”

OVID, *Met.*

“ ‘ Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the
main,
To mourn Achilles, leads her azure train.’
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heav'nly vests, and round thee
weep;
Round thee the Muses, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears;
Till seventeen nights and seventeen days re-
turn'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee the succeeding day,
And fatted sheep and sable oxen slay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
And like a god adorn'd, thy earthly part ex-
pires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
Urge the fleet coursers o'er the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies.

Soon, as absorb'd in all-embracing flame,
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase—
(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold).
There we thy relics, great Achilles, blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend!
In the same urn a separate space contains
Thy next-belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide th' extended Hellespont surveys,
Where all, from age to age, who pass the coast,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty
ghost.
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games:
The gods assented, and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the
day.

No. 374.

Bardus presenting to Thetis the urn containing the ashes of Achilles and Patroclus.

Greece. Oriental Cornelius.

Bardus is torn almost from the sacrilegious fury of Lycurgus king of Thessa, whose daughter she was, and was saved by Thetis, whose guest he became. Bardus gratefully offered her in return a golden urn, the beautiful work of Vulcan. It was the same urn that, on the death of Achilles, the goddess took to the Grecian camp, and in which were enclosed the ashes of Patroclus and the urn of Priam.

Not long I struggle with the golden light,
That living was the urn'd with gods in sight.
Faster, and faster, with the sea below,
I see the urn'd urn, and I feel the urn'd urn
That urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
With urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
With urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
With urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
With urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd.

Not still'd the urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
(The urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Deposited of sight by their avenging doom,
Chaos to be urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Then urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
A urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
A urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
A urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd.

Greece, Met.

Thetis gave Thetis the Thetis from the
urn,
To urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Around her urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Robs thee in urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
weep;
Round thee the Nereids, with alternate shade,
In ever-urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Each urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
And urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Till urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
urn'd,
All that urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
To urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
And urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
With urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
And urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
urn'd,
Unnumber'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Urns the urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Thick urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
And the urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd.

Soon, as urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Soon, as urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
We urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
With urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
(The urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
And urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Thetis urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
With urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
In the urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
The urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Soon all the urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
The urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
High as the urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
That urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
When all, urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
May urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
urn'd,
Thetis herself to all our urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
Holds urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
The urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
High urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd urn'd,
urn'd.



274

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275

"Yet none I seen with solemn funeral games
 Slaves and kings committed to the flames;
 But strength of youth, or valour of the brave,
 With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave."

Such were the games by some Thais given,
 And such thy honours, O hero'd of heaven!
 Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades
 Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades."

Odyssey, book xiv.

No. 275.

A Head of Bacchus.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

"Be warn'd; let none the jolly god offend,
 Let none penalties the wretch attend:
 Let none behold his rites with eyes impure,
 Age is not safe, nor blooming youth secure.
 For us, the works of righteousness I love,
 And may I grateful to the righteous prove!
 For this is pleasing to almighty Jove,
 The pious blessings on their sons derive;
 But can the children of the impious thrive!"

Hail, Bacchus, whom the ruler of the sky,
 Great Jove, lov'd and foster'd in hisigh!
 Hail, with thy status, Sempe renown'd,
 Offspring of Leto, with bright robes crown'd
 In hymns of beauty! Let none follow
 This act; from thence the harvest comes:
 "Is not for man the drink of death to come?"

Terence, Act 1.

"Then, O gods, O gods, O gods, god of wine!
 And wine, and dancing too, and dance are thine;
 And dance and thy thy hair head surround,
 And a wave of hair curls sweeps the ground:
 With purple robes invested, now you glow;
 The cluster is shown, and flutes melodious blow.
 Come then, my god, but come be-dew'd with wine;
 Attend the rites, and in the dance combine!"

The rites and dances are to genius due,
 Benign Ovid, stand confus'd to view;
 Rich arguments drop already from his hair,
 His head and neck soft flow'ry garlands share.
 O come, so shall my grateful incense rise,
 And eases of honey meet thy laughing eyes."

Terence, Act 1.

"Great father Bacchus! to my song repair,
 For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care;
 For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
 And the last blessings of the year are thine;
 To thee his joys the jolly autumn owes,
 When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
 Come trip with me, my god, come drunch all o'er
 Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at every pore."

Vind. Georg. 2.

"With rosy cheeks piping Bacchus march'd along;
 His curling hair with wreathing ivy veal,

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Oft have I seen with solemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames ;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave,
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.

Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And such thy honours, O belov'd of heaven !
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades."

Odyssey, book xxiv.

No. 275.

A Head of Bacchus.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

" Be warn'd ; let none the jolly god offend,
Lest sorer penalties the wretch attend :
Let none behold his rites with eyes impure,
Age is not safe, nor blooming youth secure.
For me, the works of righteousness I love,
And may I grateful to the righteous prove !
For this is pleasing to almighty Jove.
The pious blessings on their sons derive ;
But can the children of the impious thrive ?

Hail, Bacchus, whom the ruler of the sky,
Great Jove, enclos'd and foster'd in his thigh !
Hail, with thy sisters, Semele renown'd,
Offspring of Cadmus, with bright praises crown'd
In hymns of heroines ! Let none defame
This act ; from Bacchus the incentive came :
'Tis not for man the deeds of deities to blame."

THEOCRITUS.

" Thee sorrow flies, Osiris, god of wine !
But songs, enchanting love, and dance are thine ;
But flowers and ivy thy fair head surround,
And a loose saffron-mantle sweeps the ground.
With purple robes invested, now you glow ;
The shrine is shewn, and flutes melodious blow.
Come then, my god, but come bedew'd with wine ;
Attend the rites, and in the dance combine ;

The rites and dances are to genius due—
Benign Osiris, stand confess'd to view ;
Rich unguents drop already from his hair,
His head and neck soft flow'ry garlands share.
O come, so shall my grateful incense rise,
And cates of honey meet thy laughing eyes."

TIBULLUS.

" Great father Bacchus ! to my song repair,
For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care ;
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the last blessings of the year are thine ;
To thee his joys the jolly autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come strip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at every pore."

VIRG. *Georg.* ii.

" With rosy cheeks plump Bacchus march'd along ;
His curling hair with wreathing ivy tied,

And on his back the Parthian tiger's pride ;
The gilded claws in equal order meet,
And his crown'd spear assists his erring feet."

CLAUDIAN, *Rapt. Proser.*

" And now his priest proclaims a solemn feast,
That dames and maids from usual labour rest ;
That wrapt in skins, their hair-laces unbound,
And dangling tresses with wild ivy crown'd,
They leafy spears assume ; who prophesies
Sad haps to such as his command despise.
The matrons and new-married wives obey ;
Their webs, their unspun wool aside they lay,
Sweet odours burn, and sing : ' Lyæus, Bacchus,
Nysæus, Bromius, Evan, great Iacchus ;
Fire-got, son of two mothers, the twice-born,
Father Eleleus ; Thyon, never shorn ;
Lenæus, planter of life-cheering vines ;
Nyctileus, with all names that Greece assigns

To thee, O Liber ;—still dost thou enjoy
Unwasted youth, eternally a boy.
Thou'rt seen in heav'n, whom all perfections
grace ;
And when unhorn'd, thou hast a virgin's face.
Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,
Where tawny India is by Ganges bound ;
Proud Pentheus and Lycurgus, like profane,
By thee (O greatly to be fear'd) were slain ;
The Tuscans drench'd in seas. Thou hold'st in
awe
The spotted lynxes which thy chariot draw."

OVID, *Met.*

No. 276.

Silenus the nurse, preceptor, and attendant of Bacchus, drunk, and seated
on an ass, supported by fauns.

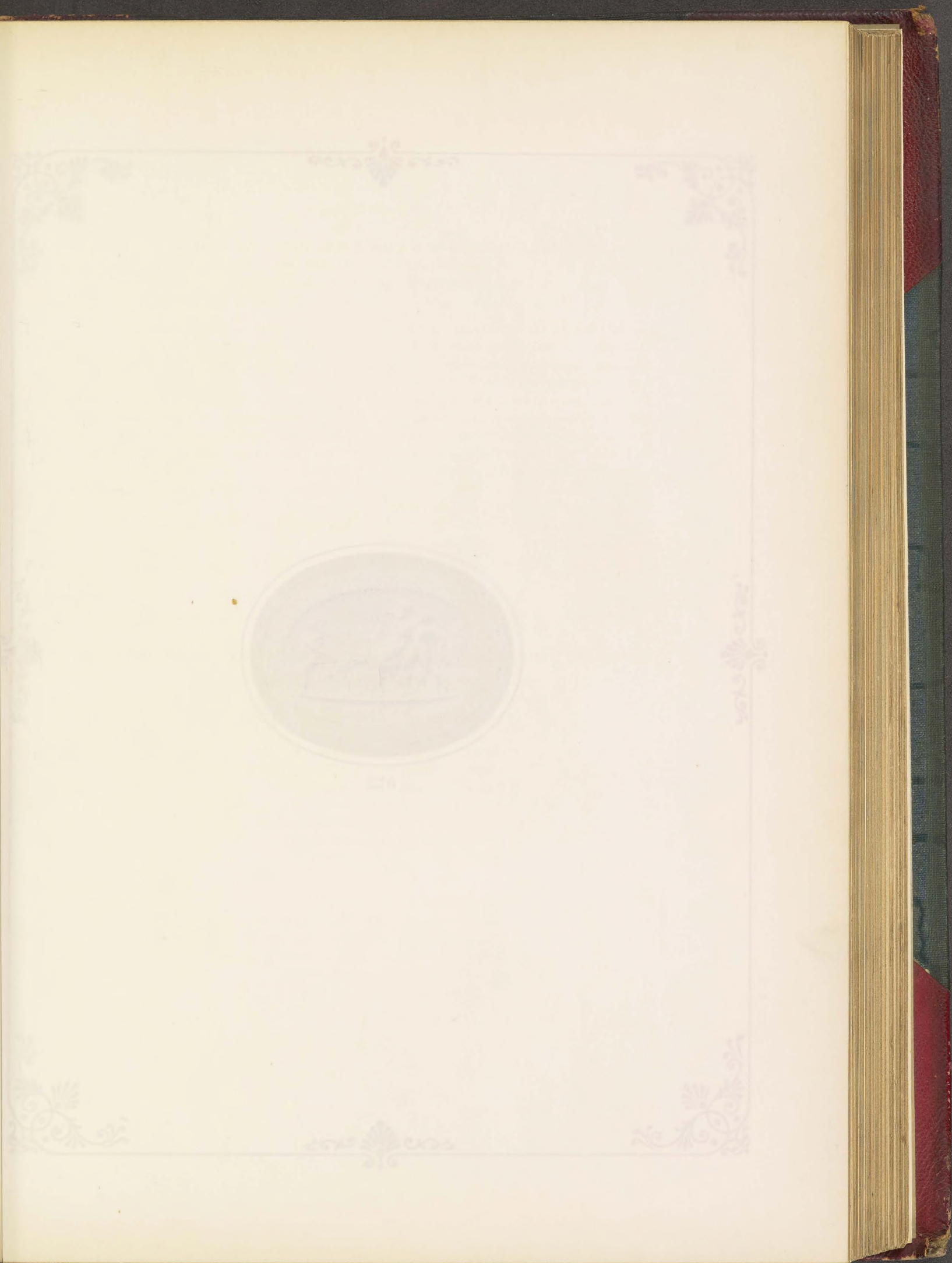
PAMELLIO. *Oriental Cornelian.*

" Light Bacchides and skipping satyrs follow,
Whilst old Silenus reeling still doth halloo,
Who weakly hangs upon his tardy ass.
What place soe'er thou ent'rest, sounding brass,
Loud sackbuts, timbrels, the confused cries
Of youths and women, pierce the marble skies."

OVID, *Met.* book iv.

" Silenus on his ass did next appear ;
And held upon the mane (the god was clear).
The drunken sire pursues, the dames retire ;
Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken sire.
At last he topples over on the plain ;
The satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again."

OVID, *Ar. Am.*





276

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277



278



279

No. 277.

The Giants terrified at the braying of an Ass.

CINCHIOS. *Jade.*

This stone presents one of the most singular subjects of mythology. In the war of the giants against the gods, Silenus was frightened at the sight of the giants, began to bray: and this extraordinary noise, which they thought proceeded from some new monster, so terrified them, that they threw themselves into the infernal regions.

No. 278.

The same subject.

ATHENION. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 279.

Egle, daughter of Sol and Nemra, staining the face of Silenus, who is asleep, with mulberries.

ARALLOSIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"Praised, my Muse: two satyrs, on the
ground,
Search'd at his nose, their sire Silenus found;
Dropt with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him snoring in his dark abode,
And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His rosy wreath was dropp'd not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the
floor.
His empty can, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the
day.
Invaded thus, for want of better hands,
His garland they unstring, and bind his hands;
For, by the fraudulent god seduced long,
They now resolve to have their promis'd song.
Egle came in, to make their party good;
The nearest ask of the neighbouring food,

And while he stares around with stupid
eyes,
His brows with berries and his temples dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a snarl, demands
On what design the boys had bound his hands.
"Loose me," he cried, "your impudence to find
A sleeping god, 'tis sacrilege to bind.
To you the promis'd poem I will pay:
The nymph shall be rewarded in her way.
He rais'd his voice: and soon a numerous throng
Of tripping satyrs crowded to the song;
Andylvan fawns and savage beasts advanc'd,
And nodding forests to the numbers danc'd.
Not by Hemonian hills the Thracian band,
Nor aerial Pliobus was on Pliobus heard
With deeper silence or with more regard.
He sung the secret words of Nature's frame:
How sun, and earth, and air, and native flames,

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No. 277.

The Giants terrified at the braying of an Ass.

CHROMIOS. *Jade.*

This stone presents one of the most singular subjects of mythology. In the war of the giants against the gods, Silenus' ass, frightened at the sight of the giants, began to bray; and this extraordinary noise, which they thought proceeded from some new monster, so terrified them, that they threw themselves into the infernal regions.

No. 278.

The same subject.

ATHENION. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 279.

Ægle, daughter of Sol and Neæra, staining the face of Silenus, who is asleep, with mulberries.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"Proceed, my Muse: two satyrs, on the
ground,
Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found;
Dost with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him snoring in his dark abode,
And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His rosy wreath was dropp'd not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the
floor.
His empty can, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the
day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unstring, and bind his hands;
For, by the fraudulent god deluded long,
They now resolve to have their promis'd song.
Ægle came in, to make their party good;
The fairest nais of the neighbouring flood,

And while he stares around with stupid
eyes,
His brows with berries and his temples dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
On what design the boys had bound his hands.
'Loose me,' he cried, 'twas impudence to find
A sleeping god, 'tis sacrilege to bind.
To you the promis'd poem I will pay:
The nymph shall be rewarded in her way.'
He rais'd his voice: and soon a numerous throng
Of tripping satyrs crowded to the song;
And sylvan fauns and savage beasts advanc'd,
And nodding forests to the numbers danc'd.
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard
With deeper silence or with more regard.
He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame;
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,

Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
 The tender soil then stiffening by degrees,
 Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas;
 Then earth and ocean various forms disclose,
 And a new sun to the new world arose;
 And mists condens'd to clouds obscure the sky,
 And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply.
 The rising trees the lofty mountains grace;
 The lofty mountains feed the savage race,
 Yet few, and strangers in th' unpeopled place.

From thence the birth of man the song pursu'd,
 And how the world was lost, and how renew'd.
 The reign of Saturn and the golden age;
 Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage;
 The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd,
 With whose repeated name the shores resound.
 Then mourns the madness of the Cretan queen;
 Happy for her if herds had never been."

VIRGIL, *Past.* 6.

No. 280.

Perseus holding the head of Medusa, from which drops of blood are falling.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

On this stone is seen the origin of one of the most beautiful fables of mythology. The horse Pegasus sprang from the blood which flowed from the head of Medusa, when cut off by Perseus. Pegasus accompanied this hero in his exploits, and also Bellerophon in the victory which he gained over the Chimæra. He also struck the earth on Mount Helicon with his foot, and thence sprang the fountain called Hippocrene, where the Muses assembled for the first time.

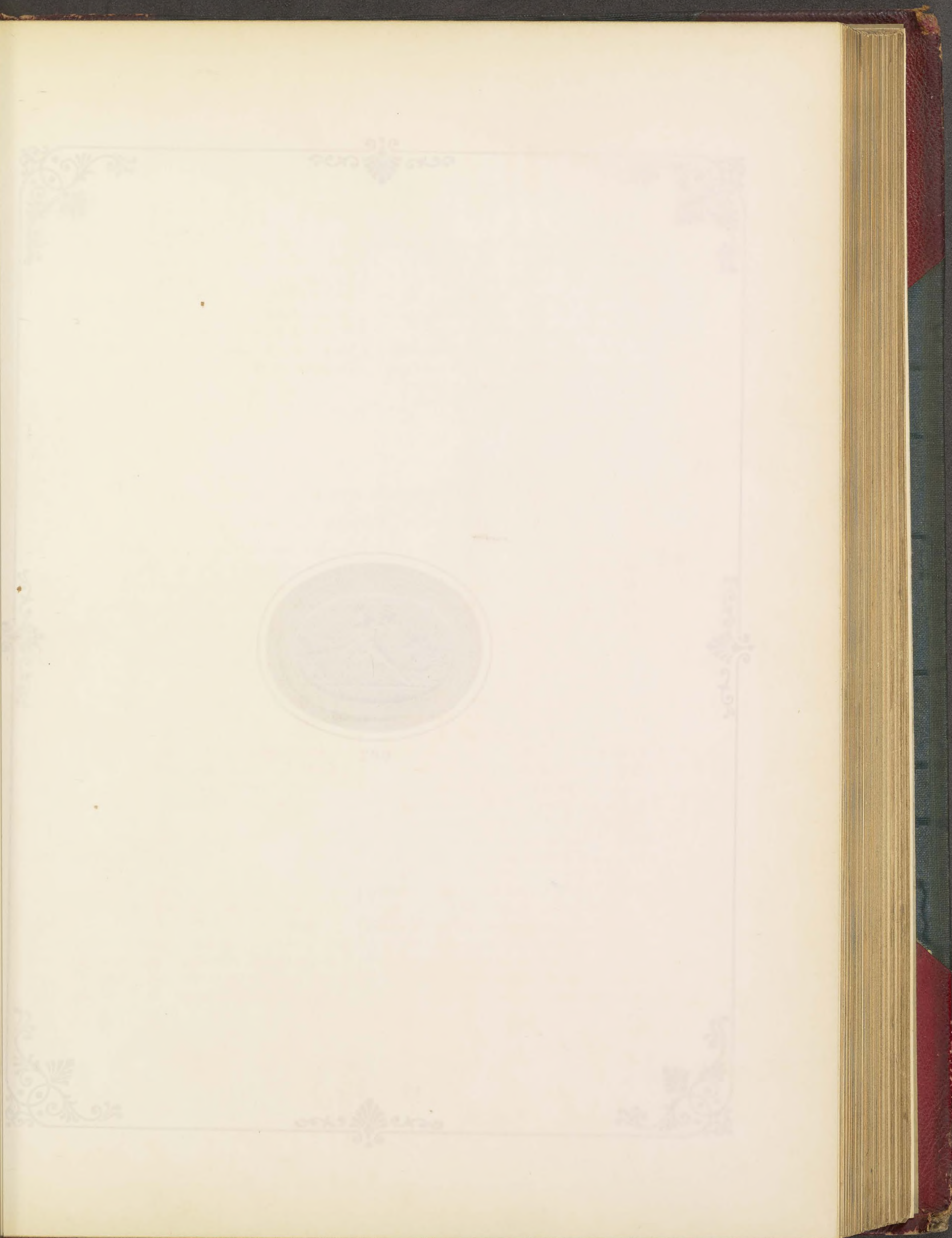
"The number of the gorgons once was three—
 Stheno, Medusa, and Euryale;
 Of which two sisters draw immortal breath,
 Free from the fears of age as free from death.
 But thou, Medusa, felt a powerful foe,
 A mortal thou, and born to mortal woe;
 Nothing avail'd of love thy blissful hours
 In a soft meadow, on a bed of flow'rs,
 Thy tender dalliance with the ocean's king,
 And in the beauty of the year, the spring;
 You by the conqu'ring hand of Perseus bled,
 Perseus, whose sword laid low in dust thy head.

Then started out, when you began to bleed,
 The great Chrysaor, and the gallant steed
 Call'd Pegasus, a name not giv'n in vain,
 Born near the fountains of the spacious main.
 His birth will great Chrysaor's name unfold,
 When in his hand glitter'd the sword of gold;
 Mounted on Pegasus he soar'd above,
 And sought the palace of almighty Jove:
 Loaded with lightning through the skies he
 rode,
 And bore it with the thunder to the god."

HESIOD, *Theog.*

"Then shall he mark the towers where Ce-
 pheus ruled,
 And fountains springing from the printed steps
 Of Laphrian Hermes, and the double rock
 'Gainst which the monster of the ocean rushed
 Eager, but found far other prize; and seized
 Deep in the spacious cavern of his jaws

The vulture son of gold, who rode the breeze,
 Sandal'd with wings, and with his falchion
 smote
 Th' enormous orc, wide wallowing on the wave;
 Who rais'd the steed divine, and from the trunk
 Sever'd the snaky visage of the fiend
 Distilling blood, whence sprung the winged steed



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Fall through the water, and not to rise till
Woe should give us the inevitable will.
The water will still be flowing by Argos;
That from the bottom of the sea the flowing sea;
That from the bottom of the sea the flowing sea;
And from the bottom of the sea the flowing sea;
And from the bottom of the sea the flowing sea;
And from the bottom of the sea the flowing sea;
And from the bottom of the sea the flowing sea;
And from the bottom of the sea the flowing sea;
And from the bottom of the sea the flowing sea;
And from the bottom of the sea the flowing sea;

From thence the birth of man the song purs'd,
And how the world was lost, and how recover'd.
The reign of Saturn and the golden age;
Prometheus' fight, and Jove's wrangling rage;
The woes of Argos and the Hydra drown'd,
With whom repeated names the shores resound.
Thus means the sadness of the Greek quest;
Daggy for her if he had never been."

Vincent, Part. 6.

No. 280.

Perseus holding the head of Medusa, from which drops of blood are falling.

CHARACTERS. *Oriental Sardians.*

The story is one of the legends of one of the most beautiful fables of mythology. The name Perseus is given to the hero, which comes from the head of Medusa, when cut off by Perseus. Perseus was accompanied with him in his exploits, and also with him in the victory which he gained over the Chimera. He also struck the earth on Mount Helicon with his foot, and thence sprang the fountain called Hippocrene, where the Muses assembled for the first time.

The mother of the goddess Minerva was then—
Minerva, Medusa, and Leda.
Of which two names there is no record,
From that the first of ages was from death.
The first, Medusa, was a powerful one,
A mortal one, and born to mortal one;
Nothing more of her the world knew
In a well known, or a well known,
Thy mother Leda, with the world's king,
And in the house of the world, the world;
You by the world's hand of Perseus Med,
Perseus, whose sword had been to that day land.

Then started out, when you began to bleed,
The great Chimera, and the gallant stood
Call'd Perseus, a name not given to ruin,
Bare near the fountain of the spacious main.
His birth will great Chimera's name unfold,
When in his hand glitter'd the sword of gold;
Mounted on Pegasus he would above,
And sought the palace of almighty Jove,
Loaded with lightning through the ether he
rode,
And bore it with the thunder to the god."

Homer, *Iliad*.

"Then did he mark the horses where Co-
pleas rode,
And Perseus, springing from the painted steps
Of Laphria's horses, and the double rack
'Gainst which the chariot of the world rushed
Faster, but found for other prize; and when
Deep in the spacious cavern of his fate.

The vulture son of gold, who rode the horses,
Sandal'd with wings, and with his fashion
made
Th' immortal one, with vulture on the wing;
Who rode the cloud divine, and from the trunk
Saw'd the rocky steps of the world
Distilling blood, whence spring the winged seed



280

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And wondrous Fides; who enclosed his foes
In marble robe, and with uncover'd shield
From their young blood, and stiffened them to
stone;

Who stole upon the sisters three, and Gæa
Joyful returned, but as'er to them mounted
Light, nor the guide of threshold wanderings."

LETTERMAN: VIA. ROYALTY.

"Pegasus the steed,* who born beside
Old Nilus' fountains, thence derived a name,
Chrysaor, grasping in his hands a sword
Of gold, flew upward on the winged horse."

"Thus far Minerva was content to rove
With Perseus, offspring of her father Jove:
Now, bid to clouds, Scripsum she forsook,
And to the Theban tow'rs her journey took.
Cythere and Cyrene, lying in the night,
She pass'd unheeded in her eager flight;
And choosing first as Helicon to rest,
The virgin Muses in these words address'd:

"Ma the strange tidings of a new-found spring,
Ye learned sisters, to this mountain bring.
It all be true that fame's wide rumours tell;
That Pegasus discover'd first your well;
Whose gleaming hoof gave the soft earth a blow,
Which broke the surface where the waters flow.
I saw that horse by mortal slain:
Lies from the blood of the Medusa slain:
And now, this equal privilege to view,
From Helicon hies to her'd Thracia flee?"

The Muse Urania said, "Whatever cause
So great a goddess to this mansion drives,
Our shades are happy with so bright a guest;
You, queen, are welcome, and we Muses blest.
What fame has publish'd of our spring is
true;

Thanks for our spring to Pegasus are due.
Then with beaming courtesy, she led
The curious stranger to their fountain's head:
Who long survey'd, with wonder and delight,
Their sacred water, charming to the sight;
Their ancient grove, dark grove, shady bow'rs,
And smiling plains adorn'd with various flowers.

"O happy Muses!" she with rapture cried,
"Who, well from hence, on this the left reside:
Blest in your seat, and free yourselves to please
With joys of study and with glorious ease!"

Orin. Mæ.

No. 281.

Terpsichore clipping the wing of one of the Pierides.

APOLLONIDES. *Anachyst.*

* "Pegasus received its name from a well-known emblem, the horse of Poseidon; by which we are to understand an ark or ship. 'By horses,' says Artemidorus, 'the poets mean ships;' and hence it is that Poseidon is called Hippias, for there is a direct analogy between the poetical or winged horse on land, and a real ship in the sea. Hence it came that Pegasus was esteemed the horse of Poseidon (Neptune), and often named *neptunus*; a name which relates to a ship, and shows the purport of the emblem. The ark, we know, was preserved by Divine Providence from the sea, which would have overwhelmed it; and as it was often represented under this symbol of a horse, it gave rise to the fable of the two chief deities, Jupiter and Neptune, disputing about horses." — BARNES.

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And wondrous rider; who enclosed his foes
In marble robe, and with uncover'd shield
Froze their young blood, and stiffened them to
stone;

Who stole upon the sisters three, and thence
Joyful returned, but ne'er to them returned
Light, nor the guide of threefold wanderings."

LYCOPHRON: VIS. ROYSTON.

"Pegasus the steed,* who born beside
Old Nilus' fountains, thence derived a name.
Chrysaor, grasping in his hands a sword
Of gold, flew upward on the winged horse."

"Thus far Minerva was content to rove
With Perseus, offspring of her father Jove:
Now, hid in clouds, Seriphus she forsook,
And to the Theban tow'rs her journey took.
Cythnos and Gyaros, lying to the right,
She pass'd unheeded in her eager flight;
And choosing first on Helicon to rest,
The virgin Muses in these words address'd:

"Me the strange tidings of a new-found spring,
Ye learned sisters, to this mountain bring.
If all be true that fame's wide rumours tell,
'Twas Pegasus discover'd first your well;
Whose piercing hoof gave the soft earth a blow,
Which broke the surface where the waters flow.
I saw that horse by miracle obtain
Life from the blood of dire Medusa slain:
And now, this equal prodigy to view,
From distant isles to fam'd Bœotia flew."

The Muse Urania said, 'Whatever cause
So great a goddess to this mansion draws,
Our shades are happy with so bright a guest;
You, queen, are welcome, and we Muses blest.
What fame has publish'd of our spring is
true;

Thanks for our spring to Pegasus are due.'

Then with becoming courtesy, she led
The curious stranger to their fountain's head:
Who long survey'd, with wonder and delight,
Their sacred water, charming to the sight;
Their ancient groves, dark grotto, shady bow'rs,
And smiling plains adorn'd with various flow'rs.

'O happy Muses!' she with rapture cried,
'Who, safe from cares, on this fair hill reside;
Blest in your seat, and free yourselves to please
With joys of study and with glorious ease!'"

OVID, *Met.*

No. 281.

Terpsichore clipping the wing of one of the Pierides.

APOLLONIDES. *Amethyst.*

* "Pegasus received its name from a well-known emblem, the horse of Poseidon; by which we are to understand an ark or ship. 'By horses,' says Artemidorus, 'the poets mean ships;' and hence it is that Poseidon is called Hippius, for there is a strict analogy between the poetical or winged horse on land, and a real ship in the sea. Hence it came that Pegasus was esteemed the horse of Poseidon (Neptune), and often named *scaphius*; a name which relates to a ship, and shews the purport of the emblem. The ark, we know, was preserved by Divine Providence from the sea, which would have overwhelmed it; and as it was often represented under this symbol of a horse, it gave rise to the fable of the two chief deities, Jupiter and Neptune, disputing about horses."—BRYANT.

The Pierides, daughters of Pierus, dared to challenge the Muses to try who could sing best. They were conquered by the Muses, who changed them into magpies.

"The Muse yet spoke, when they began to
hear
A noise of wings that flutter'd in the air;
And straight a voice from some high-spreading
bough

Seem'd to salute the company below.
The goddess wonder'd, and inquired whence
That tongue was heard that spoke so plainly
sense:

It seem'd to her a human voice to be,
But prov'd a bird's; for in a shady tree
Nine magpies perch'd lament their alter'd state,
And what they hear are skilful to repeat.

The sister to the wond'ring goddess said:
'These, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.
These did Evippe of Pæonia bring
With nine hard labour-pangs to Pella's king.
The foolish virgins, of their number proud,
And puff'd with praises of the senseless crowd,
Through all Achaia and th' Æmonian plains
Defied us thus to match their artless strains:
'No more, ye Thespian girls, your notes re-
peat,

Nor with false harmony the vulgar cheat;
In voice or skill if you with us will vie,
As many we, in voice or skill will try.
Surrender you to us, if we excel,
Famed Aganippe and Medusa's well.
The conquest yours, your prize from us shall be
Th' Æmathian plains to snowy Pæone:

The nymphs our judges.' To dispute the field
We thought a shame, but greater shame to yield;
On seats of living stone the sisters sit,
And by the rivers swear to judge aright.

The chosen Muse here ends her sacred lays;
The nymphs unanimous decree the bays,
And give the Heliconian goddesses the praise.
Then far from vain that we should thus prevail,
But much provok'd to hear the vanquish'd rail,
Calliope resumes: 'Too long we've borne
Your daring taunts and your insulting scorn;
Your challenge justly merited a curse,
And this unmanner'd railing makes it worse.
Since you refuse us calmly to enjoy
Our patience, next our passions we'll employ;
The dictates of a mind enraged pursue,
And what our just resentment bids us, do.'
The railers laugh, our threats and wrath despise,
And clap their hands, and make a scolding noise.
But in the fact they're seized; beneath their nails
Feathers they feel, and on their faces scales;
Their horny beaks at once each other scare,
Their arms are plum'd, and on their backs they
bear

Pied wings, and flutter in the fleeting air.
Chatt'ring, the scandal of the woods they fly,
And there continue still their clam'rous cry;
The same their eloquence, as maids or birds,
Now only noise, and nothing *then* but words."

OVID, *Met.*

No. 2812

Alpheus pursuing Arethusa.

ADMON. *Oriental Cornelian.*

The nymph Arethusa, the daughter of Nereus and Doris, and the companion of Diana, was, like her, addicted to the chase. One day, fatigued with the exercise, she went to a stream to bathe, when the god Alpheus fell in love with, and, as she fled, endeavoured to overtake her.



The Phœbe, daughter of Iovis, dared to challenge the Muses to try who could sing best. They were outwitted by the Muses, who changed them into magpies.

The Muses, yet again, when they began to sing,

A voice of things that never is to die,
And weighty words were high-sounding
To all.

Sooner to silence the company below.
The goddesses were silent, and departed silent.
They sang you heard their voices so plainly

It seem'd to be a voice that was to be,
That gave it a truth; for in a deadly tone
That of a voice that never is to die,
And what they hear was it that to repeat.

The Muses to the Phœbe's goddess said:
"These, Muses, by us, we as well then repeat.
These are the words of Phœbe's being
With voice and language to Phœbe's king.
These are the words of Phœbe's power,
And all the words of Phœbe's crown,
Through all the words of Phœbe's plain
And all the words of Phœbe's crown;
The words, in Phœbe's gift, your voice re-
peat."

But with the Phœbe's voice the words repeat;
In voice and all the words of Phœbe's crown,
As words we, in voice and all the words try.
Remember yet to us, if we can,
Phœbe's words and Phœbe's will.
The words of Phœbe, your voice then to dwell be
To Phœbe's plain to Phœbe's crown.

The nymphs are judges. To dispute the field
We thought a shame, but greater shame to yield;
On seats of living stone the sisters sit,
And by the rivers venture to judge right.

The chosen Muse here ends her sacred lays;
The nymphs unanimous decree the boys,
And give the Heliconian goddesses the prize.
Then far from vain that we should thus prevail,
But much provok'd to hear the vanquish'd tell,
Calliope resumes: "Too long we've borne
Your daring insult and your insulting scorn;
Your challenge justly merited a curse,
And this momentary falling makes it worse.
Since you refuse us calmly to enjoy
Our pastimes, next our passions we'll employ;
The dictates of a mind enraged pursue,
And what our just resentment bids us, do."
The sisters laugh, our threats and wrath despise,
And clasp their hands, and make a wedding noise;
But in the fact they're wiled; beneath their malle
Feathers they feel, and on their faces smile;
Their horny beaks at once seek other scars,
Their arms are pluck'd, and on their backs they
bear

Pied wings, and flutter in the floating air.
Chattering, the scurriel of the woods they fly,
And there continue still their clam'rous cry;
The same their eloquence, as birds or birds,
Now only noise, and nothing else but words."

OVID, *Met.*

No. 282

Alpheus pursuing Arethusa.

ADMON. *Oriental Coraëlian.*

The nymph Arethusa, the daughter of Nereus and Doris, and the companion of Diana, was, like her, addicted to the chase. One day, fatigued with the exercise, she went to a stream to bathe, when the god Alpheus fell in love with, and, as she fled, endeavoured to overtake her.



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Arethusa implored the assistance of Diana, who, surrounding her with a thick cloud, saved her from the pursuit of Alpheus.

"In Elis first I breath'd the living air :
The chase was all my pleasure, all my care ;
None lov'd like me the forest to explore ,
To pitch the toils, and drive the bristled boar.
Of *fair*, though masculine, I had the name,
But gladly would to that have quitted claim ;
It less my pride than indignation rais'd,
To hear the beauty I neglected prais'd :
Such compliments I loath'd, such charms as these
I scorn'd, and thought it infamy to please.

Once, I remember, in the summer's heat,
Tir'd with the chase, I sought a cool retreat ;
And, walking on, a silent current found,
Which gently glided o'er the grav'ly ground :
The crystal water was so smooth, so clear,
My eye distinguish'd ev'ry pebble there ;
So soft its motion, that I scarce perceiv'd
The running stream, or what I saw believ'd.
The hoary willow and the poplar made
Along the shelving bank a grateful shade.
In the cool rivulet my feet I dipp'd,
Then waded to the knee, and then I stripp'd ;
My robe I careless on an osier threw,
That near the place commodiously grew ;
Nor long upon the border naked stood,
But plung'd with speed into the silver flood.
My arms a thousand ways I mov'd, and tried
To quicken, if I could, the lazy tide ;
Where, while I play'd my swimming gambols
o'er,

I heard a murmuring voice, and frighted sprang
to shore.

'O ! whither, Arethusa, dost thou fly ?'

From the brook's bottom did Alpheus cry.

Again I heard him, in a hollow tone,

'O ! whither, Arethusa, dost thou run ?'

Alpheus follow'd fast

As trembling doves from pressing danger fly,
When the fierce hawk comes sousing from the sky,

And as fierce hawks the trembling doves pursue,
From him I fled, and after me he flew.

First by Orchomenus I took my flight,

And soon had Psophis and Cyllene in sight ;

Behind me then high Mænalus I lost,

And craggy Erimanthus scal'd with frost ;

Elis was next : thus far the ground I trod

With nimble feet before the distant god.

But here I lagg'd, unable to sustain

The labour longer, and my flight maintain ;

While he, more strong, more patient of the
toil,

And fir'd with hopes of beauty's speedy spoil,

Gain'd my lost ground, and by redoubled pace

Now left between us but a narrow space.

Unwearied I till now, o'er hills and plains,

O'er rocks and rivers, ran, and felt no pains ;

The sun behind me, and the god I kept :

But when I fastest should have run, I stept.

Before my feet his shadow now appear'd,

As what I saw, or rather what I fear'd.

Yet there I could not be deceiv'd by fear,

Who felt his breath pant on my braided hair,

And heard his sounding tread, and knew him to
be near.

Tir'd and despairing, 'O celestial maid,

I'm caught,' I cried, 'without thy heav'nly aid.

Help me, Diana, help a nymph forlorn,

Devoted to the woods, who long has worn

Thy livery, and long thy quiver borne.'

The goddess heard ; my pious pray'r prevail'd ;

In muffling clouds my virgin head was veil'd.

The am'rous god, deluded of his hopes,

Searches the gloom, and through the darkness
gropes ;

Twice, where Diana did her servant hide,

He came, and twice, 'O Arethusa !' cried.

How shaken was my soul, how sunk my heart !

The terror seiz'd on ev'ry trembling part.

Thus when the wolf about the mountain prowls

For prey, the lambkin hears his horrid howls :

The tim'rous hare, the pack approaching nigh,
Thus hearkens to the hounds, and trembles at the
cry ;

Nor dares she stir, for fear her scented breath
Direct the dogs, and guide the threaten'd death.
Alpheus in the cloud no traces found
To mark my way, yet stays to guard the ground.
The god so near, a chilly sweat possess'd
My fainting limbs, at ev'ry pore exprest ;
My strength distill'd in drops, my hair in dew,
My form was chang'd, and all my substance new,

Each motion was a stream, and my whole frame
Turn'd to a fount, which still preserves my name.
Resolv'd I should not his embrace escape,
Again the god resumes his fluid shape ;
To mix his streams with mine he fondly tries,
But still Diana his attempt denies—
She cleaves the ground ; through caverns dark I
run
A diff'rent current, while he keeps his own.
To dear Ortygia she conducts my way,
And here I first review the welcome day."

OVID.

"Right o'er against Plemmyrium's wat'ry strand
There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land :
Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found
From Greece a secret passage under ground ;
By love to beauteous Arethusa led,
And, mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed."

"Alpheus, too, affords his Pisa's aid ;
By Pisa's wall the stream is first convey'd,
Then seeks through seas the lov'd Sicilian maid."

LUCAN.

"Alpheus next affords his Pisa's aid,
Who seeks through seas the lov'd Sicilian maid."

STATIUS.

No. 283.

Cyrene, daughter of Hypseus king of the Lapithæ, fighting alone with a
lion, kills it.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"From Pelion's mount, where winds perpetual
roar,
Bright-hair'd Apollo fair Cyrene bore,
To those blest realms where flocks in thousands
stray,
And fullest plenty crowns the smiling
plain :
In golden car he bore the nymph away,
And gave her o'er the world's third part to
reign.

Bright Venus, goddess of the fair,
Who holds her courts and revels there,
Smiling receiv'd her Delian guest,
And breath'd soft love through each enamour'd
breast.
While modesty sweet-blushing spread
The happy love-expecting bed,
Where glad Apollo's glowing arms
Might clasp Hypseus' blooming daughter's
charms.

The sea-birds, then, the sea-birds, approaching sight,
 Their loneliness to the sea-birds, and loneliness to the
 sea-birds,
 The sea-birds, then, the sea-birds, approaching sight,
 Their loneliness to the sea-birds, and loneliness to the
 sea-birds,
 The sea-birds, then, the sea-birds, approaching sight,
 Their loneliness to the sea-birds, and loneliness to the
 sea-birds,
 The sea-birds, then, the sea-birds, approaching sight,
 Their loneliness to the sea-birds, and loneliness to the
 sea-birds,

Each motion was a stream, and my whole frame
 Turn'd to a fountain, which still preserves my name.
 How oft I should not his embrace escape,
 Again the god resumes his field sleep;
 To mix his streams with mine he kindly tries,
 But still I turn his attempts aside—
 She cleaves the ground; sunlight never dark I
 see
 A different current, while he keeps his own.
 To dear Orpheus she conducts my way,
 And here I first review the welcome day."

Orpheus.

"Bright stars against Parnassus' wavy strand
 There lie at last, some call'd St' Orpheus' land;
 Others, as old Rome reports, her found
 From Orpheus a secret passage under ground;
 By love to beautiful Anacreon led,
 And, mingling here, they tell in the same sacred bed."

"Alpheus, too, affords his Pen's aid;
 By Pen's will the stream is first convey'd;
 Then, wading through seas the lov'd Sicilian maid."

Lucas.

"Alpheus next affords his Pen's aid,
 Who wades through seas the lov'd Sicilian maid."

Francis.

No. 283.

Cyrene, daughter of Hypseus king of the Lapithae, fighting alone with a lion, kills it.

Greece. Oriental Sardonyx.

"From Parnassus' sacred shade perpetual
 rest,
 Brightest of Apollo's Cyrene born,
 To these latest realms where flocks in thousands
 stray,
 And follow plenty o'er the smiling
 plain;
 In golden cars he drove the nymph away,
 And gave her o'er the world's third part to
 reign."

Bright Venus, goddess of the fair,
 Who holds her courts and reveals there,
 Smiling reveal'd her Delian guest,
 And breath'd soft love through each enamour'd
 breast.
 While modesty sweet-blushing spread
 The happy love-expecting bed,
 Where glad Apollo's glowing arms
 Might clasp Hypseus' blooming daughter's
 charms.



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From Ocean's monarch was Hypseus sprung,
King of the Lapithæ, a warlike throng;
Peneus the god's, Hypseus Peneus' son,
Who dalliance fond with fair Creusa held
In Pindus' vale, where he the virgin won,
And with Cyrene's godlike father fill'd.

That father, with industrious care,
Each female virtue taught the fair;
But she, a nobler task approving,
Scorn'd the loom's enervate toys;
Far from female trains removing,
Talking banquets, lazy joys:
With the bow the quiver arming,
To the field triumphant flew,
Where the savage race alarming,
These her darts unerring slew.
O'er the hills Aurora rising,
Ere equipp'd the maid beheld;
Sleep's emollient bliss despising,
Early hast'ning to the field.
No hostile beasts her father's realms annoy'd,
She purg'd each forest, and each foe destroy'd.

Once without help of dart or spear,
Maintaining an unequal war,
Phœbus on Pelion's top survey'd,
Engag'd with lion fierce, the lovely maid!
Straight Chiron call'd he from his cave:
'Phyllirides, thy bower leave!
Forth, forth, dread centaur, from thy bow'r,
To view the triumphs of a female power.
View with what courage she maintains the fight,
While her great spirit soars beyond her might:
She knows not fear. Relate her happy sire,
What root its birth to branch so glorious gave?
What mortal to the honour may aspire,
Of daughter so undaunted, great, and brave?

On the virgin, Chiron, say,
May we soft compulsion lay,
Gently force her to our arms,
And crop her virgin flower and full-blown
 charms?"

Softened to smiles his features grave,
This answer sober Chiron gave:
'Who love's purer flames would share,
By sweet persuasion steal upon the fair;
And with fond elegance of passion move
The yielding fair one to a virtuous love.
In modest hints first sighing out their flame,
And delicate alike, though bolder grown;
For gods and men hate those who know not
 shame,
But shock the ear with ribald lewdness' tone.

But thou, of truth great deity,
Whose proving touch all falsehoods fly;
Gentle complaisance inspiring,
Thus alone to speak hath led:
Art thou gracious, thou inquiring
Whence descends the royal maid?
Thou who all events art knowing,
Every path that mortals tread;
Whence their several fates are flowing,
Where their several actions lead;
Whose is wisdom past expressing,
Knowledge past our power to tell—
Sooner count we earth's increasing
When her pregnant bowels swell;
Sooner, when waves roll rough and tempests roar,
Number the sands that raging crowd the shore.

All things are open to thy eyes,
Both where they flow, and whence they rise;
Yet if with one so wise and great,
'Tis granted me, dread king, myself to meet,
Hear what the centaur hath to tell:
Destin'd the maid's, you sought this vale;
Hither thou cam'st her love to share,
And to Jove's gardens o'er the seas shall bear.
Thither thy people from their isle shall tend,
And to the vale-surrounded hill ascend,
Where rule from thee Cyrene shall receive.
Now for thy sake glad Libya to the fair
In golden domes reception waits to give,
And yield her of her spacious empire share."

PINDAR: DODD.

“ Nor was Cyrene second in thy love :
 To her thy favour gave the victor dogs ;
 Wherewith th’ Hypsean virgin, at the tomb
 Of fam’d Iolcian Pelias, o’er the plain
 Laid the proud savage prostrate.”

CALLIMACHUS, *Hymn to Diana*.

“ The nymph Cyrene, in old times, ’tis said,
 Her flocks beside Thessalian Peneus fed ;
 Pleas’d with the honours of her virgin name,
 Till day’s bright god seduc’d the rural dame.
 Far from Hæmonia he convey’d the fair,
 Brought to the nymphs, and trusted to their care ;
 The mountain nymphs that in parch’d Libya keep
 Their airy mansions on Myrtosia’s steep.
 Cyrene there, along the winding shore,
 Thee, Aristæus, to Apollo bore ;

To whom rich swains, who in Thessalia live,
 The names of Agreus and of Nomius give.
 With length of days the god her love repaid,
 And fix’d her huntress of the woodland shade ;
 But the young boy to Chiron’s care he gave,
 To reap instruction in his learned cave.
 To him, when blooming in the prime of life,
 The Muses gave Autonœ to wife ;
 And taught their favourite pupil to excel
 In arts of healing and divining well.”

APOLL. RHODIUS.

No. 284.

Apollo changing Arge into a doe.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst*.

The nymph Arge, while pursuing a stag, dared to boast, that, were he as rapid as the sun in his course, she would overtake him. Apollo changed the arrogant nymph to a doe.

No. 285.

Aura devouring her children.

CHROMIOS. *Amethyst*.

Aura, one of the nymphs in the train of Diana, was beloved by Bacchus, but refused to listen to him. Venus, to gratify the passion of the god, inspired Aura with a voluptuous delirium, of which Bacchus availed himself, and she became the mother of two children. Aura, growing frantic in consequence, devoured her children, and drowned herself in despair.

No. 286.

Leda.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian*.



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282



283



284



285



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287



288

Leda, the daughter of Thestius, and wife of Tyndarus king of Sparta, seduced by Jupiter in the form of a swan.

"I see the gryphon spread his leathern wings,
And mount upon the sharp winds of the north,
To pounce the dove, whom erst the snowy swan
Engender'd, walking on the wave, what time
Around the sacred acornlines of gold
Gleaned the pure whiteness of the snowy shell."

LYCOPHRON: *VIA. HORSEW.*

"Ne'er may the joys of me and of my race
Be blasted by such fears
As shall the pallid face
Of Leda's wealthy dames o'erspread;
Who, with the Phrygian matrons in accord,
Shall utter o'er their looms this lay:
'From the wretched captive's head,
Who comes to shear my braided locks away,
While I bewail in plaintive strains
The ruin that o'erwhelms my native plains,

Through her who from that bird did spring,
Graceful with swelling neck, & fatue
A true report deliver.
That Iove's fragrant d, because
A swan, & Leda's swelling wing,
When Leda yielded to his flame?
Or haply the first with Fate,
From whom these partners tale began,
Such shameful legend they, with implacable
To impose on the credulity of men."

ECRATIDE, *Apollon. WACHTER.*

No. 287.

Leda looking with surprise at the two eggs deposited on the ground, from which sprung Castor and Pollux.

GNATOS. *Amethyst.*

No. 288.

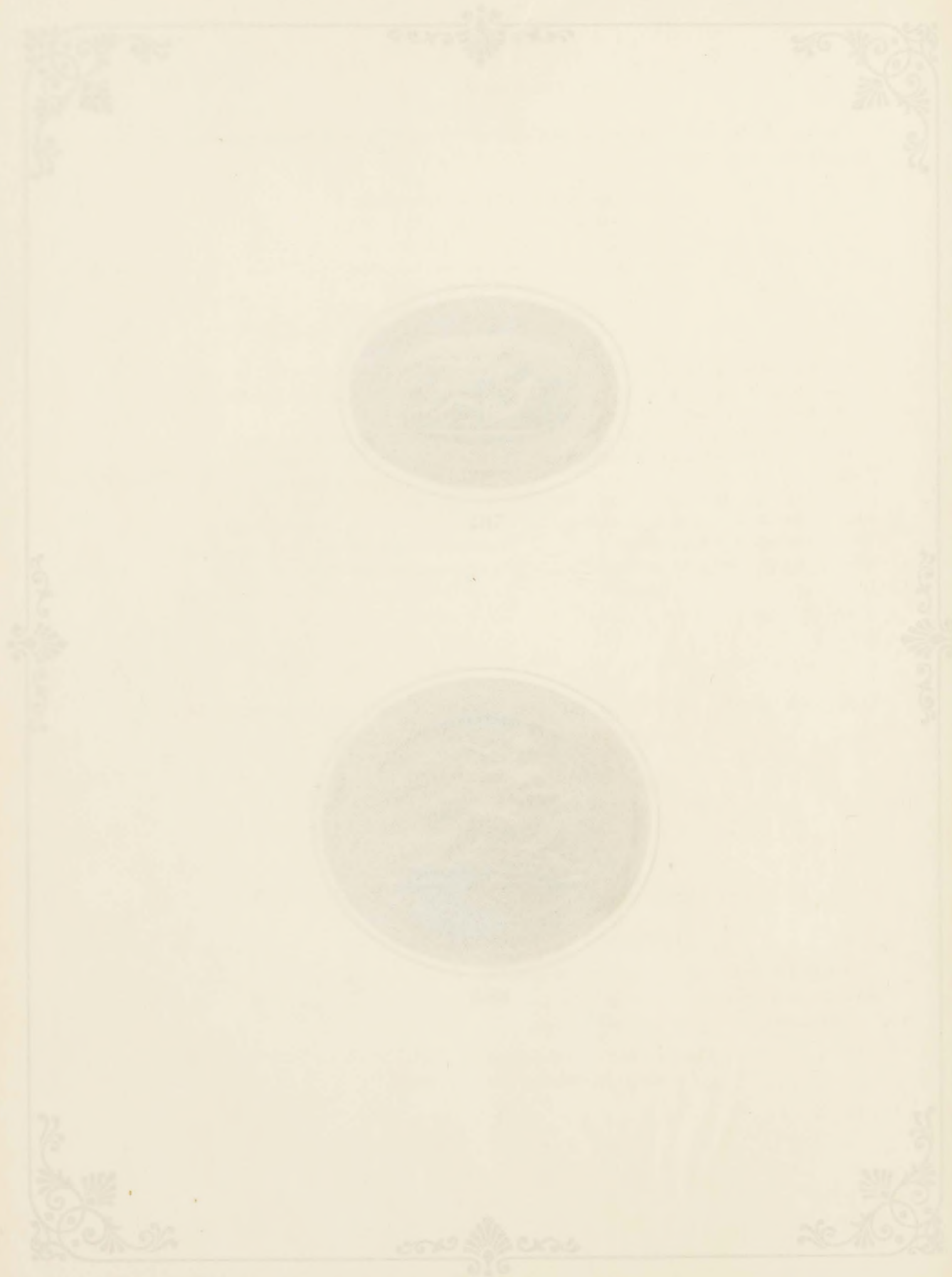
Leda and Jupiter contemplating the births of their children.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

On this stone is seen the birth of Castor, Pollux, Helen, and Clytemnestra. Jupiter, as a swan, and Leda reclining on a magnificent bed, are contemplating with interest the two eggs from which have already sprung three children.

"Leda the fair, Atolla's matchless grace,
Housed the twin-offspring of celestial race—

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Leda, the daughter of Thespius, and wife of Tyndarus king of Sparta, surprised by Jupiter in the form of a swan.

" I see the gryphon spread his leathern wings,
And mount upon the sharp winds of the north,
To pounce the dove, whom erst the snowy swan
Engender'd, walking on the wave, what time
Around the sacred secundines of gold
Gleamed the pure whiteness of the snowy shell."

LYCOPHRON: VIS. ROYSTON.

" Ne'er may the joys of me and of my race
Be blasted by such fears
As shall the pallid face
Of Lydia's wealthy dames o'erspread;
Who, with the Phrygian matrons in accord,
Shall utter o'er their looms this lay:
' From the wretched captive's head,
Who comes to shear my braided locks away,
While I bewail in plaintive strains
The ruin that o'erwhelms my native plains,

Through her who from that bird did spring,
Graceful with tow'ring neck, if fame
A true report convey,
That Jove transform'd, became
A swan, upborne on sounding wing,
When Leda yielded to his flame?
Or haply the fantastic Muse,
From whom these amorous tales begun,
Such shameful legend forg'd, with impious views
To impose on the credulity of man."

EURIPIDES, *Iphigenia*: WOODHULL.

No. 287.

Leda looking with surprise at the two eggs deposited on the ground, from which sprung Castor and Pollux.

GNAIUS. *Amethyst*.

No. 288.

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DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian*.

On this stone is seen the birth of Castor, Pollux, Helen, and Clytemnestra. Jupiter, as a swan, and Leda reclining on a magnificent bed, are contemplating with interest the two eggs from which have already sprung three children.

" Leda the fair, Ætolia's matchless grace,
Roused the twin-offspring of celestial race—

From Sparta roused—THIS famed for dauntless force,
 THAT skill'd to wheel the steed's unbounded course :
 Fruit of her love in Tyndarus' bright abode,
 One happy birth released th' heroic load."

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

No. 289.

Mercury carrying Castor and Pollux, shortly after their birth, to Pallena, a town of Achaia.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 290.

Pollux killing Amycus.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Amycus, the son of Neptune, was endowed with extraordinary strength. He compelled all the strangers who landed on the shores of Bithynia to a trial of skill at the cestus. He invariably conquered them, and put them to death. Amycus dared to defy the bravest of the Argonauts; and Pollux entering the arena, vanquished and slew him. Amycus was the king of the Bebryces, a people of Thrace, who took their name from Bebryce, one of the daughters of Danaus.

"The twins of Leda, child of Thestius,
 Twice and again we celebrate in song ;
 The Spartan pair, stamped by Ægeochus
 Castor and Pollux, arming with the thong
 His dreadful hands ; both merciful and strong,
 Saviours of men on danger's extreme edge,
 And steeds tossed in the battle's bloody throng,
 And star-defying ships on ruin's ledge,
 Swept with their crews by blasts into the cruel
 dredge.

The winds where'er they list the huge wave
 drive,
 Dashing from prow or stern into the hold ;
 Both sides, sail, tackle, yard, and mast, they
 rive,
 Snapping at random : from night's sudden
 fold

Rushes a flood ; hither and thither rolled,
 Broad ocean's heaving volumes roar and hiss,
 Smitten by blasts and the hail-volley cold :
 The lost ship and her crew your task it is,
 Bright pair, to rescue from the terrible abyss.

They think to die : but, lo ! a sudden lull
 O' the winds ; the clouds disperse, and the
 hushed sheen

Of the calmed ocean sparkles beautiful :
 The bears and asses, with the stall between,
 Foreshow a voyage safe and skies serene.
 Blest brothers, who to mortals' safety bring
 Both harpers, minstrels, knights, and warriors
 keen :

Since both I hymn, with which, immortal king,
 Shall I commence my song ? Of Pollux first I'll
 sing.



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For the
Library

From Pylæan spears—then heard the deathless sire,
 "What deed is this? what deed's embossed on me?
 Fate of my line to Tyndareus' bright shade,
 And Iphigeneia's blood, what deed's embossed on me?"

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

No. 259.

Minerva carrying Castor and Pollux, shortly after their birth, to Pallena, a town of Achæia.

PROPERTIUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 260.

Pollux killing Amycus.

APOLLONIUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Amycus, the son of Neptune, was endowed with extraordinary strength. He compelled all the strangers who landed on the shores of Bithynia to a trial of skill at the games. He usually conquered them, and put them to death. Amycus dared to defy the bravest of the Argonauts, and Pollux entering the arena, vanquished and slew him. Amycus was the king of the Hebræes, a people of Thrace, who took their name from Hebræes, one of the daughters of Demeter.

"The tribes of Ieda, child of Thetis,
 Twice and again we celebrate in song;
 The Spartan pair, stamped by Jove's hammer
 Castor and Pollux, rising with the throng—
 His dreadful hands; both mortal and strong,
 Saviours of man on danger's extreme edge,
 And steeds tamed in the battle's bloody throng,
 And star-darting ships on ruin's ledge,
 Swept with their crews by blasts into the cruel
 dredge.

The winds where'er they bat the huge wave
 drive,
 Dashing from prow or stern into the hold;
 Both sides, sail, tackle, yard, and mast, they
 rive,
 Snapping at random: from night's sudden
 fold

ashes a flood; higher and thicker rolled,
 Broad ocean's heaving volumes roar and hiss,
 Swifter by blasts and the hail-volley cold:
 The lost ship and her crew your task it is,
 Bright pair, to rescue from the terrible abyss.

They think to die: but, lo! a sudden hush
 O' the winds; the clouds disperse, and the
 hushed shores

Of the calmed ocean sparkle beautiful:
 The bows and oars, with the stall between,
 Forebode a voyage safe and skies serene.
 Blest brothers, who to mortals' safety bring
 Both harpers, minstrels, knights, and warriors
 keen:

Shew both I hymn, with which, immortal king,
 Shall I commence my song? Of Pollux first I'll
 sing.



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10²²
19
c

The jutting rocks, the dangerous Euxine's
mouth
Snow-veiled, when Argos safely passed and ended
Her course at the Bebrycian shore, the youth,
Born of the gods, from both her sides descended,
And on the deep shore, from rude winds de-
fended,
Their couches spread, and struck the seeds
of fire
From the pyrean. Forthwith unattended
Did Pollux of the red-brown hue retire
With Castor, whose renown for horsemanship was
higher.

On a high hill a forest did appear:
The brothers found there a perennial spring,
Under a smooth rock, filled with water clear,
With pebbles paved, which from below did
fling
A crystal sheen like silver glistening:
The poplar, plane, tall pine, and cypress, grew
Hard by; and odorous flowers did thither bring
Thick swarm of bees their sweet toil to pursue,
As many as in the meads when spring-buds bloom
to view.

There lay at ease a bulky insolent,
Grim-looking: his ears by gauntlets scored and
marred;
His vast chest like a ball was prominent;
His back was broad with flesh like iron hard,
Like anvil-wrought Colossus to regard;
And under either shoulder thews were seen
On his strong arms, like round stones which oft
jarred
In the quick rush, with many a bound between,
A winter-torrent rolls down through the cleft
ravine.

A lion's hide suspended by the feet
Hung from his neck, and o'er his shoulders fell:
Him the prize-winner Pollux first did greet:
'Hail, stranger! in these parts what people
dwell?'
'The hail of utter stranger sounds not well,

At least to me.' 'We're not malevolent,
Nor sons of such: take heart.' 'You need not
tell

Me that—I in myself am confident.'
'You are a savage, quick to wrath and insolent.'

'You see me as I am; upon your land
I do not walk.' 'Come thither, and return
With hospitable gifts.' 'I've none at hand,
Nor want I yours.' 'Pray, let me learn;
Wilt let me drink from out this fountain-urn?'
'You'll know if your thirst-hanging lips are
dry.'

'How may we coax you from your humour
stern,
With silver, or what else?' 'The combat try.'
'How, pray? with gauntlets, foot to foot, and eye
to eye?'

'In pugilistic fight; nor spare your skill.'
'Who is my gauntlet-armed antagonist?'
'At hand! he's here—you see him if you will:
I, Amycus, the famous pugilist.'
'And what the prize of the victorious fist?'
'The vanquish'd shall become the victor's
thrall.'

'Red-crested cocks so fight, and so desist.'
'Cock-like, or lion-like, the combat call:
This is the prize for which we fight, or none at
all.'

Then on a conch he blew a mighty blast:
The long-hair'd Bebryces, hearing the sound,
Under the shady planes assembled fast;
And likewise Castor, in the fight renown'd,
Hasten'd, and called his comrades to the
ground

From the Magnesian ship. With gauntlets
both

Arm'd their strong hands; their wrists and
arms they bound

With the long thongs: with one another
wroth,

Each breathing blood and death, they stood up
nothing loath.

First each contended which should get the sun
Of his antagonist; but much in sleight
That huge man, Pollux, was by thee undone,
And Amycus was dazzled with the light;
But raging rush'd straight forward to the
fight,
Aiming fierce blows; but wary Pollux met
him,
Striking the chin of his vast opposite,
Who fiercer battled, for the blow did fret
him,
And leaning forward tried unto the ground to
get him.

Shouted the Bebryces; and for they feared
The man, like Tityus, might their friend
downweigh
In the sunk places, the heroes Pollux cheer'd;
But shifting here and there, Jove's son made
play,
And struck out right and left, but kept away
From the fierce rush of Neptune's son un-
couth,
Who, drunk with blows, reel'd in the hot
affray
Outspitting purple blood. The princely youth
Shouted when they beheld his batter'd jaws and
mouth.

His eyes were nearly closed from the confusion
Of his swoln face. The prince amaz'd him
more
With many feints, and seeing his confusion,
Mid-front he struck a heavy blow and sore,
And to the bone his forehead gashing tore.
Instant he fell, and at his length he lay
On the green leaves; but fiercely as before,
On his up-rising, they renew'd the fray,
Aiming terrific blows, as with intent to slay.

But the Bebrycian champion strove to place
His blows upon the broad breast of his foe,
Who ceaselessly disfigur'd all his face:
His face with sweating shrunk, that he did
shew
From huge but small; but larger seem'd to
grow
The limbs of Pollux, and of fresher hue,
The more he toil'd. Muse! for 'tis thine to
know,
And mine to give interpretation true,
Tell how the son of Zeus that mighty bulk o'er-
threw.

Aiming at something great, the big Bebrycian
The left of Pollux with his left hand caught,
Obliquely leaning out from his position,
And from his flank his huge right hand he
brought,
And had he hit him would have surely wrought
Pollux much damage; but escape he found,
Stooping his head, and smote him quick as
thought
On the left temple; from the gaping wound
A bubbling gush of gore out-spurred on the
ground.

Right on his mouth his left hand then he
dash'd,
Rattled his teeth, and with a quicker hail
Of blows he smote him, till his cheeks he
smash'd.
Outstretch'd he lay, his senses all did fail,
Save that he owned the other did prevail
By holding up his hands. Nor thou didst claim
The forfeit, Pollux, taking of him bail
Of a great oath, in his own father's name,
Strangers to harm no more with word or deed of
shame."

THEOCRITUS.



10.22
19
C



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No. 291.

Apollo transfixing Coronis with a dart.

GNAÏOS. *Oriental Amethyst.*

Apollo was enamoured of Coronis, the daughter of Phlegias, and she became the mother of Æsculapius. Coronis loved a young man named Ischys, and Apollo being informed of this attachment by the crow, in the first transport of passion pierced the bosom of the nymph with one of his arrows, and killed her. He repented, however, having avenged himself so cruelly, and withdrew from the side of Coronis the infant Æsculapius; at the same time punishing the crow by changing him from white to black.

The palm Coronis of Larissa bore
From all the Æmonian dames for matchless
fair;

Who dearly, Delphian, was beloved by thee,
As long as chaste, or from detraction free.

But Phœbus' bird her scopes did soon decry,
Nor could they charm the inexorable spy;
Who forward flew, and told the hurtful truth
Of lost Coronis and the Æmonian youth.

The harp drops from his hand, and from his
soul

The beamed bill; his cheerful colour fled:
Transported with his rage, his bow he took,
And with inevitable arrow struck

That breast which he had hoped true to find.
She shrieks, and from the deadly wound doth
wind

The hissing steel, pursued with streams of blood,
That bathed her pure white in a crimson flood.
She faints; forth life in her blood's torrent
swims,

And still ring cold benumbs her senseless limbs.
His cruelty to her he loved too late
He now repenteth, and himself doth hate,

Who lent an ear, whose rage could so incense;
He hates his bird, by whom he knew th' of-
fence;

He hates his art, his quiver, and his bow:
Then takes her up, and all his skill doth show.
But, ah! too late to compass life he takes,
And surgery without success supplies,
Which when he saw, and saw the funeral pile
Prepared to devour so dear a spoil,

He deeply groans (for no celestial one
May shed a tear), as when a man stands by
And lolls about to see th' advanced mail
Upon the forehead of her reeking fall.

And now avar'd-for odours pour'd upon her,
And under death with all due rites doth honour.
But Phœbus not enduring that his seed
(And that by her) the greedy fire should feed,
Seiz'd it forth from her womb, and from the
dome,

And to the two-shap'd Clitona brought the
same.

The white-plum'd raven, who reared expects,
He turns to black, and for his truth rejects."

SARDUS' OVID.

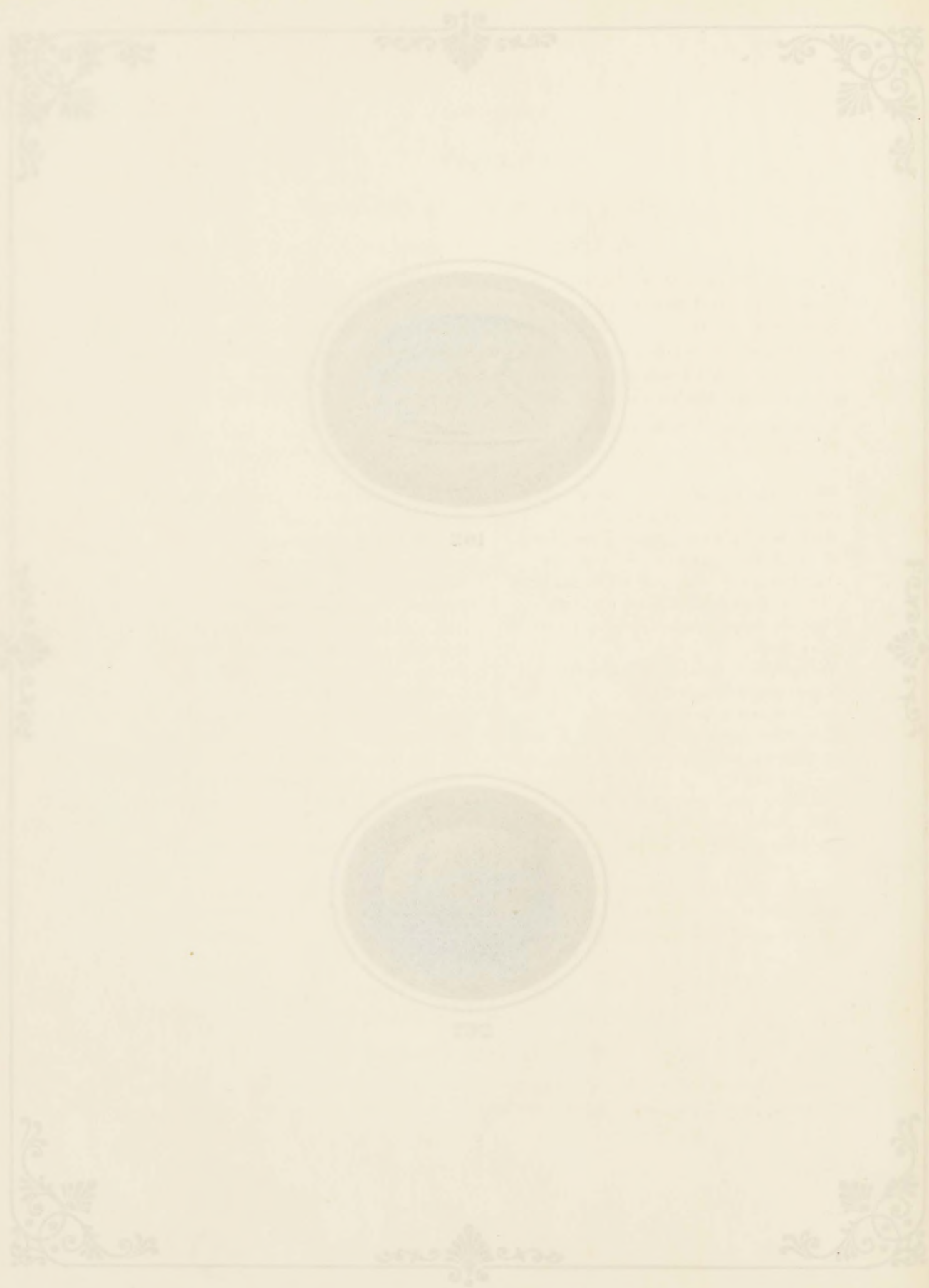
No. 292.

Coronis on her funeral pile.

ADMON. *Oriental Amethyst.*

Apollo holding in his arms the infant Æsculapius, whom he has taken from the side of his mother, and now puts in the burning pile, on which the body of Coronis is about to be consumed.

10²²
19
c



No. 291.

Apollo transfixing Coronis with a dart.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Amethyst.*

Apollo was enamoured of Coronis, the daughter of Phlegias, and she became the mother of Æsculapius. Coronis loved a young man named Ischys; and Apollo being informed of this attachment by the crow, in the first transport of passion pierced the bosom of the nymph with one of his arrows, and killed her. He repented, however, having revenged himself so cruelly, and withdrew from the side of Coronis the infant Æsculapius; at the same time punishing the crow by changing him from white to black.

“ The palm Coronis of Larissa bare
From all the Æmonian dames for matchless
fair;
Who dearly, Delphian, was beloved by thee,
As long as chaste, or from detection free.
But Phœbus’ bird her scopes did soon descry,
Nor could they charm the inexorable spy;
Who forward flew, and told the hurtful truth
Of lost Coronis and the Æmonian youth.
The harp drops from his hand, and from his
head
The laurel fell; his cheerful colour fled:
Transported with his rage, his bow he took,
And with inevitable arrow struck
That breast which he had hoped true to find.
She shrieks, and from the deadly wound doth
wind
The biting steel, pursued with streams of blood,
That bathed her pure white in a crimson flood.
She faints; forth life in her blood’s torrent
swims,
And stiff’ning cold benumbs her senseless limbs.
His cruelty to her he loved too late
He now repenteth, and himself doth hate,

Who lent an ear, whom rage could so incense;
He hates his bird, by whom he knew th’ of-
fence;
He hates his art, his quiver, and his bow:
Then takes her up, and all his skill doth shew.
But, ah! too late to vanquish fate he tries,
And surgery without success supplies.
Which when he saw, and saw the funeral pile
Prepared to devour so dear a spoil,
He deeply groans (for no celestial eye
May shed a tear), as when a cow stands by
And lows aloud to see th’ advanced mall
Upon the forehead of her suckling fall.
And now uncar’d-for odours pour’d upon her,
And undue death with all due rites doth honour.
But Phœbus not enduring that his seed
(And that by her) the greedy fire should feed,
Snatch’d it forth from her womb, and from the
flame,
And to the two-shap’d Chiron brought the
same.
The white-plum’d raven, who reward expects,
He turns to black, and for his truth rejects.”
SANDYS’ OVID.

No. 292.

Coronis on her funeral pile.

ADMON. *Oriental Amethyst.*

Apollo holding in his arms the infant Æsculapius, whom he has taken from the side of his mother; and near him is the burning pile, on which the body of Coronis is about to be consumed.

No. 293.

Mercury hovering over the funeral pile of Coronis, having rescued the infant Æsculapius from the flames.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 294.

The infant Æsculapius nursed by a wild goat of Epidaurus.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 295.

The infant Æsculapius nursed by the goat, guarded by a dog, and discovered by the shepherd Arestanus.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 296.

Apollo confiding the education of Æsculapius to the centaur Chiron, who taught him medicine and botany.

POLYCLETES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 297.

Ocyroë, the daughter of the centaur Chiron, changed to a mare.

ALPHEUS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

The gods, because Ocyroë had dared to penetrate into futurity, and predict the fortunes of the infant Æsculapius, who is seen in the arms of Chiron, changed her to a mare.

“ It pleased the half-horse to be so employed,
Who in his honourable trouble joyed.
Behold his daughter of the yellow hair,
Whom formerly the nymph Caricle bare

By the swift river, and Ocyroë named,
Who had her father's healthful art disclaimed,
To sing the depth of fates. Now, when her breast
Was by the prophesying rage possess'd,



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No. 293.

Minerva carrying over the funeral pile of Coronis, having rescued the infant Æsculapius from the flames.

Encaenia. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 294.

The infant Æsculapius nursed by a wild goat of Epidaurus.

Diocosiura. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 295.

The infant Æsculapius nursed by the goat, guarded by a dog, and discovered by the shepherd Arestionus.

Gemma. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 296.

Apollo confiding the education of Æsculapius to the centaur Chiron, who taught him medicine and botany.

Polyclerus. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 297.

Deirote, the daughter of the centaur Chiron, changed to a mare.

Alexsea. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

The gods, because Deirote had dared to penetrate into futurity, and predict the fortunes of the infant Æsculapius, who is seen in the arms of Chiron, changed her to a mare.

It pleased the half-breed to be so employed,
Who in his honourable vocation joyed
Behold his daughter of the yellow hair,
Whom homely the nymph Cithis bore

By the swift river, and Deirote named,
Who had her father's healthful art declined,
To drag the depths of fate. Now, when her breast
Was by the prophesying rage possessed,



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c

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19
c



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And that ill-motivated god inflamed her mind,
 Something of the bane she thus divined:
 "Health-giver to the world, grow, infant, grow,
 To whom mortality so much shall owe;
 Fled souls thou shalt restore to their abodes,
 And owe against the pleasure of the gods,
 To do the like thy grandfathers flames deny,
 And thou begotten by a god must die;
 Thou of a bloodless corpse a god shalt be,
 And nature twice shall be renewed in thee,
 And you, dear father, not a mortal now,
 To whom the fates sternly allow,
 Shall wish to die; then, when your wound shall
 With serpent's blood, and slight your helpless art,
 Reluctant fates will pity you with death,
 Against their law, and stop thy groaning breath."
 Not all yet said, her sighs in storms arise,
 And ill-choosing tears burst from her eyes;
 Then thro' "My fates prevent me; lo! they lie
 My fair ring tongue, and further speech deny.

Alas, these arts not of that value be,
 That they should draw the wrath of heav'n on
 me;
 O, rather would I nothing have shak'n out
 My looks seem now not human, nor my own
 I long to feed on grass; I long to run
 About the spacious fields. Woe's me, condemn'd
 Into a mare (my kindred's shape) I grow;
 Yet why throughout—my father but half so?
 The end of her complaint you scarce could bear
 To understand, her words confused were;
 Forthwith her words her feelings she express'd,
 Her voice yet more lurching to the beast;
 Then sigh'd and sigh'd. Within a little space
 Her down-drawn brows upon the window pass;
 Her fingers join, and her five nails unite;
 Her neck and legs collapse, and now upright;
 Her voice and shape at once transformed became,
 And to herself the speaker gives a name."

SENeca's OEDIPUS.

—No. 298.

*Æsculapius, smitten by the bolts of Jupiter, imploring the aid of his father
 Apollo.*

Cæcilius. Oriental Coruclian.

The opinion which the ancients entertained of the medical knowledge of Æsculapius was so exalted, that they attributed the resurrection of Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, to the remedies administered by him. They believed that the father of the gods, the depository of the immutable laws of fate, looking upon Æsculapius as impious, because he dared to oppose himself to destiny and break its chain, smote him with thunder.

"Liv'd Æsculapius, Pæon's son,
 On whom his sire bestow'd
 The healing art, Alceste might be won
 From sullen Pluto's loath'd shade—
 Those gates of darkness: for he rais'd the dead,
 Banish'd by Jove from yonder stony cope,
 Till winged lightning smote the sage's head."

ROMANUS, *Alceste*.

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And that th' included god inflamed her mind,
 Beholding of the babe she thus divined :
 ' Health-giver to the world, grow, infant, grow,
 To whom mortality so much shall owe ;
 Fled souls thou shalt restore to their abodes,
 And one against the pleasure of the gods.
 To do the like thy grandsire's flames deny,
 And thou begotten by a god must die ;
 Thou of a bloodless corpse a god shalt be,
 And nature twice shall be renewed in thee.
 And you, dear father, not a mortal now,
 To whom the fates eternity allow,
 Shall wish to die ; then, when your wound shall
 smart
 With serpent's blood, and slight your helpless art,
 Relenting fates will pity you with death,
 Against their law, and stop thy groaning breath.'
 Not all yet said, her sighs in storms arise,
 And ill-aboding tears burst from her eyes ;
 Then thus : ' My fates prevent me ; lo ! they tie
 My falt'ring tongue, and further speech deny.

Alas, these arts not of that value be,
 That they should draw the wrath of heav'n on
 me ;
 O, rather would I nothing have foreknown !
 My looks seem now not human, nor my own :
 I long to feed on grass ; I long to run
 About the spacious fields. Woe's me, undone !
 Into a mare (my kindred's shape) I grow :
 Yet why throughout—my father but half so ?
 The end of her complaint you scarce could hear
 To understand, her words confused were ;
 Forthwith nor words nor neighings she exprest,
 Her voice yet more inclining to the beast :
 Then neighed outright. Within a little space
 Her down-thrust arms upon the meadow pace ;
 Her fingers join ; one hoof five nails unite ;
 Her neck and head enlarge, not now upright ;
 Her voice and shape at once transformed became,
 And to itself the monster gives a name."

SANDYS' OVID.

No. 298.

Æsculapius, smitten by the bolts of Jupiter, imploring the aid of his father
 Apollo.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

The opinion which the ancients entertained of the medical knowledge of Æsculapius was so exalted, that they attributed the resurrection of Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, to the remedies administered by him. They believed that the father of the gods, the depository of the immutable laws of fate, looking upon Æsculapius as impious, because he dared to oppose himself to destiny and break its chain, smote him with thunder.

"Liv'd Æsculapius, Pæan's son,
 On whom his sire bestow'd
 The healing art, Alcestes might be won
 From sullen Pluto's loath'd abode—
 Those gates of darkness : for he rais'd the dead,
 Banish'd by Jove from yonder starry cope,
 Till winged lightning smote the sage's head."

EURIPIDES, *Alcestes.*

No. 299.

Apollo killing the Cyclops, who had forged the bolts by which Æsculapius had been slain.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"House of Admetus, underneath thy roof
I, though a god, have been reduc'd to share
The servile board: the guilty cause was Jove,
Who my lov'd offspring Æsculapius slew,
Transpiercing with a thunderbolt his breast.
Enrag'd at this atrocious deed, I smote
The Cyclops, curst artificers, who forg'd
The flames which heav'n's vindictive father wields;
And therefore did the god, in penal wrath,
Make me an abject hireling to a lord
Of human race."

EURIPIDES, *Alcestes*: WOODHULL.

No. 300.

The same subject.

APOLLONIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 301.

Head of Æsculapius.

AULUS. *Amethyst.*

No. 302.

Circe caressing Glaucus, who repulses her.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Glaucus, a sea-god, loved the nymph Scylla, the daughter of Phorcys and Hecate, but she refused to listen to him; and Glaucus prayed Circe that, by means of her enchantment, she



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No. 299.

Apollo killing the Cyclops, who had forged the bolts by which Æsculapius had been slain.

Cassinos. Oriental Cornelian.

"*Howe of Admetus, underneath thy roof
I, though a god, have been reduc'd to share
The wretch's board: the guilty cause was Jove,
Who my wife's offspring Æsculapius slew,
Compensating with a thunderbolt his doom.
Sorrow'd at this atrocious deed, I smote
The Cyclops, cruel artificers, who forg'd
The bolts which heav'n's vindictive father wields,
And therefore did the god, in penal wrath,
Make me an object hindering to a lord
Of Latium now."*

Engraving, Alcedo: Woodcut.

No. 300.

The same subject.

Apollo. Oriental Cornelian.

No. 301.

Head of Æsculapius.

Aquila. Amethyst.

No. 302.

Circæ embracing Glancus, who repulses her.

Discorides. Oriental Cornelian.

Glancus, a seagull, loved the nymph Seylla, the daughter of Phorcys and Hecate, but she refused to listen to him; and Glancus prayed Circæ that, by means of her enchantment, she



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300

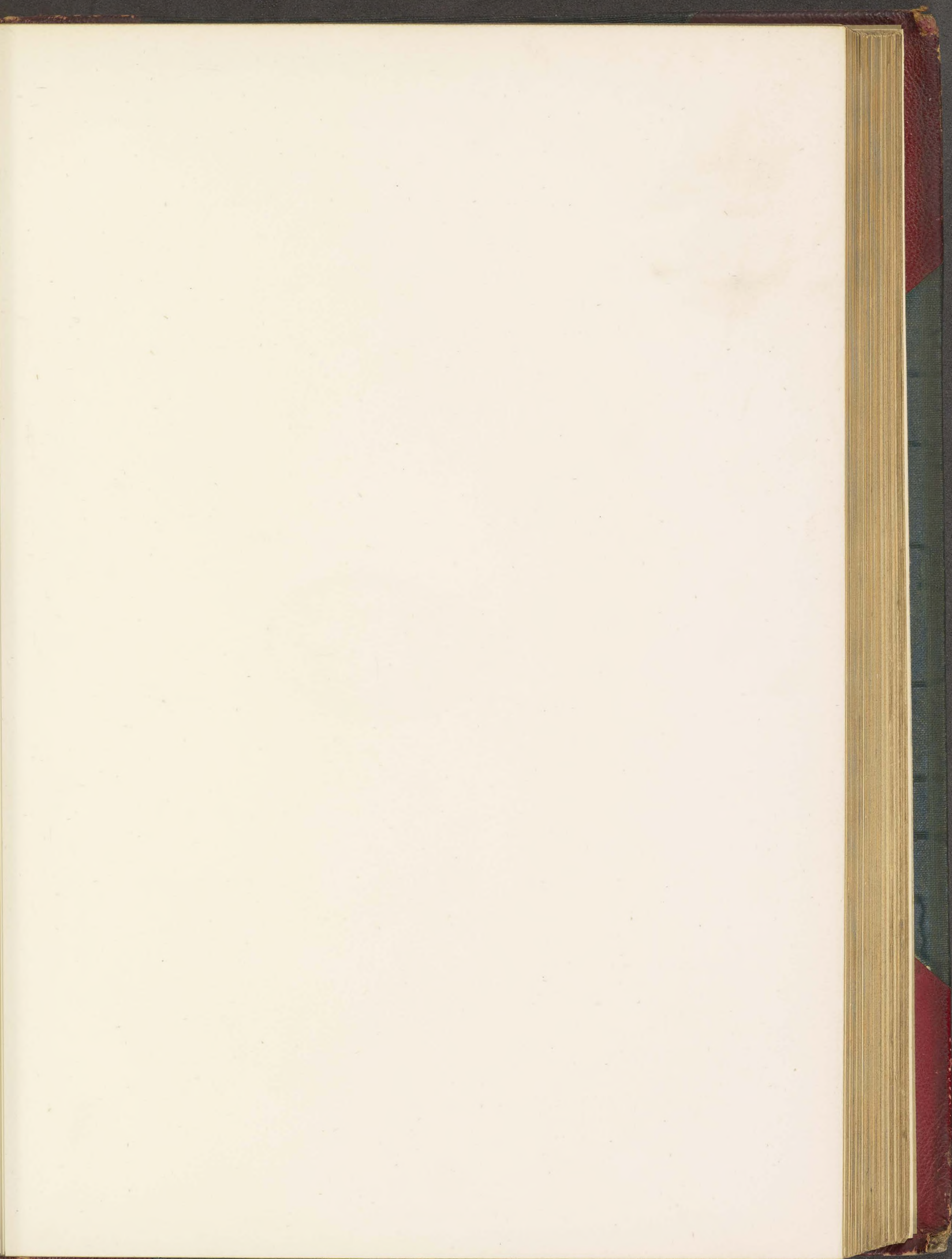


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Scylla accepts Scylla with the affection he desired. Circe herself became enamoured of Glaucus, but he remained faithful to Scylla.

" Now Glaucus, with a lover's haste, bounds
o'er
The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore.
Messena, Rhegium, and the barren coast
Of bounding Etna, to his sight are lost:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and
views
The hills where beneful sitters Circe brews;
Mosses in various forms around her press,
As then the god salutes the sorceress:
' O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-sick deity relief;
Too well the mighty pow'r of plants I know,
To those my figure and new fate I owe.
Against Messena, on th' Ausonian coast,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was lost.

In fond'nest sounds I sued; but still the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to pray'r.
If numbers can avail, exert their pow'r;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
I ask no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies like mine,
No longer Circe could her flame disguise,
But to the suppliant god marine replies:
' When maidens are my, have manlier aims in view;
Leave those that fly, nor those that like pursue.
If love can be by blood compliance won,
See at your feet the daughter of the sun.
' Sooner (said Glaucus) shall the ash remove
From immolation, and the swelling surges love;
Or humble me, as well as the hills repair.
Ere I think my suit may Scylla fair."

ODIN.

No. 303.

The transformation of Scylla.

Pyroeteles. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Circe, to revenge herself of the refusal of Glaucus, poured poison into the waters of the Sicilian where Scylla was accustomed to bathe; and no sooner had the nymph touched the place, than she found herself transformed, from the waist downwards, into frightful monsters like dogs.

" Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft a spite as fierce creates,
For love refus'd without aversion hates.
To hurt her hapless rival she proceeds;
And by the fall of Scylla Glaucus bleeds.
Some fascinating bev'rage now she brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
At Rhegium she arrives; the ocean braves,
And trends with swart feet the boiling waves:
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shaded from seas, and shaded from the skies.

This station Scylla chose, a soft retreat
From chilling winds and raging Cancer's heat.
The vengeful cure now visits this recess,
Her charm fulfils, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herself she starts.
A ghastly horror in her eyes appears,
But yet she knows not who it is she fears;
In vain she offers from herself to run,
And drags about her what she strives to shun."

ODIN.

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would inspire Scylla with the affection he desired. Circe herself became enamoured of Glaucus, but he remained faithful to Scylla.

“ Now Glaucus, with a lover’s haste, bounds
o’er
The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore.
Messena, Rhegium, and the barren coast
Of flaming Etna, to his sight are lost:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and
views
The hills where baneful filters Circe brews;
Monsters in various forms around her press,
As thus the god salutes the sorceress:
‘ O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-sick deity relief;
Too well the mighty pow’r of plants I know,
To those my figure and new fate I owe.
Against Messena, on th’ Ausonian coast,
I Scylla view’d, and from that hour was lost.

In tend’rest sounds I sued; but still the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to pray’r.
If numbers can avail, exert their pow’r;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
I ask no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies like mine.
No longer Circe could her flame disguise,
But to the suppliant god marine replies:
‘ When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view;
Leave those that fly, but those that like pursue.
If love can be by kind compliance won,
See at your feet the daughter of the sun.’
‘ Sooner (said Glaucus) shall the ash remove
From mountains, and the swelling surges love;
Or humble sea-weed to the hills repair,
Ere I think any but my Scylla fair.”

OVID.

No. 303.

The transformation of Scylla.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Circe, to revenge herself of the refusal of Glaucus, poured poison into the waters of the fountain where Scylla was accustomed to bathe; and no sooner had the nymph touched the place, than she found herself transformed, from the waist downwards, into frightful monsters like dogs.

“ Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft a spite as fierce creates,
For love refus’d without aversion hates.
To hurt her hapless rival she proceeds;
And by the fall of Scylla Glaucus bleeds.
Some fascinating bev’rage now she brews,
Compos’d of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
At Rhegium she arrives; the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves:
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Sheltered from seas, and shaded from the skies.

This station Scylla chose, a soft retreat
From chilling winds and raging Cancer’s heat.
The vengeful sorc’ress visits this recess,
Her charm infuses, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herself she starts.
A ghastly horror in her eyes appears,
But yet she knows not who it is she fears;
In vain she offers from herself to run,
And drags about her what she strives to shun.”

OVID.

No. 304.

Penelope caressing the goat into which Mercury had changed himself.

DEMOPHILOS. *Oriental Amethyst.*

The ancients were divided in their opinions respecting the birth of Pan, the god of shepherds and of the country : some thought him the son of Jupiter and Calisto, others of Jupiter and Oneis. Homer makes him the offspring of Mercury by Dryope. Many contend that he was the son of Penelope,* daughter of Icarius, by all the suitors who frequented her palace during the absence of Ulysses ; hence his name Pan, which signifies in Greek *all* or *every thing*. Lucian, Hyginus, &c. maintain that he was the son of this same Penelope and Mercury, who, assuming the form of one of the most beautiful of the goats in the flock of Icarius, surprised Penelope on mount Taygetus.

“It is a thing impossible, that they
Who have committed any foul misdeed
Should be conceal’d ; for with keen piercing eyes
Time is endued, and all things can discern.”

EURIPIDES, *Frag. Pen.*

No. 305.

Syrinx transformed to reeds.

APOLLONIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Pan, enamoured of Syrinx, pursued her ; but at the moment of reaching her on the banks of the Ladon, saw her changed into a reed ; of which, to console himself, he made the musical instrument which bears her name.

“When Pan, on Ladon’s banks deceived,
The fair Syringa clasped, who, snatched from
shame,
Already had her tuneful form received,
And to the breathing winds in airy music grieved ;

Still in that tuneful form to Dian dear,
She bids it injured innocence befriend ;

Commands her train the sentence to revere,
And in her grove the vocal reed suspend,
Which virtue may from calumny defend.
Self-breathed when virgin purity appears,
What notes melodious they spontaneous send !
While the rash, guilty nymph with horror hears
Deep groans declare her shame to awe-struck
wond’ring ears.

* This scandal against Penelope depends entirely on one short sentence in Herodotus (book ii. c. 145), and is therefore to be discredited.



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No. 304.

Penelope caressing the goat into which Mercury had changed himself.

DEMOPHILOS. *Oriental Anecdotes.*

The ancients were divided in their opinions respecting the birth of Pan, the god of shepherds and of the country: some thought him the son of Jupiter and Calisto, others of Jupiter and Danaë. Homer makes him the offspring of Mercury by Dryope. Many contend that he was the son of Penelope, daughter of Icarus, by all the sailors who frequented her palace during the absence of Ulysses: hence his name Pan, which signifies in Greek *all or every thing*. Lucian, Hyginus, &c. maintain that he was the son of this same Penelope and Mercury, who, assuming the form of one of the most beautiful of the goats in the flock of Icarus, surprised Penelope on mount Taygetus.

"It is a thing impossible, that they
Who have committed any foul offence
Should be conceal'd; for with keen piercing eyes
Time is endued, and all things are discern'd."

Eschylus, *Supp. Plea.*

No. 305.

Syrinx transformed to reeds.

APOLLONIUS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Pan, enamour'd of Syrinx, pursued her; but at the moment of reaching her on the banks of the Ladon, she had changed into a reed: of which, to console himself, he made the musical instrument which bears her name.

"When Pan, on Ladon's banks deposed,
The late Syrinx clasp'd, who, wand'ring from
Alone, had her funeral urn received,
And a low-breathing wind in dry trunk grieved;
Still to that beautiful form he thus drew,
The life he injur'd passion belied;

Conceal'd her train the wand'ring reed in retire,
And in her grove the vocal reed inspired,
Which strains away from solitary bed,
Soft-breathed when virgin purity appears,
What notes melodious they spontaneously send!
While the reed, gaily, cymph with barren leaves
Deep groans: O'er her shame to awe-struck
wind reprove.

* This anecdote against Penelope depends entirely on one short sentence in Hesiodus (Greek li. v. 148), and is therefore to be discredited.

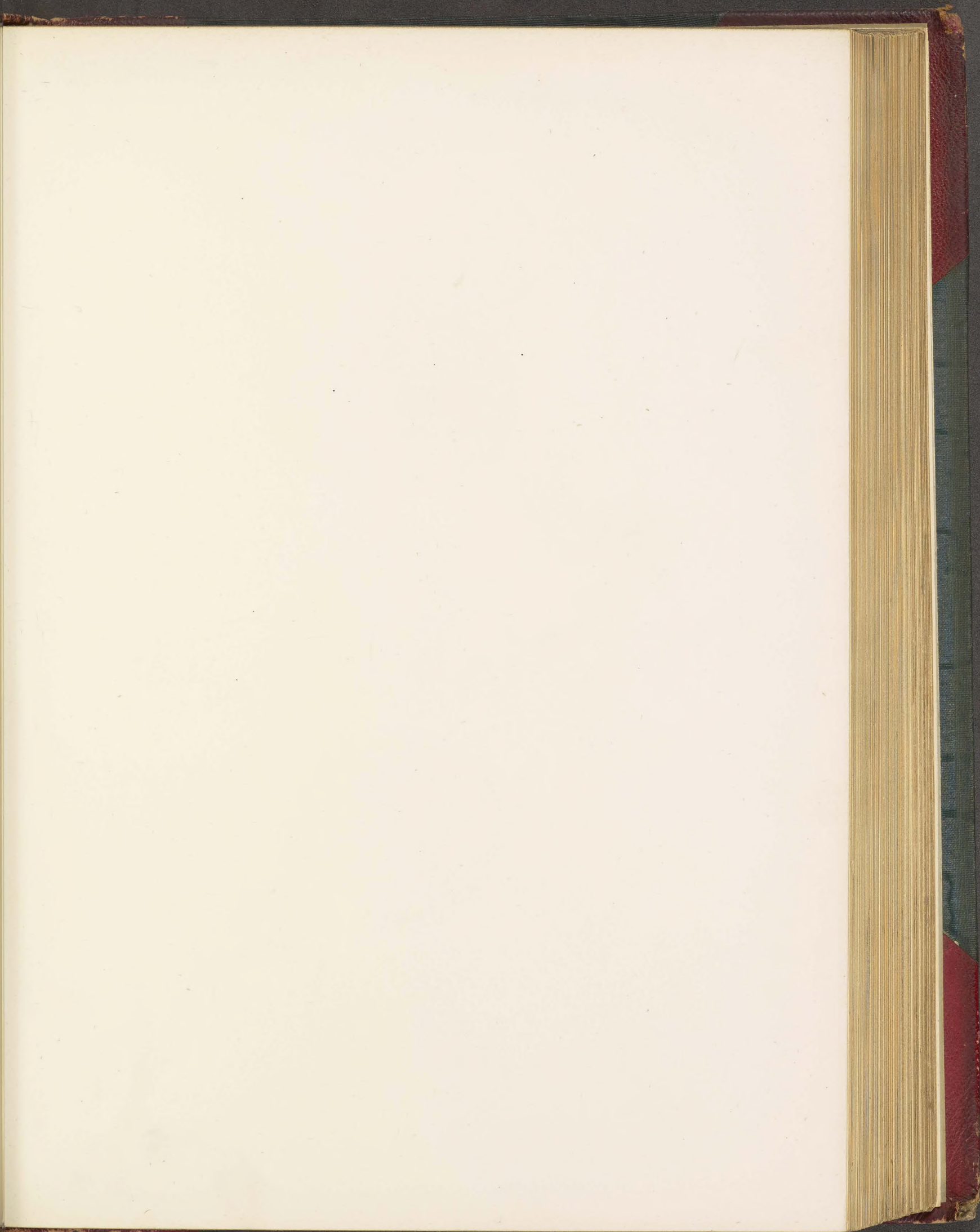


304



305

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306



307

The spotless virgins shall unhurt approach
The stream's rude oriel and the sacred fire,
See the pure mild, intelligent of reproach,
The dreadful test of innocence require,
Amid the holy priests and virgin choir?

See her long hair on the flowing stream,
The lambent flames bright-ascending all around,
Incense wreaths around her head to burn,
And crown with laurel leaves the virgin's hair
divine."

T. 1898.

"Amongst the hamadryads Naiads,
(On cold Arcadian hills) for beauty fam'd,
A tale dwelt, the nymphs her Syrinx nam'd,
Who oft deceived the satyrs that pursued
The rural gods, and those whom woods include.
In marches and in dance divine
Diana-like, and each in her attire;
You either in each other might behold,
Save that her bow was horn, Diana's gold;
Yet oft mistake. Pan, crowned with pines, re-
turning
From steep Lycæus, saw her, and love-burning
Thus said: 'Fair virgin, grant a god's request,
And be his wife.' Success to tell the rest,

How from his organ she fled, as from her father,
Till he smothered Lulor's wily hands the water.
There, except, he placed the liquid stream's old,
To change her shape, and help a hapless maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his Syrinx caught,
Between the woods, made for her body grasp'd,
He sighs: they shared therewith; gone back
again.

A moment's view like eye that did complete,
Bapt with the moon—'Yes, it came (said he)
Together—'Yes, the moon's will was it'
Then of a sudden he was gone, and he found
This sweetest year, from his 'Syrinx' gone
and he."

Revised 1898.

No. 306.

Pan, under the shape of a goat, into which he had changed himself,
scampering from the victorious Typhon.

Chronos. *Oriental Caracian.*

No. 307.

Pan seated upon a rock, with his pastoral staff (*pedum*) and pipe of reeds:
a goat at his feet.

Chronos. *Oriental Caracian.*

HYMN OF PAN.

"From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where leafy trees are dumb,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle-bushes,
The clouds above in the blue,
And the flowers below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

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The spotless virgins shall unhurt approach
The stream's rude ordeal and the sacred fire.
See the pure maid, indignant of reproach,
The dreadful test of innocence require,
Amid the holy priests and virgin choir!

See her leap fearless on the blazing shrine!
The lambent flames bright-circling all aspire
Innoxious wreaths around her form to twine,
And crown with lustrous beams the virgin's brow
divine."

TIGHE.

" Amongst the hamadryade Nonacrine,
(On cold Arcadian hills) for beauty fam'd,
A nais dwelt, the nymphs her Syrinx nam'd,
Who oft deceived the satyrs that pursued
The rural gods, and those whom woods include.
In exercises and in chaste desire
Diana-like, and such in her attire;
You either in each other might behold,
Save that her bow was horn, Diana's gold;
Yet oft mistook. Pan, crowned with pines, re-
turning
From steep Lycæus, saw her, and love-burning
Thus said: ' Fair virgin, grant a god's request,
And be his wife.' Surcease to tell the rest,

How from his prayers she fled, as from her shame,
Till to smooth Ladon's sandy banks she came.
There stopt, implores the liquid sisters' aid,
To change her shape, and help a helpless maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his Syrinx clasp'd
Between his arms, reeds for her body grasp'd.
He sighs; they stirred therewith; gave back
again
A mournful sound like one that did complain.
Rapt with the music,—' Yet, O sweet (said he),
Together ever thus converse will we !'
Then of unequal wax-joined reeds he framed
This sevenfold pipe; from her 'twas Syrinx
nam'd."

SANDYS' OVID.

No. 306.

Pan, under the disguise of a goat, into which he had changed himself,
escaping from the victorious Typhon.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 307.

Pan seated upon a rock, with his pastoral staff (*pedum*) and pipe of reeds:
a goat at his feet.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

HYMN OF PAN.

" From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle-bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal earth,
And of heaven and the giants' wars,
And love, and death, and birth ;
And then I changed my pipings, —
Singing, how down the vale of Menelus
I pursued a maiden, and clasped a reed.
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus ;
It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed !
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.”

SHELLEY.

SHELLEY.

No. 308.

The figure of the Nile, with its attributes.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Or else the troubled sea, that rolls to south,
Brings heaps of sand, and chokes the river's
mouth ;
These stop the headlong floods ; they strive in vain
To force a way, but wearied turn again,
And break their banks, and flow o'er all the plain.
Or else rain makes it swell ; th' Etesias bear
The northern vapours through the southern air :
These thicken'd round the hill, the rain compose.
Or else the sun melts Ethiopian snows,
These swell the river, and the water flows."

LUCRETIUS: CREECH.

With the mellowed treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along ;
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his
 maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracks
Of life-deserted sand : till glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thund'ring steep to steep he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave."

THOMSON.



Liquid Powers was flowing
And all their Temples lay
In Pellic's shadow, overgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Suspended by my sweet pipings
The silent, and offshoot, and flame,
And the whisper of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the misty river lawn,
And the hush of the dewy stars,
And all that old time taught and follow,
Were silent with love, as you were, Apollo,
With every of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dwelling stars,
I sang of the death's earth,
And of heaven and the glories' wars,
And love, and death, and birth;
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing, how down the vale of Memphis
I pursued a nation, and clasped a reed,
Ghosts and men, we are all deluded thus;
It haunts in our bosoms, and then we bleed!
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the source of my sweet pipings."
FARLEY.

No. 308.

The figure of the Nile, with its attributes.

Dioscorides. *Oriental Carminum.*

"In summer Nile's overflow; his waters draw
The fruitful Egypt's fields, and his shores:
Because the mouth of that wide river lies
Oppos'd to north; but when Dr' Etesias rise
From heavy northern clouds, and heavily blow
Against the stream, they stop, and rise, and flow.
For northern winds then fill against the stream;
Their spring is south, it boils with mid-day beams,
Then sets its way through our desert Negro's
land,
And flows pasting o'er the fiery sand.

Or else the troubled sea, that rolls to north,
Brings heaps of mud, and chokes the river's
mouth;
Then stop the headlong floods; they strive in vain
To force a way, but wasted turn again,
And break their banks, and flow o'er all the plain.
Or else the rain makes it swell; Dr' Etesias bear
The northern vapours through the southern air:
These thicken'd round the hill, the rain companion,
Or else the sun melts Ethiopian snows,
Then swell the river, and the water flows."

LUCASSEN: CARMEN.

"Whence with mutual poise,
Rich king of floods, o'erflows the swelling Nile,
From his two springs in Giza's sunny realm,
Pure sparkling out, he through the land like
Of his branches with his robust stream:
There by the Nile's sacred, he sports away
His playful youth and the beguiling time
That with unending waters he is bound.
Ambitious thence the mighty river breaks,
And gathering sweep a flood, and captures all

With the molliest treasures of the sky,
While in progressive majesty along;
Through splendid kingdoms now derives his
name,
Now branches wild o'er solitary tracks
Of unsheltered sand: till glad to quit
The parched desert, down the Nubian rocks
From their steep step to steep he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave."
TUTINSON.



308

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309



310

No. 309.

The sacrifice to the god Myagrus.

DAMAS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

On this stone is seen an altar on which the sacred fire is burning. On one side is the figure of Minerva with an olive-branch; on the other the god called Myagrus, or Myodrus (*fly-catcher*), surrounded by those insects. The Arcadians invoked him, that they might not be infested with flies during the sacrifices which at certain periods they offered in honour of Pallas. (*PAUSANIAS, Treatise in Arcadia.*)

No. 310.

Iris, a daughter of Thaumas and Electra, and messenger of the gods.

GNAIUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"Iris, poit'd on airy wings,
From the bright summit of Olympus springs;
Descends impetuous down the Aegean deeps,
Where in his watery caverns Nereus sleeps.
To Thetis first repels the winged maid,
Belides and Chloris her parent aid;
Valiant she next in humble prayer address'd—
The god of lies complied with her request;

His fellows leave their wholy sides no more,
Nor his dull earth shakes the distant shore.
Her wants to Jove she next deliver'd;
And while her sacred flocks she home repair'd,
Thence from all her sacred train withdrew,
And from her knees to Olympus flew."

APOLL. RHODIUS.

"Swift-footed Iris, nymph of Thaumas born,
Takes with no frequent embassy her way
Over the bound main's expanse, when haply strike
Her eyes, and smelt the gods' divination even.
And if there be among the Olympian race
Who falsehood stirs, Jove sends Iris down
To bring the great oath in a golden ewer;
The far-famed water from steep sky-capt rock,
Distilling in cold stream."

HESIOD.

"Hark, whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening;
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
It's wilder than the minstrel's notes

Of that strange lute whose strings
The god of the lyreless sweep,
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral-window; but the tones
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth."

SHAKESPEARE.

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No. 309.

The sacrifice to the god Myagrus.

DAMAS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

On this stone is seen an altar, on which the sacred fire is burning. On one side is the figure of Minerva with an olive-branch; on the other the god called Myagrus, or Myodes (*fly-catcher*), surrounded by those insects. The Arcadians invoked him, that they might not be infested with flies during the sacrifices which at certain periods they offered in honour of Pallas. (PAUSANIAS, *Travels in Arcadia.*)

No. 310.

Iris, a daughter of Thaumas and Electra, and messenger of the gods.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

" Iris, pois'd on airy wings,
From the bright summit of Olympus springs;
Descends impetuous down the Ægean deeps,
Where in his watery caverns Nereus sleeps.
To Thetis first repairs the winged maid,
Solicits and obtains her potent aid;
Vulcan she next in humble prayer address'd—
The god of fire complied with her request;

His bellows heave their windy sides no more,
Nor his shrill anvils shake the distant shore.
Her wants to Æolus she next disclos'd;
And while her wearied limbs she here repos'd,
Thetis from all her naiad train withdrew,
And from her Nereus to Olympus flew."

APOLL. RHODIUS.

" Swift-footed Iris, nymph of Thaumus born,
Takes with no frequent embassy her way
O'er the broad main's expanse, when haply strife
Be risen, and midst the gods dissension sown.
And if there be among th' Olympian race
Who falsehood utters, Jove sends Iris down
To bring the great oath in a golden ewer;
The far-famed water from steep sky-capt rock,
Distilling in cold stream."

HESIOD.

" Hark, whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening;
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
It's wilder than the unmeasur'd notes

Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep.
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral-window; but the tints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth."

SHELLEY.

“ On the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
 An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed ; and unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn ;
 Resembling, mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.”

BYRON.

No. 311.

Nature.

PYRGOTELES. *Amethyst.*

Nature, the daughter of Jupiter, or rather the Supreme Intelligence which creates and preserves all things, is represented under the form of a beautiful woman, from whose breast flows milk, and who is holding a serpent, an emblem of life, as is seen on the coins of Adrian, and on other monuments of antiquity.

“ Spirit of Nature ! here,
 In this interminable wilderness
 Of worlds, at whose immensity
 Even soaring fancy staggers,
 Here is thy fitting temple.
 Yet not the lightest leaf
 That quivers to the passing breeze
 Is less instinct with thee ;
 Yet not the meanest worm
 That lurks in graves, and fattens on the dead,
 Less shares thy eternal breath.
 Spirit of Nature ! thou
 Imperishable as this scene,
 Here is thy fitting temple !
 If solitude hath ever led thy steps
 To the wild ocean’s echoing shore,
 And thou hast linger’d there
 Until the sun’s broad orb

Seem’d resting on the burnish’d wave,
 Thou must have mark’d the lines
 Of purple gold that motionless
 Hung o’er the sinking sphere ;
 Thou must have marked the billowy clouds,
 Edg’d with intolerable radiance,
 Tow’ring like rocks of jet
 Crowned with a diamond-wreath.
 And yet there is a moment
 When the sun’s surest point
 Peeps like a star o’er ocean’s western edge,
 When those far clouds of feathery gold,
 Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
 Like islands on a dark blue sea,—
 Then has thy fancy soar’d above the earth,
 And furl’d its wearied wing
 Within the fairy’s fane.”

SHELLEY.



"On the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering sun,
As Job sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed; and unweary
In steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears around
Its brilliant hues, with all their beauteous tints,
Besmelling, mid the torments of the storm,
Love watching Madam with unending care."

D. M. S.

No. 311.

Nature.

PYNCOCK, *Amethyst.*

Nature, the daughter of Jove, or rather the Supreme Intelligence which creates and preserves all things, is represented under the form of a beautiful woman, from whose breast flows milk, and who is holding a serpent, an emblem of life, as is seen on the coins of Adrian, and on other monuments of antiquity.

"Spirit of Nature! here,
In this interminable wilderness
Of woods, at whose immensity
Even soaring fancy staggers,
Here is thy strong temple,
Yet not the lightest leaf
That quivers to the passing breeze
Is less instinct with thee,
Yet not the rustling worm
That licks its green, and lingers on the dead,
Less shows thy eternal breath.
Spirit of Nature! show
Impenetrable to this scene,
Here is thy strong temple.
Woodbine hath veiled thy steps
To the wild ocean's roaring shore,
And thou hast linger'd there
Until the sun's beam set."

Seest thou resting on the hush'd wave,
Thou must have mark'd the line
Of purple gold that sparkling
Shed o'er the sinking sphere;
Thou must have mark'd the billowy clouds,
Edg'd with intolerable radiance,
Taw'ring like racks of jet
Crowned with a diamond-crown,
And yet there is a moment
When the sun's sunset point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When thou art shrouded in shadowy gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleams
Like clouds on a dark blue sea,—
Then has thy fairy soul above the earth,
And fix'd its wizard wing
Within the fairy's train."

S. M. S.



311

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"Dear Nature is the kindest mother still—
 Though ever changing, in her aspect mild;
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
 Her never-wearied, though not her favour'd child.
 Oh, she is fairest in her features wild,
 Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path:
 To me by day or night she ever smil'd,
 Though I have marked her when none other hath,
 And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath."

BYRON.

"But above all, 'tis pleasantest to get
 The top of high philosophy, and sit
 On the calm, peaceful, flourishing head of it,
 Whence we may view, deep, wond'rous deep below,
 How poor mistaken mortals wand'ring go,
 Seeking the path to happiness: some aim
 At learning, wit, nobility, or fame;
 Others with cares and dangers vex each hour,
 To reach the top of wealth and sov'reign pow'r.
 Blind, wretched man, in what dark paths of strife
 We walk this little journey of our life!
 While frugal nature seeks for only ease,
 A body free from pains, free from disease;
 A mind from cares and jealousies at peace.
 And little too is needful to maintain
 The body found in health and free from pain;
 Not delicates, but such as may supply
 Contented nature's thrifty luxury.
 She asks no more. What though no boys of gold
 Adorn the walls, and sprightly tapers hold,
 Whose beauteous rays, scattering the gaudy light,
 Might grace the feasts and revels of the night;
 What though no gold adorns, no music's sound
 With doubled sweetness from the roofs rebound?
 Yet underneath a loving myrtle's shade,
 Hard by a purling stream supinely laid,
 When spring with fragrant flow'rs the earth has
 spread,
 And sweetest roses grow around our head,
 Envied by wealth and pow'r, with small expense,
 We may enjoy the sweet delights of sense.

Who ever heard a fever tamer grown
 In clothes embroider'd o'er, and beds of down,
 Than in coarse rags?

Since, then, such toys as these
 Contribute nothing to the body's ease,
 As honour, wealth, and nobleness of blood,
 'Tis plain they likewise do the mind no good.
 If when thy fierce embattled troops at land
 Mock-fights maintain; or when the navies stand
 In graceful ranks, or sweep the yielding seas,—
 If then before such martial fights as these
 Disperse not all black jealousies and cares,
 Vain dread of death, and superstitious fears
 Not leave thy mind;—but if all this be vain;
 If the same cares, and dread, and fears remain;
 If traitor-like they seize thee on the throne,
 And dance within the circle of a crown;
 If noise of arms nor darts can make them fly,
 Nor the gay sparklings of the purple dye;
 If they on emperors will rudely seize,—
 What makes us value all such things as these,
 But folly and dark ignorance of happiness?
 For we, as boys at night, by day do fear
 Shadows as vain and senseless as those are.
 Wherefore that darkness which o'erspreads our
 souls
 Day can't disperse; but those eternal rules,
 Which from firm premises true reason draws,
 And a deep insight into nature's laws."

LUCRETIVS.

No. 312.

Flora, or Spring.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

The nymph Chloris was the wife of Zephyrus, who gave her as her portion the empire of flowers. She was adored under the name of Flora by many of the ancients, especially by the Sabines and the Phocians.

“ Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber’d dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown,
And lavish stock that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas enriched
With shining meal o’er all their velvet leaves,
And full ranunculas of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks, from family diffused

To family; as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks
With secret pride the wonders of his hand:
No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud
First-born of spring to summer’s musky tribes;
Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white,
Low bent and blushing inward; nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o’er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower’d from every bush, the damask rose.”

“ Spring, the year’s youth, fair mother of new
flowers,
New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged
hours,
Thou art returned; but thy felicity
Thou brought’st me last is not return’d with thee.
Thou art returned; but nought returns with thee,
Save my last joys’ regretful memory.

Thou art the self-same thing thou wert before,
As fair and jocund; but I am no more
The thing I was, so gracious in her sight,
Who is heav’n’s masterpiece and earth’s delight.
O bitter sweets of love! far worse it is
To lose than never to have tasted bliss.”

Pastor Fido: FANSHAWE.

“ Fierce winter melts in vernal gales,
And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails;
No more the ploughman loves his fire,
No more the lowing herds their stalls desire;
While earth her richest verdure yields,
Nor hoary frosts now whiten o’er the fields.
Now joyous through the verdant meads,
Beneath the rising moon, fair Venus leads

Her various dance, and with her train
Of nymphs and modest graces shakes the plain;
While Vulcan’s glowing breath inspires
The toilsome forge, and blows up all its fires.
Now crown’d with myrtle, or the flowers
Which the glad earth from her free bosom pours,
We’ll offer in the shady grove.”

HORACE, book i. Od. 4.

No. 312.

Flora, or Spring.

DIOCORINES. *Oriental Cerealia.*

The nymph Chloris was the wife of Zephyrus, who gave her as her portion the empire of flowers. She was adored under the name of Flora by many of the ancients, especially by the Sabines and the Phœaciæ.

"Fair-handed Spring undresses every grass,
Thrusts out the moss-drops and the crocus first;
The daisy, red-tinted violet daisy blue,
And polka-dot of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown,
And larkspur that wends the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones; urticulas enriched
With shining moss o'er all their velvet leaves,
And full ranunculus of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her little hooks, from family diffused -

To family; as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting flock marks
With sweet smile the windows of his hand;
No garden bloom is wanting, from the bud
Flashed into spring to summer's smoky trifles;
Nor hundreds of parent virgin white,
Less least and blushing inward; nor jessamine
Of potent fragrance; nor Xanthoxanthus blue,
As if the hillside tremble hanging still;
Nor lily of the valley, nor gay-spotted pink;
Nor, shown'd from every bush, the damask rose."

"Spring, the year's youth, her mother of new
Flowers,
New leaves, new buds, comes by the village
lane,
Thus art thou met! her thy identity
Thou brought'st me but is not mine with thee,
Thou art returned; but I am not with thee,
Save my last joys' regretful memory."

Thou art the self-same thing thou wert before,
As fair and jocund; but I am no more
The thing I was, so gracious in her sight,
Who is heart's masterpiece and earth's delight.
O bitter sweets of love! for worse it is
To lose than never to have tasted bliss."

Poetic Fable: Faintness.

"Flora winter calls to vernal gales,
And grateful explains all the spreading sails;
As when the ploughman leaves his furrow,
No wonder hissing heads their stalks decay;
While earth her richest verdure yields,
Nor heavy flesh nor winter o'er the fields,
Nor joyous through the verdant meads,
Beneath the rising moon, her Venus leads

Her various dances, and with her train
Of nymphs and modest grasses shakes the plain;
While Vulcan's glowing smith inspires
The tallest forge, and blows up all its fires.
New crown'd with myrtle, or the flowers
Which the glad earth from her free bosom pours,
We'll offer in the shady grove."

Hesiod, book 1. Od. 4.



312

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313



314

CATALOGUE.

No. 313.

A Head of Flora, with its attributes.

Pyrgoteles. *Calcedony.*

"Here stands gay Spring, fair flow'rs her brow surround;
There Summer, naked, and with wheatears crown'd;
With tawny grapes thers Autumn's wealth bespread;
And by Winter with his snowy head."

Allegory, 33d.

"Or she is, like a ball, half dark, half bright,
Half'd round its axis, may affect the sight
With different phases, and show various light.
Now turn that ball, which the full light adorns,
A quarter now, now dwindles into horns.
And this the later Babylonian sect
Asserts, and the Chaldean schemes reject;
As if it could not either way be done;
But powerful reasons fix'd our choice on one.

But why the moons a monthly round pursue?
Why not so long, not every day a new?
Why are they frond'd, endur'd, and always new?
At this we pause! The cause is told with ease:
She's other things at certain times she shows;
And only now, the summer's time, she shows
That Spring, and Summer, Autumn, and Winter
With their various aspects, and their various powers;
And when the summer's time is past, she shows
Then neither Flora, to prepare the way,
Makes all the field look glorious, green, and gay.

And Gaily dances with a beauteous band
Her revellous, her dance with the hand.
Next lets soft May Harvest take the place,
And soft Spring to the sun-burnt face.
Then sways Autumn, and the noble vine,
And flowing to the golden harvest wine.
Next comes the winter, and the northern wind, and
The infant shows us the dreadful wings
Then cold perforce the north winds show
And drive before it chilling times and snow.
And next deep Winter comes, grey, wrinkled,
old,
His teeth all shivering, his all shivers with cold.
Therefore no wonder after the moon should
die
At certain times, and that again she dies
At certain times: since thousand things are shown
At fix'd and constant times, and then alone."

Lucanica.

No. 314.

Summer.

Gnaeus. *Calcedony.*

Summer, an aerial figure seated on a dragon, holding in her hand a bunch of corn.

"From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes;
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's
depth.

She comes, attended by the valtry hosts
And ever-flaming brasses on her way.
The sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays:

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No. 313.

A Head of Flora, with its attributes.

PYRGOTELES. *Calcedony.*

"Here stands gay Spring, fair flow'rs her brow surround ;
There Summer, naked, and with wheat-ears crown'd :
With trodden grapes there Autumn stands besmeared ;
And icy Winter with his snowy beard."

OVID, *Met.*

"Or else it, like a ball, half dark, half bright,
Roll'd round its axle, may affect the sight
With diff'rent phases, and shew various light.
Now turn that half, which the full light adorns,
A quarter now, now dwindle into horns.
And this the later Babylonian sect
Asserts, and the Chaldean schemes reject ;
As if it could not either way be done ;
But powerful reasons fix'd our choice on one.

But why the moons a monthly round pursue ?
Why one so long, not every day a new ?
Why are they fram'd, endure, and always cease
At this set time ? The cause is told with ease :
Since other things at certain times appear,
And only then, thus seasons of the year :
First Spring and Venus' kindest pow'rs inspire
Soft wishes, melting thoughts, and gay desire ;
And warm Favonius fans th' amorous fire :
Then mother Flora, to prepare the way,
Makes all the field look glorious, green, and gay ;

And freely scatters with a bounteous hand
Her sweetest, fairest flowers o'er the land.
Next heat and dusty Harvest take the place,
And soft Etesias fans the sun-burnt face.
Then sweaty Autumn treads the noble vine,
And flowing bunches give immortal wine.
Next roars the strong-lung'd southern blast, and
brings
The infant thunder on his dreadful wings.
Then cold pursues, the north severely blows,
And drives before it chilling frosts and snows.
And next deep Winter creeps, gray, wrinkled,
old,
His teeth all shatter, limbs all shake with cold.
Therefore no wonder sure the moon should
rise
At certain times, and that again she dies
At certain times ; since thousand things are shewn
At fix'd and constant times, and then alone."

LUCRETIVS.

No. 314.

Summer.

GNAIOS. *Calcedony.*

Summer, an aërial figure seated on a dragon, holding in her hand a bunch of corn.

"From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes ;
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's
depth,

She comes, attended by the sultry hours
And ever-fanning breezes on her way.
. The sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays ;

O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all
From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze.
In vain the sight dejected to the ground
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast fancy's blooms, and withers e'en the soul.

Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe; the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature
pants;
The very streams look languid from afar,
Or through th' unsheltered glade impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove."

THOMSON.

" Pomona flourish'd in those times of ease;
Of all the Latian hamadryades,
None fruitful hortyards held in more repute,
Or took more care to propagate their fruit;
Whereof so nam'd: nor streams, nor shady groves,
But trees producing generous burdens loves.
Her hand an hook, and not a javelin bare,
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare
Transcend their bounds; now slits the bark, the
bud
Inserts, enforc'd to nurse another's brood.
Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings
To moisture-sucking roots soft-sliding springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To love's unknown desires; yet to defend
Herself from rapeful rurals, round about
Her hortyard walls t' avoid and keep them out.
What left the skipping satyrs unassay'd—
Rude Pan, whose horns pine-bristled garlands
shade,
Or he who thieves with hook and members fears,—
To taste her sweetness: but far more than all,
Vertumnus loves; yet were his hopes as small.
How often like a painful reaper came,
Laden with weighty sheaves, and seem'd the same;
Oft wreaths of new-mow'd grass his brows array,
As though then exercis'd in making hay;
A goad now in his harden'd hand he bears,
And newly seems to have unyok'd his steers;
Oft vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hook
Corrects and dresses; oft a ladder took
To gather fruit. Now with his sword the god
A soldier seems, an angler with his rod;

And various figures daily multiplies
To win access, and please his longing eyes.
Now with a staff an old wife counterfeits,
On hoary hair a painted mitre sets:
The hortyard ent'ring, he admires the fair
And pleasant fruit: 'So much,' said he, 'more
rare
Than all the nymphs whom Albula enjoy,
Hail, spotless flower of maiden chastity!'
And kiss'd the prais'd. Nor did the virgin know
(So innocent) that old wives kiss'd not so.
Then sitting on a bank, observeth how
The pregnant boughs with autumn's burdens bow;
Hard by, an elm with purple clusters shin'd;
This praising, with the vine so closely join'd—
'Yet,' saith he, 'if this elm should grow alone,
Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none;
And so this vine, in amorous foldings wound,
If but disjoin'd would creep upon the ground.
Yet art not thou by such examples led,
But shunn'st the pleasures of an happy bed.
I would thou wert: not Helen was so sought,
Nor she for whom the lustful centaurs fought,
As thou shouldst be; no, nor the wife of bold
Or cautelous Ulysses. Yet, behold,
Though thou averse to all, and all eschew,
A thousand men, gods, demi-gods, pursue
The constant scorn, and every deathless power,
Which Alba's high and shady hills embower.
If thou art wise, and would'st well married be,
Or an old woman trust, who, credit me,
Affects thee more than all the rest, refuse
These common wooers, and Vertumnus choose.





315

Accept me for his page; since so well none
Can know him, by himself not better known.
He is no wanderer; this his delight:
Nor loves, like common lovers, at first sight.
Thou art the first, so thou the last shalt be;
His life be only dedicated to thee.
Besides his youth perpetual, excellent
His beauty, and all shapes can represent;
Wish what you will, whatever hath a name;
Such shall you see him—your delights the same.
The first-fruits of your horti-yeard are his due,
Which joyfully he still accepts from you:

But neither what these pregnant trees produce
He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant juice;
Nor aught, but only you: O pity mine!
And what I speak, suppose Vertumnus spoke.
Revengeful gods, Idalia, still severe
To such as slight her, and Ilhemunus, fear;
The more to fright you from so foul a crime,
Receive (since much I know from aged Time)
A story, generally through Cyprus known,
To mollify an heart more hard than stone."

QVINT: SARDVE.

No. 315:

Autumn.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Coriellum.*

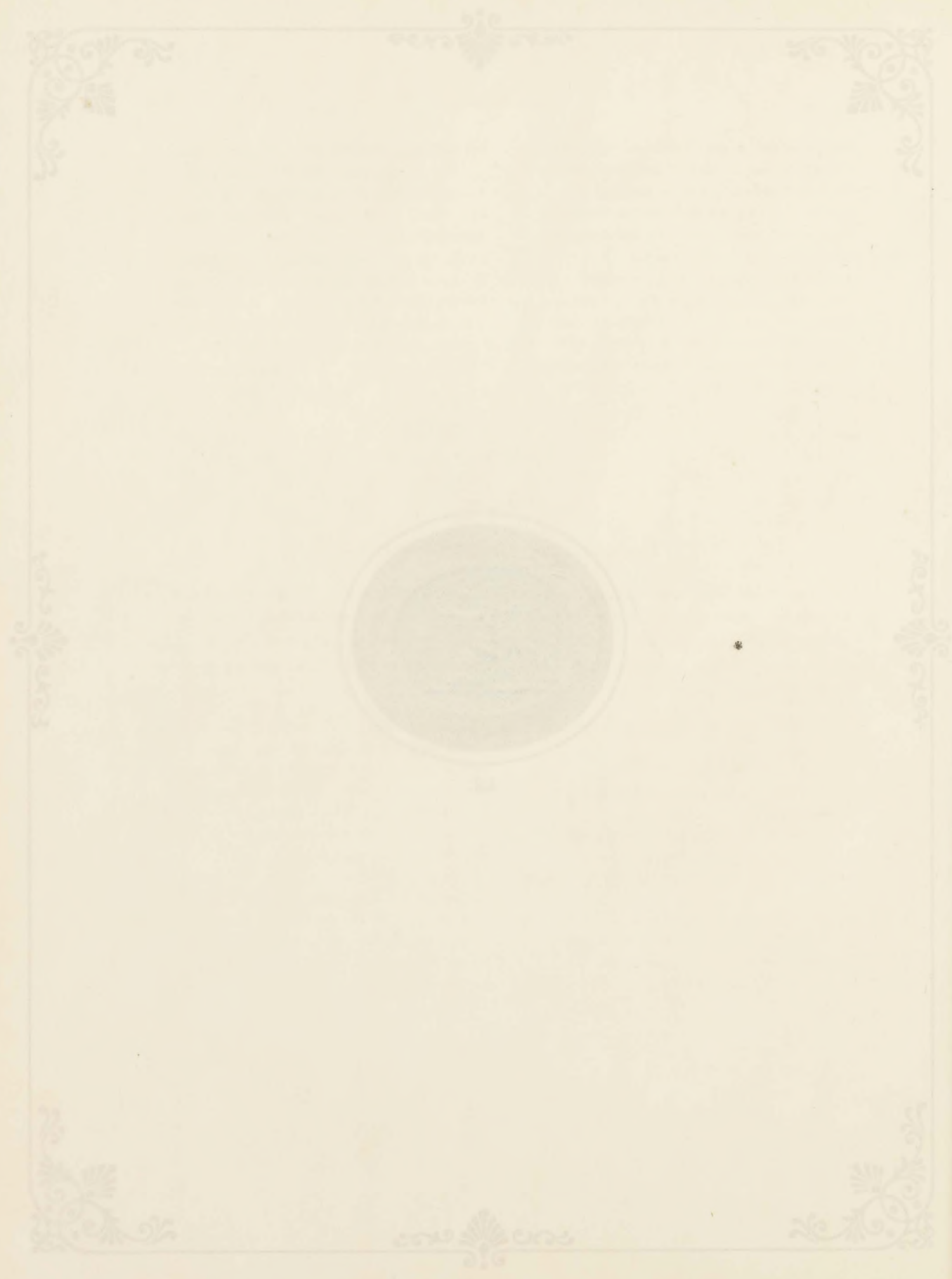
Vertumnus was, according to the commentators of Ovid, a king of Etruria, who, from the care he bestowed on the culture of fruits and gardens, received on his death the honours of apotheosis; and was considered by the Etruscans as the god who presided over Autumn. His worship found its way to Rome, where a temple was erected to Vertumnus, near the forum, or market-place.

"Crown'd with the sickle and the sheaf,
While Autumn wedding o'er the yellow plain
Comes jovial on, the Dard reed once more
Well pleased I tone
When the bright virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From heav'n's high cope the fierce effulgence
shook
Of parting Summer, a warmer blue,
With golden light cultiv'd, wide breasts
The happy world. Autumn's d' sun arise,
Sweet-heart'd, and shedding oft through lucid
clouds

A gleaming colour; while broad and brown below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep they stand; for not a gale
Tells its light billows o'er the heaving plain.
A note of plenty! till the rustled air
Falls from its power, and gives the breeze its blow.
Rest to the flow'ry mantle of the sky,
The clouds fly different, and the sudden sun
By its effulgent glide the blunder'd field,
And black by its the shadows creep along:
A gaily checkered, heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can distant send,
Unbounded, tending to a flood of corn."

THOMSON.

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Accept me for his gage ; since so well none
 Can know him, by himself not better known.
 He is no wanderer ; this his delight :
 Nor loves, like common lovers, at first sight.
 Thou art the first, so thou the last shalt be ;
 His life he only dedicates to thee.
 Besides his youth perpetual, excellent
 His beauty, and all shapes can represent ;
 Wish what you will, whatever hath a name :
 Such shall you see him — your delights the same.
 The first-fruits of your hortyard are his due,
 Which joyfully he still accepts from you :

But neither what these pregnant trees produce
 He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant juice ;
 Nor aught, but only you. O pity take !
 And what I speak, suppose Vertumnus spake.
 Revengeful gods, Idalia, still severe
 To such as slight her, and Rhamnusia, fear ;
 The more to fright you from so foul a crime,
 Receive (since much I know from aged Time)
 A story, generally through Cyprus known,
 To mollify an heart more hard than stone."

OVID: SANDYS.

No. 315.

Autumn.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Vertumnus was, according to the commentators of Ovid, a king of Etruria, who, from the care he bestowed on the culture of fruits and gardens, received on his death the honours of apotheosis ; and was considered by the Etruscans as the god who presided over Autumn. His worship found its way to Rome, where a temple was erected to Vertumnus, near the forum, or market-place.

"Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten
 sheaf,
 While Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain
 Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more
 Well pleased I tune
 When the bright virgin gives the beauteous days,
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
 From heav'n's high cope the fierce effulgence
 shook
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid
 clouds

A pleasing colour ; while broad and brown below
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep they stand ; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain.
 A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky,
 The clouds fly different, and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds the illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along :
 A gaily checkered, heart-expanding view,
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded, tossing in a flood of corn."

THOMSON.

No. 316.

Winter, with objects of the chase analogous to the season.

GNAIOS. *Calcedony.*

" See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. . . .
The keener tempests rise, and fuming dun
From all the livid east or piercing north.
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower
descends,

At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white;
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow
melts

Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man.

Thick around
Thunders the sport of those who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.
'Tis done, dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life! Pass some few years:
Thy flowering Spring—thy Summer's ardent
strength—

Thy sober Autumn fading into age—
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,

And shuts the scene. Ah, whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent festive nights, whose burning
thoughts

Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,—
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every brighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER
And WISDOM oft arraign'd! see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected; why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude, while luxury
In palaces lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born truth
And moderation fair wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge; why licensed pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile;
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all."

THOMSON.



No. 315.

Winter, with aspects of the chase analogous to the season.

GRAND. *Calendary.*

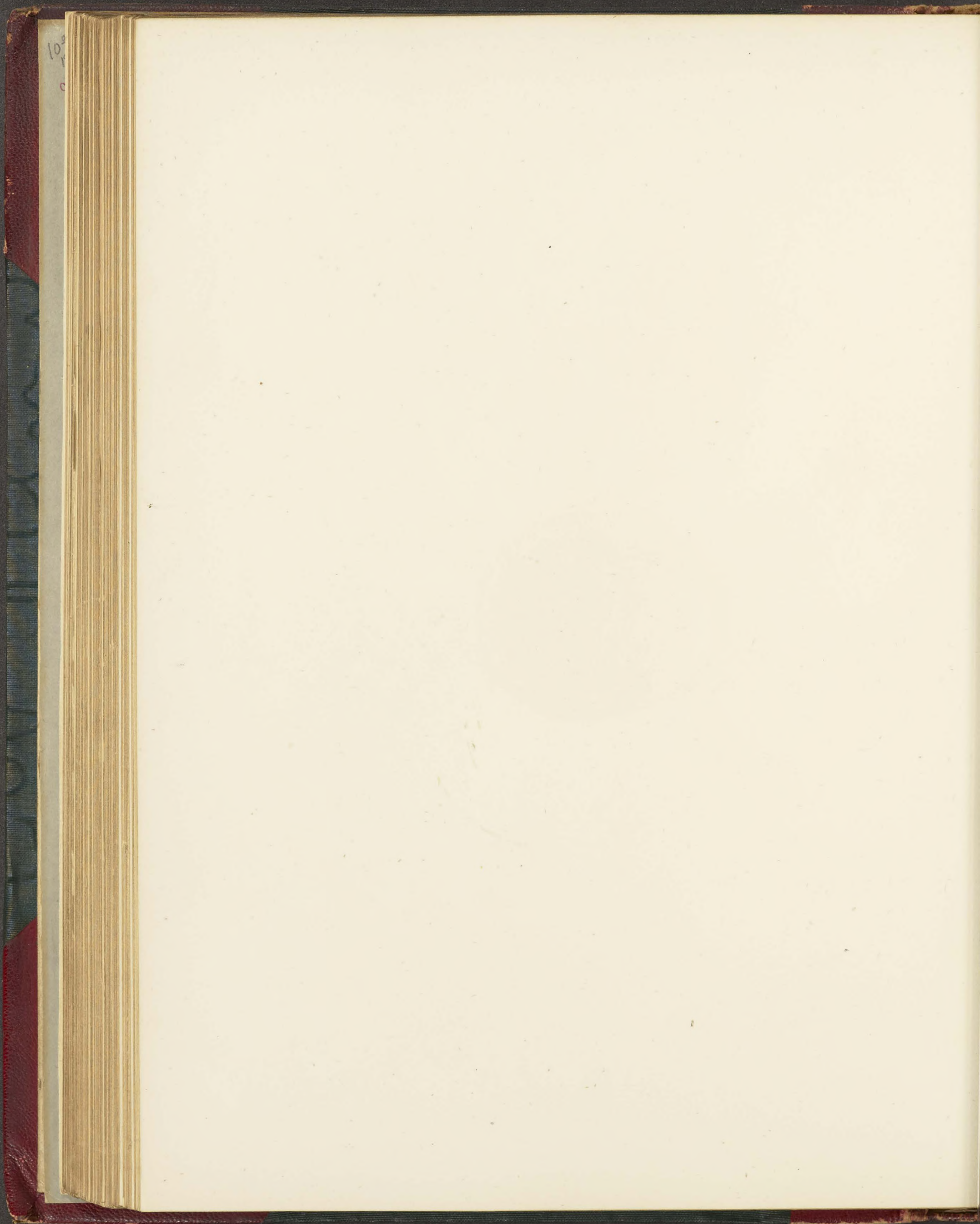
"See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his sifting trade,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.
The warmer tempests rise, and fanning pass
From all the livid east or pleasing north.
Thick clouds are massed, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower
Descends,
At first this wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, flinging the day
With a posthumal glow. The shuddered flocks
Put on their winter-coats of purest white;
The brightness all, save where the snow-mass
Lies
Along the many current. Low the woods
Bow their bare heads; and are the long old oaks
Faint from the west wind's evening cry,
Earth's universal flow, deep hid and still,
Is one wide dancing waste, that hushes with
The works of man.
Thus comes the spirit of those who with the year,
And long impatient bounding at the start,
Wings then the winter darkness the falling
And, sitting in the velvet of the year,
Witness the loved or the father's grave.
The dawn, dead Winter speaks his latest gloom,
And signs, tremendous for the day's end pass.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dead the world! How wide extends
His death-like silence. Behold, and man!
See how the power's life! How soon the year:
Thy summer Spring—the summer's ardent
strength—
Thy sober Autumn falling late age—
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,

And shows the signs. Ah, whether man are fled
Those dreams of greatness? Those ungodly hopes?
Those restless moments those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spirited festive nights, whose burning
thoughts
Lied between good and ill, that shamed the life?
All now are vanished! Virtue alone survives,
Impassioned, agonising blood of man,—
His path to happiness on high. And now
"The dawn, the gloom, the second birth
Of heaven and world! watching Nature leaves
The new-springing word, and moves to life,
Invoking temperance's love, from pain and death
The new birth. The good should whom
To-day, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Waiting, in the purple winter speaks,
To man's eye, and closed up again.
Ye valiant warriors! ye blind presumptuous men,
Condemned in the dust, where that Power is
And Winter oft angry'd? see now the cause
Why condemning death to man's life,
And died negligent; why the good man's share
In life was grief and bitterness of soul;
Why the lone widow and her orphan placed
In starving solitude, while luxury
In palaces lay straining her low thought
To form sexual women; why heaven-born truth
And moderation fell were the red marks
Of superciliousness; why heaven-born pain,
That cruel spoiler, that oppressor's foe,
Habitual to all our life. Ye good distress'd!
Ye wretched men! who have unbending stood
Beneath life's pressure, yet have up and shied;
And what poor haunted vision, which only saw
A little part, that I tell, is no more.
The storms of Winter's wrath will quickly pass,
And new unclouded Spring will smile all."

THOMSON.



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CATALOGUE.

"Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold;
Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian strand,
Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand:
Early they stall the flocks and herds; for there
No grass the fields, no leaves the forests wear:
The frozen earth lies buried there below
A hilly heap, seven cubits deep in snow,
And all the West allies of stormy Boreas blow.

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face,
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chase,
When up the skies he shoots his rayy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd,
And loaded wheels are on its back sustain'd—
An hosty row for wagons, which before
Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
The brazen cauldrons with the frost are flann'd;
The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is flann'd;
With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight the solid portions they dispense.

From locks uncurb'd and from the reins unloos'd
Long lances depend, and crackling whistles
heard.

Meantime perpetual dust and driving snow
Obscure the skies, and hang on heads, like snow.
The starving cattle perish in their stalls.
Huge oxen stand cumber'd in wintry walls
Of snow cumber'd; while herds are heaped there
Of mighty stags, and scum their horns appear.
The dext'rous huntsman wounds not those who
With shafflow drive, or make a distant war
With dogs, or pluck the tails to stop their flight,
But close surrounds the unequal fight;
And while they strive in vain to make their way
Through blinding snow, and pitifully long,
Assaults with host of sword or pointed spear,
And hews the ox on his back the joyful burden

borne.
The men to uttermost press the snow,
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful den."
VIRGIL, Georg. iii.

No. 317.

Time devouring his children.

Pyramus. Anthyd.

"Even Time, the monarch, fell victim to
his
That heavy giant, who in lonely pride
So long had ruled the world, that notions fell
Beneath his silent footstep. Pyramids,
That for millenniums had withstood the tide
Of human things, his storm-breath drove in sand
Across that desert where their stones survived.
The name of him whose pride had heaped them
there.

Time monarch, in his solitary pomp,
Was but the workroom of a summer-day,
Then his light-winged footstep press'd to dust.
Time was the King of earth; all things gave
way
Before him, but the feld and virtuous will,
The sacred sympathies of soul and sense,
That mock'd his fury and prepared his fall."

SUMMIT.

"Unfathomable sea, whose waves are years;
Ocean of time, whose waters of deep woes
Are brackish with the salt of human tears;
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Chapest the limbs of mortality,

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“ Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold ;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold ;
Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian strand,
Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand.
Early they stall the flocks and herds ; for there
No grass the fields, no leaves the forests wear :
The frozen earth lies buried there below
A hilly heap, seven cubits deep in snow,
And all the West allies of stormy Boreas blow.

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face,
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chase,
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd,
And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd—
An hostry now for wagons, which before
Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
The brazen cauldrons with the frost are flaw'd ;
The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd ;
With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight the solid portions they dispense.

From locks uncomb'd and from the frozen beard
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are
heard.

Meantime perpetual sleet and driving snow
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below ;
The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
Huge oxen stand enclos'd in wintry walls
Of snow congeal'd ; whole herds are buried there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear :
The dext'rous huntsman wounds not these afar,
With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight,
But close engages in unequal fight ;
And while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray,
Assaults with dint of sword or pointed spears,
And homeward on his back the joyful burden
bears.

The men to subterranean caves retire,
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire.”

VIRGIL, *Georg.* iii.

No. 317.

Time devouring his children.

PYRGOTELES. *Amethyst.*

“ Even Time, the conqueror, fled thee in his
fear,
That hoary giant, who in lonely pride
So long had ruled the world, that nations fell
Beneath his silent footstep. Pyramids,
That for millenniums had withstood the tide
Of human things, his storm-breath drove in sand
Across that desert where their stones survived
The name of him whose pride had heaped them
there.

Yon monarch, in his solitary pomp,
Was but the mushroom of a summer-day,
That his light-winged footstep press'd to dust.
Time was the king of earth ; all things gave
way
Before him, but the fix'd and virtuous will,
The sacred sympathies of soul and sense,
That mock'd his fury and prepared his fall.”

SHELLEY.

“ Unfathomable sea, whose waves are years !
Ocean of time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality,

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And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
 Vauntest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore!
 Treach'rous in calm, and terrible in storm,
 Who shall put forth on thee,
 Unfathomable sea?"

SHELLEY.

"So from our lights, our meaner fires below,
 Our lamps, or brighter torches, streams do flow,
 And drive away the night; they still supply
 New flames as swiftly as the former die,
 New beams still tremble in the lower sky.
 No space is free, but a continued ray
 Still keeps a constant, though a feeble day;
 So fast, e'en hydra-like, the fruitful fires
 Beget a new beam as the old expires.
 So sun and moon, with many a num'rous birth,
 Bring forth new rays, and send them down to
 earth,
 Which die as fast, lest some fond fools believe
 That these are free from fate, that these must live.
 E'en strongest towns and rocks, all feel the rage
 Of pow'rful time; e'en temples waste by age.
 Nor can the gods themselves prolong their date,
 Change nature's laws, or get reprieve from fate;

E'en tombs grow old and waste, by years o'er-
 thrown,
 Men's graves before, but now become their own.
 How oft the hardest rock dissolves, nor bears
 The strength but of a few though pow'rful years!
 Now if that rock for infinite ages past
 Stood still secure, if it was free from waste,
 Why should it fail, why now dissolve at last?
 Lastly, look round, view that vast track of sky,
 In whose embrace our earth and waters lie;
 Whence all things rise, to which they all return,
 As some discourse, the same both womb and urn.
 'Tis surely mortal all; for that which breeds,
 That which gives birth to other things, or seeds,
 Must lose some parts; and when these things do
 cease,
 It gets some new again, and must increase."

LUCRETIVS, book v.

No. 318.

Time raising the veil of Truth.

GNAIUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

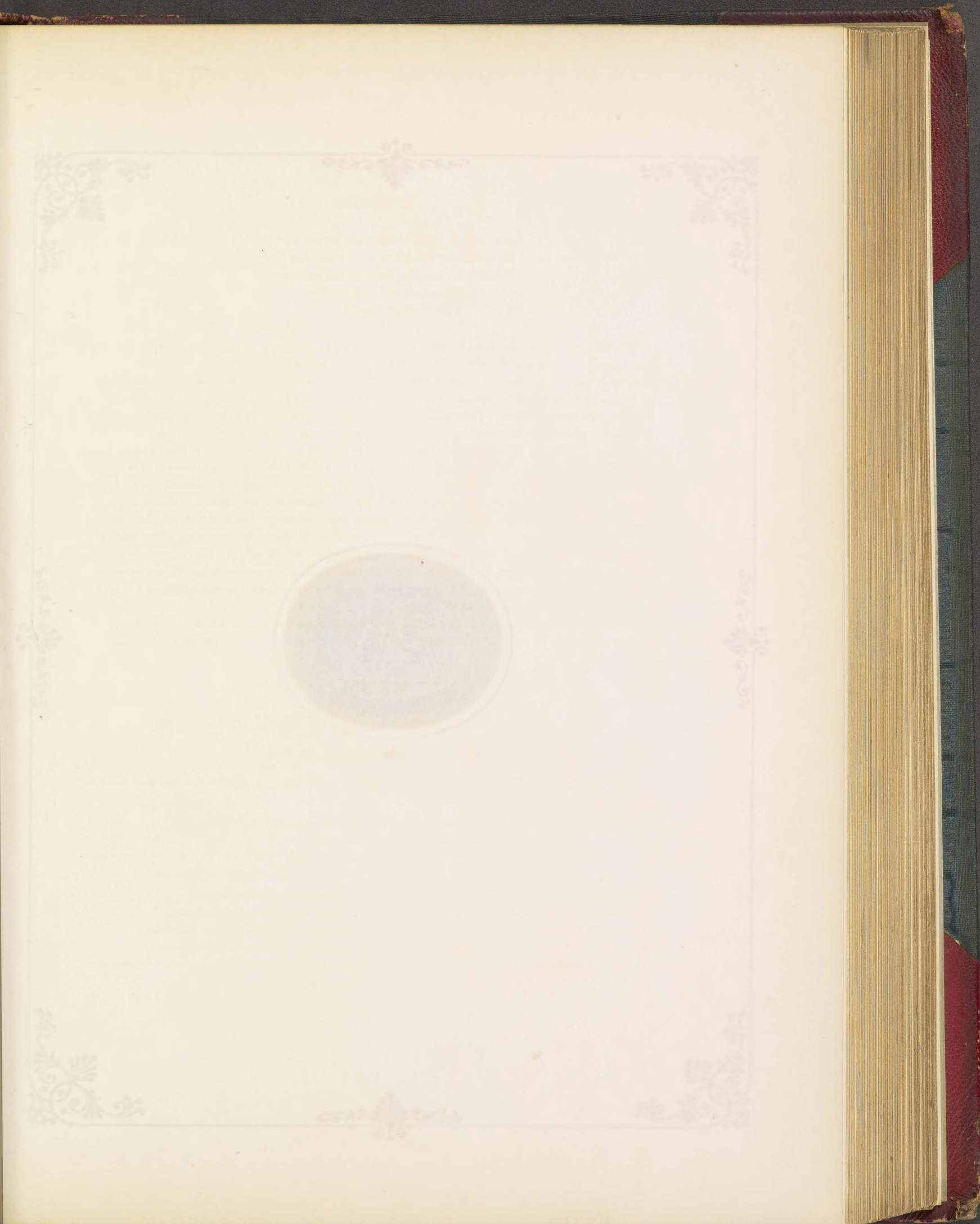
Truth was the daughter of Saturn, and mother of Virtue; and by the Greeks was known
 as an allegorical divinity called *Aletheia*.

"At length, when like some blooming nymph her charms
 Contemplating, he to our eyes holds up
 His mirror, every guilty wretch displays."

EURIPIDES: *Hippolytus*.

"From darkness deep a radiant blaze
 Broke forth, dazzling my fear-fraught gaze,
 Vaulting a space in diamond light
 Concentrating, and beaming bright.
 Upon an adamant throne,
 As still and pure as Parian stone,

A gleaming figure veiled sat.
 Calm and majestic was her mien,
 Her eye both gentle, clear, and keen;
 A soften'd radiance rob'd her round,
 Pervading heav'n above and depths beneath the
 ground.



And each of you, yet bowing on her name,
 Venerates the workman in his humblest name;
 Trembling to salute, and terrible to oppose,
 Who shall put forth on them,
 Unshakable are!"

Edmund Spenser.

"So from our lights, our manner dies below,
 Our lamps, or brighter torches, stream to show,
 And drive away the night; they still supply
 New flames as swiftly as the former die,
 New beams still tremble in the lower sky.
 No space is free, but a continued ray
 Still keeps a constant, though a feeble day;
 So fast, when hydra-like, the fatal fire
 Begets a new head as the old expires.
 So sun and moon, with many a sun's own kind,
 Bring forth new days, and send those down to
 earth,
 Which die as fast, but some find fresh before
 That these are free from fate, that these must live.
 E'en strongest towers and rocks, all feel the rage
 Of pow'ful time; e'en temples waste by age.
 Nor can the gods themselves prolong their date,
 Change nature's laws, or get experience from fate."

E'en towers great, old and waste, by years o'er-
 grown,
 Men's graves are hollow, but now become their own.
 How oft the heaviest earth dissolves, nor bears
 The weight of her old but though pow'ful years!
 How oft that rock for infinite ages past
 Stood still as stone, till it was free from waste,
 "Why should it fall, why now dissolve at last?
 Truly, both stand, show that vast track of day,
 In whose collapse our earth and waters lie;
 Whence all things rise, to which they all return,
 As some dissolve, the same both womb and urn.
 The world's mortal all, for that which breeds,
 That again gives birth to other things, or seeds,
 Must live some years; and when those things do
 cease,
 It gets some new again, and must increase."
 Lucretius, book v.

No. 318.

Time raising the veil of Truth.

GNAROS. *Oriental Cornelius.*

Truth was the daughter of Saturn, and mother of Time; and by the Greeks was known
 as an allegorical divinity called *Althea*.

"At length, when the sun's blinding strength her charms
 Contemplating, he to our eyes holds up
 His mirror, every guilty wretch displays."

Edmund Spenser.

"From darkness deep a reflect beam
 Breaks forth, dazzling my fear-dimmed gaze,
 Vaulting a space in diamond light
 Concentrating, and beaming bright
 Upon an adamant throne,
 As still and pure as Parian stone."

A gleaming figure veiled all.
 Calm and majestic was her mien,
 Her eye both gentle, clear, and keen;
 A softest radiance shad'd her round,
 Shrouding her's above and depths beneath the
 ground.



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Thus from Eye unseen mysterious words made
Known,
That veiled Truth sat on her overhanging throne—
I gazed to awe, and sink before that beauteous form.

Now passing sounds, like whisp'ring wind,
Buss'd to life my wand'ring mind:
I look'd, and saw a winged man,
Whose shadow seem'd himself agone,
As if an emanation grew,
While into boundless space he flew.
The moving blast her veil withdrew,
And unobscured met my view:

It seem'd as if her piercing ray
Had swept all human doubts away,
And left the book of nature's laws,
The rule of man, the swelling cause,
The histories of ages past,

The records that he ever lost,

In mental flight

Before my sight.

It seem'd to show, that false and erring man must
Fail

It vain, the false or overhanging truth to land."

Ver. Prop. Elo.

No. 319.

Justice.

GNAIUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

A female figure, seated on a square base or pedestal, an emblem of firmness, and of the unalterable intention to award to every man his own:—a intention due to the Roman jurists, who were also profound philosophers. Justice is holding in one hand a balance, in the other a sceptre. A star on her head recalls her divine origin; for which reason the ancients raised temples and shrines to her under the name of Astræa.

"What call ye Justice? Is there man who ne'er
In secret thought has wish'd another's ill?
And guilt pass'd? And those weak faith who keep
And dwell on sin? What! they must kill.
If such they be? What will eyes see they ill
With the best sight of the hypocrite?
Alas, such were not justice the chosen'd will
Of virtue men that Justice is the light
Of love; and not revenge, and hate, and spite."

SHAKESPEARE.

No. 320.

Concord.

DIOSCORIDES. *Amethyst.*

She holds in one hand some rods bound together, to signify union; and in the other the caduceus and two ears of corn, characteristics of plenty.

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Then from lips unseen mysterious words made
known,
That veiled Truth sat on her everlasting throne—
I gaz'd in awe, and sank before that beauteous form.

Now passing sounds, like whisp'ring wind,
Recall'd to life my wand'ring mind :
I look'd, and saw a winged man,
Whose shadow seem'd himself again,
As if an emanation grew,
While into boundless space he flew.
The moving blast her veil withdrew,
And tenfold glories met my view :

It seem'd as if her piercing ray
Had swept all human doubts away,
And left the book of nature's laws,
The mind of man, th' exciting cause,
The histories of ages past,
The records that for ever last,
In mental light
Before my sight.
It seem'd to shew, that false and erring man must
find
It vain, the force of everlasting truth to bind."
NON. *Frag. Eleu.*

No. 319.

Justice.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

A female figure, seated on a square base or pedestal, an emblem of firmness, and of the unalterable intention to award to every man his own :—a definition due to the Roman judicaturists, who were also profound philosophers. Justice is holding in one hand a balance, in the other a sceptre. A star on her head recalls her divine origin ; for which reason the ancients raised temples and altars to her under the name of *Astræa*.

"What call ye *justice*? Is there one who ne'er
In secret thought has wished another's ill?
Are ye all pure? Let those stand forth who hear
And tremble not. Shall they insult and kill,
If such they be? Their mild eyes can they fill
With the false anger of the hypocrite?
Alas, such were not pure: the chasten'd will
Of virtue sees that justice is the light
Of love; and not revenge, and terror, and despite."

SHELLEY.

No. 320.

Concord.

DIOSCORIDES. *Amethyst.*

She holds in one hand some rods bound together, to signify union ; and in the other the caduceus and two ears of corn, characteristics of plenty.

No. 321.

Happiness.

GNAIOS. *Calcedony.*

Born of the union of Peace and Plenty, holding in her right hand the caduceus, and leaning with her left arm on two cornucopias.

No. 322.

Piety.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst.*

Known by the Greeks under the name of *Eusebia*. One hand is placed on her breast, and in the other she is holding a cornucopia; whilst near her is a stork, the emblem of filial piety.

" True Piety is cheerful as the day—
Will weep, indeed, and heave a pitying groan
For others' woes; but smiles upon her own."

" All joy to the believer! He can speak,
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek:
' Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped but in thy righteousness divine.
My alms and prayers, imperfect and defil'd,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child:

Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart,
Cleansed in thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good:
I cast them at thy feet;—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon thee,
While struggling in the vale of tears below;
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.'"

COWPER.

No. 323.

Prudence, characterised by the mirror and serpent.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Metis, or Meed, a name of Minerva, is synonymous with Prudentia. This goddess is usually represented as a beautiful female, with hair formed of a wreath of serpents. In the temple of Cephissus in Argolis was a head of Medusa, or Metis, fabulously reported to have been the work of the Cyclops, surrounded by wreaths of snakes.

" If Prudence be thy sole unerring guide,
Thou need'st no guardian deity beside."

JUVENAL.



No. 321.

Happiness.

GAYEN. *Calendula.*

Born of the union of Peace and Piety, holding in her right hand the caduceus, and leaning with her left arm on two candelabra.

No. 322.

Piety.

GAYEN. *Amethyst.*

Known by the Greeks under the name of *Eleutheria*. One hand is placed on her breast, and in the other she is holding a cornucopia; whilst upon her is a mark, the emblem of filial piety.

"True Piety is cherished as the true—

Will weep, but never weep's a pitying groan

For others' misery, but rather upon her own."

"All joy to the believer! He can speak,
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek:
Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy feet,
And put up all my follies by the cross,
I never trusted in my own bad things,
Nor hoped but in thy righteousness divine.
My sins and prayers, together now united,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child."

However perfected, it was half-brightest path,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart,
Cleanest is this one, all-purifying blood,
Baptize their will, and accept their good:
I cast them at thy feet /—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon thee,
While struggling in the vale of tears below;
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now."

COWPER.

No. 323.

Prudence, characterised by the mirror and serpent.

GAYEN. *Oriental Ceratonia.*

Mētē, or *Mēdē*, a name of *Minerva*, is synonymous with *Prudentia*. This goddess is usually represented as a beautiful female, with hair formed of a wreath of serpents. In the temple of *Cephissus* in *Argolis* was a bust of *Medusa*, or *Mētē*, falsely reported to have been the work of the *Cyclops*, surrounded by wreaths of snakes.

"If Prudence is the wife of sobering gods,

Then and 'tis a goddess of wisdom."

JUVENAL.



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324

The opinions of Cicero smacks of the quibbling of the lawyer, and the selfishness of the heathen:—"The art of prudence lies in gaining the esteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage."

No. 324.

Temperance.

GNAEUS. *Oriental Caruelian.*

She holds in one hand a cork to restrain the passions, and in the other a palm-branch, an emblem of her victory over them.

"O, if the foolish race of men, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within their breast,
Saw they would change their course; not live as
now,
Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.
Unsey both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down:
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load—
But straight returns; for he's as restless there,
And finds there's no relief to open air:
Another in his villa would retire,
And spare as hard as if it were as fire;
No sooner enter'd at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and sneeze;
Or seeks the city, which he left before."

Thus every man d'arranges his weary will
To stun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking is return, and hangs upon him
Still:
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease,
The wretch is ignorant of his disease;
Which known would all his fruitless troubles
Ease,
For he would know the world not worth his
care,
That would he search more deeply for the cause,
And study nature well, and nature's laws.
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, eternal state;
That ever-changing state which all must keep
When death has doom'd to everlasting sleep."

LEUCASTES. DAYNES.

"Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind
With every blessing and of every kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
Though years and seasons vary the delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the wolf within thee harks for more—
This is the fable's moral, which they tell,
Of fifty foolish virgins doom'd to hell
To leaky vessels which the liquor spill,
To vessels of stupidity, which none could ever fill."

LEUCASTES. DAYNES.



The opinion of Cicero smacks of the quibbling of the lawyer, and the selfishness of the heathen:—"The art of prudence lies in gaining the esteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage."

No. 324.

Temperance.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

She holds in one hand a curb to restrain the passions, and in the other a palm-branch, an emblem of her victory over them.

"O, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within their breast,
Sure they would change their course; not live as
now,
Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.
Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down:
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load—
But straight returns; for he's as restless there,
And finds there's no relief in open air:
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore;
Or seeks the city, which he left before.

Thus ev'ry man o'erworks his weary will
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him
still:
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease,
The wretch is ignorant of his disease;
Which known would all his fruitless troubles
spare,
For he would know the world not worth his
care.
Then would he search more deeply for the cause,
And study nature well, and nature's laws.
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, eternal state;
That never-changing state which all must keep
Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep."

LUCRETIVS: DRYDEN.

"Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind
With ev'ry blessing and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
Though years and seasons vary the delight;
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the wolf within thee barks for more,—
This is the fable's moral, which they tell,
Of fifty foolish virgins damn'd in hell
To leaky vessels which the liquor spill,
To vessels of their sex, which none could ever fill."

LUCRETIVS: DRYDEN.

" O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
 Enclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
 He spends his little span, and overfeeds
 His cramm'd desires with more than nature needs!
 For nature wisely stints our appetites,
 And craves no more than undisturb'd delights,
 Which minds unmix'd with cares and fears obtain —
 A soul serene, a body void of pain.
 So little this corporeal frame requires,
 So bounded are our natural desires,
 That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
 With bare privation sense is satisfied."

LUCRETIVS: DRYDEN.

" See, fresh as Hebe, blooming Temperance stand,
 Present the nectar'd fruits, and crown the bowl;
 While bright-eyed Honour leads the choral band,
 Whose songs divine can animate the soul,
 Led willing captive to their high control.
 They sing the triumphs of their spotless queen,
 And proudly bid immortal Fame enroll
 Upon her fairest page such as had been
 Champions of her cause, the favourites of her reign."

TIGHE.

" 'Tis yet in vain, Town, to keep a pother
 About one vice, and fall into the other;
 Between excess and famine lies a mean,
 Plain but not sordid, though not splendid clean.
 He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side nor on that."

HOR. Sat.: POPE'S *Trans.*

No. 325.

Modesty, or Chastity.

CHROMIOS. *Calcedony.*

This virtue the Greeks and Romans had placed among the divinities, and raised temples and altars in her honour. She is represented under the form of a young and beautiful woman veiled, contemplating a butterfly, emblem of the soul.



"It wretched man! in what a woe of life,
 Envolv'd with dangers and with woe of wife,
 He spends his little span, and wretched
 His crown'd desires with more than crown's need!
 For nature wisely states our appetites,
 And craves no more than nature's delight,
 Which minds untaught with cares and fears oppress—
 A soul serene, a body void of pain,
 So little this corporeal frame requires,
 So bounded are our natural desires,
 That wanting all, and getting pain none,
 With bare privation what is satisfied."

LOCRETIUS: DAYDEN.

"See, fresh as Hebe, blooming Temperance stand,
 Present the nectar'd fete, and crown the band;
 While bright-eyed Honour leads the choral band,
 Whose songs divine can ordinate the land,
 Led willing captive to their high control.
 They sing the triumphs of their spotless gown,
 And proudly bid immortal Fame enroll
 Upon her fairest page such as had been
 Champions of her cause, the favourites of her reign."

THEOPH.

"To get is vain, To give, to keep a pothor
 Attends us else, and fall into the other;
 Between a mean and famine lies a mean,
 There lies not wealth, though not splendid mean.
 He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side nor on that?"

HAN. SAT.: POPE'S TRANSL.

No. 325.

Modesty, or Chastity.

CHRONOS. *Calendary.*

This virtue the Greeks and Romans had placed among the *divinites*, and raised temples and altars in her honour. She is represented under the form of a young and beautiful woman veiled, contemplating a butterfly, emblem of the soul.



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"The chaste queen
Like Dian mid her circling nymphs appeared,
Or as Minerva on Parnassus seen,
When condescendingly with smiles she cheered
The silent Muses, who her presence har'd.
A starry crown its heavenly radiance threw
O'er her pale cheek; for there the rose covered
The purer lilies of her saint-like hue,
Yet all the mantling blush its transient visits
Knew.

The hand of Fate, which wove of spotless white
Her wondrous robe, bade it unchangeably
Preserve unscull'd its first lustre bright—
Nor e'er might be renewed that sacred spell,
If once destroyed; wherefore, to guard it well,
Two handmaids the entrusts with special care,
Prudence and Purity, who both excel,
The first in matron dignity of air,
The last in blooming youth unalterably fair.

Favourite of heaven! she at her birth receiv'd
With it the brilliant zone that bended her
waist;
Which, were the earth of earth and stars be-
ray'd,
By its own light, beneficently cast,
Could cheer the innocent and guide the chaste.
Nor amongst ever had the virgin bore,
Though oft he would like some her youth was
past;
For while her breast this dazzling vestment wore,
The eye who dared to gaze beheld the light no
more.

But when her gladd'ning hours in peace are spent,
Concealed she bade its latent terrors lie,
Shrouded in a silken scarf, with kind intent
Wove by the gentle hand of modesty."

TRINK.

No. 326.

Fidelity.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst.*

Divine honours were rendered to her; and she is represented as a young girl carrying a
dog, the emblem of fidelity.

No. 327.

Providence.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Ceruclian.*

A divinity to whom Augustus was the first to raise temples and altars. She is represented
under the form of a dignified woman, holding a wand over the globe, indicating command; the
cornucopia reversed is emblematical of the abundance which she sheds upon the earth. The
eagle hovering above shews that Providence derives its origin from the father of gods and men.

"Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Entrust thy fortune to the powers above.

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"The chaste queen
Like Dian mid her circling nymphs appeared,
Or as Minerva on Parnassus seen,
When condescendingly with smiles she cheered
The silent Muses, who her presence fear'd.
A starry crown its heavenly radiance threw
O'er her pale cheek; for there the rose revered
The purer lilies of her saint-like hue,
Yet oft the mantling blush its transient visits
knew.

The hand of Fate, which wove of spotless white
Her wondrous robe, bade it unchangeably
Preserve unsullied its first lustre bright—
Nor e'er might be renewed that sacred spell,
If once destroyed; wherefore, to guard it well,
Two handmaids she entrusts with special care,
Prudence and Purity, who both excel,
The first in matron dignity of air,
The last in blooming youth unalterably fair.

Favourite of heaven! she at her birth receiv'd
With it the brilliant zone that bound her
waist;
Which, were the earth of sun and stars be-
reav'd,
By its own light, beneficently cast,
Could cheer the innocent and guide the chaste.
Nor armour ever had the virgin bore,
Though oft in warlike scenes her youth was
past;
For while her breast this dazzling cestus wore,
The foe who dared to gaze beheld the light no
more.

But when her placid hours in peace are spent,
Conceal'd she bids its latent terrors lie,
Sheathed in a silken scarf, with kind intent
Wove by the gentle hand of modesty."

TIGHE.

No. 326.

Fidelity.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst.*

Divine honours were rendered to her; and she is represented as a young girl caressing a dog, the emblem of fidelity.

No. 327.

Providence.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

A divinity to whom Augustus was the first to raise temples and altars. She is represented under the form of a dignified woman, holding a wand over the globe, indicating command: the cornucopia reversed is emblematical of the abundance which she sheds upon the earth. The eagle hovering above shews that Providence derives its origin from the father of gods and men.

"Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Entrust thy fortune to the powers above.

Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
 What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
 In goodness, as in greatness, they excel—
 Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!"

JUVENAL.

No. 328.

Hope.

PYRGOTELES. *Amethyst.*

Hope, to whom the ancients also paid divine honours, is here represented leaning against a column, holding in one hand some ears of corn, and in the other some poppies and a rudder.

"Through the wide rent in Time's eternal veil,
 Hope was seen beaming through the mists of fear;
 Earth was no longer hell;
 Love, freedom, health, had given
 Their ripeness to the manhood of its prime;
 And all its pulses beat
 Symphonious to the planetary spheres.
 Then dulcet music swell'd
 Concordant with the life-strings of the soul;

It throbbed in sweet and liquid beating there,
 Catching new life from transitory death.
 Like the vague sighing of a wind at even,
 That makes the wavelets of the slumb'ring sea,
 And dies on the creation of its breath,
 And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits,
 Was the pure stream of feeling
 That sprung from these sweet notes."

SHELLEY.

"When from this wicked world the gods withdrew,
 Hope stay'd behind, nor hence among them flew.
 She cheers the shackled slave that digs the mine,
 And cries, Sweet liberty will soon be thine.
 Through her, though wreck'd where not a shore he spies,
 Amidst the waves his arms the sailor plies.
 Physicians often give the patient o'er,
 But Hope still stays, though Death be at the door.
 Prisoners condemn'd in dungeons hope reprieve,
 Nor even on the cross does hope the wretched leave."

Ov. *Pont.* vii.

"Thousands in death would seek an end of woe,
 But Hope, deceitful Hope, prevents the blow.
 Hope plants the forests, and she sows the plain,
 And feeds with future granaries the swain;
 Hope snares the winged vagrants of the sky,
 Hope cheats in reedy brooks the scaly fry;

Leave them to manage for them, and to grant
 What their unweary wisdom sees they want:
 In goodness, as in goodness, they excel—
 Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half as well!"

A. MARSH.

No. 328.

Hope.

Pyrocoralis. Anethysal.

Hope, to whom the ancients also paid divine honours, is here represented leaning against a column, holding in one hand some ears of corn, and in the other some poppies and a rudder.

"Through the wide rent in Time's eternal veil,
 Hope was seen beaming through the silver of fear;
 Earth was no longer hell;
 Love, freedom, health, had given
 Their ripeness to the harvest of its peace;
 And all its pulses beat
 Sympathetic to the planetary spheres.
 Then labour made itself
 Concordant with the life-strings of the soul;

It shuddered to want and liquid healing there,
 Catching new life from transitory death.
 Like the vague sighing of a wind at even,
 That makes the wavelets of the dimpling sea,
 And dies on the creation of its breath,
 And sinks and rises, falls and swells by fits,
 Was the pure stream of feeling
 That spring from these sweet notes."

SHELLEY.

"When from this wretched world the gods withdrew,
 Hope stay'd behind, nor hence among them flew.
 She shows the shackled slave that digs the mine,
 And cries, sweet liberty will soon be thine.
 Though low, though wretch'd where not a shore he spies,
 Amidst the waves his arms the sailor plies.
 Physicians often give the patient o'er,
 But Hope still stays, though Death be at the door.
 Prisoners condemn'd in dungeons hope repairs,
 Nor even on the cross does hope the wretched leave."

Dr. Ford. vii.

"Thousands in death would seek an end of woe,
 But Hope, dearthful Hope, prevents the blow.
 Hope plows the furrows, and she sows the plain,
 And from wild future gathers the grain;
 Hope waters the winged vapours of the sky,
 Hope checks the winds, breaks the rocky fly;



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By Hope the fetter'd slave, the drudge of fate,
Sings, shakes his irons, and forgets his state;
Hope promis'd you, you haughty still deny—
Yield to the goddess, O my fair, comply."

TIBULLUS: GRANGER, book II. d. 7.

No. 329.

Fame.

GRÆCUS. *Oriental Savagery.*

An allegorical divinity worshipped at Athens. She is here represented under the form of a female figure with wings, hovering over the globe, who by the sound of the trumpet she holds in her hand announces mighty deeds. In the other hand is a torch, a symbol of the enthusiasm which animates heroes, inspiring them with the ardent wish to live in the annals of the most distant ages.

"Now Fame through every Libyan city sped,
Than whom no swifter fiend: as she careers,
Her form exultates in her rapid course,
Each moment gathering strength and vigour new;
Caution and small at first, but soon on earth
She stalks gigantic, midst the clouds of heav'n
Shrouding her head. This pest (as legends say)
Old parent Earth, in vengeance to the gods,
Last-born engender'd, kin to that huge brood
Of rebel Titans: either swift on foot,
Or on the wing, a monster, wondrous, vast;

And under every planet a watchful eye
Lurks, with so many tongues and whispering
mouths,
And ears that were listen: in mid space,
'Twixt heav'n and earth, at dead of night she
comes
On rushing wings; no sleep her eyelid seals,
Not at the day-dawn from some tower she peers,
Ambush'd, discharging many a sly point
With rampant mischief, or false or true."
Ætius, book IV. Ovid's *Trist.*

"Amid the world, between air, earth, and seas,
A place there is, the confines to all these;
Where all that's done, though far remov'd, appears,
And every whisper penetrates the ear,—
The house of Fame, who in the highest tower
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bower
Innumerable ways conduct, no way
Bar'd up, the doors stand open night and day.
All built of ringing brass, throughout resounds
Things heard, reports, and every word rebounds.
No rest within, no silence; yet the noise,
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice,
Such as from far by rolling billows sent;
Or as Jove's fainting thunder almost spent.

Hither the idle vulgar come and go;
Millions of vapours wander to and fro;
Idle mix with truths, in words that vary still.
Of those with noise unknowing ears some fill;
Some carry tales, all to the telling gosses,
And every author adds to what he knows.
Here dwells rash Error, light Credulity,
Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy;
New rais'd sedition, secret whisperings
Of unknown authors, and of doubtful things;
All done in heaven, earth, ocean, Fame reviews,
And through the simple world inspires her
news."

Ovid's *Met.* book XII.

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By Hope the fetter'd slave, the drudge of fate,
Sings, shakes his irons, and forgets his state ;
Hope promis'd you, you haughty still deny—
Yield to the goddess, O my fair, comply."

TIBULLUS: GRAINGER, book ii. el. 7.

No. 329.

Fame.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx*.

An allegorical divinity worshipped at Athens. She is here represented under the form of a female figure with wings, hovering over the globe, who by the sound of the trumpet she holds in her hand announces mighty deeds. In the other hand is a torch, a symbol of the enthusiasm which animates heroes, inspiring them with the ardent wish to live in the annals of the most distant ages.

"Now Fame through every Libyan city sped,
Than whom no swifter fiend: as she careers,
Her form expatiates in her rapid course,
Each moment gath'ring strength and vigour new;
Cautious and small at first, but soon on earth
She stalks gigantic, midst the clouds of heav'n
Shrouding her head. This pest (as legends say)
Old parent Earth, in vengeance to the gods,
Last-born engender'd, kin to that huge brood
Of rebel Titans: either swift on foot,
Or on the wing, a monster, wondrous, vast;

And under every plume a watchful eye
Lurks, with as many tongues and whisp'ring
mouths,
And ears that ever listen: in mid space,
'Twixt heav'n and earth, at dead of night she
roams
On rushing wings; no sleep her eyelid seals,
But at the day-dawn from some towers she peers,
Ambush'd, dismaying many a city proud
With rumours manifold, or false or true."

Æneis, book iv.: OGLE'S *Trans.*

"Amid the world, between air, earth, and seas,
A place there is, the confines to all these;
Where all that's done, though far remov'd, appear,
And every whisper penetrates the ear,—
The house of Fame, who in the highest tower
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bower
Innumerable ways conduct, no way
Barr'd up, the doors stand open night and day.
All built of ringing brass, throughout resounds
Things heard, reports, and every word rebounds.
No rest within, no silence; yet the noise,
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice,
Such as from far by rolling billows sent;
Or as Jove's fainting thunder almost spent.

Hither the idle vulgar come and go;
Millions of rumours wander to and fro;
Lies mixt with truths, in words that vary still.
Of these with news unknowing ears some fill;
Some carry tales, all in the telling grows,
And every author adds to what he knows.
Here dwells rash Error, light Credulity,
Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy;
New rais'd sedition, secret whisperings
Of unknown authors, and of doubtful things;
All done in heaven, earth, ocean, Fame reviews,
And through the ample world inquires for
news."

OVID'S *Met.* book xii.

“Where is the fame
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth
Seek to eternise? O, the faintest sound
From time's light footfall, the remotest wave
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing
The unsubstantial bubble! Ay, to-day
Stern is the tyrant's mandate; red the gaze
That flashes desolation; strong the arm
That scatters multitudes! To-morrow comes!
That mandate is a thunder-peal that died
In ages past; that gaze a transient flash
On which the midnight closed; and on that arm
The worm has made his meal.

The virtuous man,
Who great in his humility as kings
Are little in their grandeur; he who leads
Invincibly a life of resolute good,

And stands amid the silent dungeon-depths
More free and fearless than the trembling judge,
Who, clothed in venal power, vainly strove
To bind the impassive spirit,—when he falls,
His mild eye beams benevolence no more;
Withered the hand outstretched but to relieve;
Sunk reason's simple eloquence, that rolled
But to appal the guilty. Yes, the grave
Hath quench'd that eye, and death's relentless
frost

Wither'd that arm: but the unfading fame
Which virtue hangs upon its votary's tomb;
The deathless memory of that man whom kings
Call to their mind and tremble; the remembrance
With which the happy spirit contemplates
Its well-spent pilgrimage on earth,—
Shall never pass away.”

SHELLEY.

No. 330.

Glory.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

A young and beautiful woman, her head arrayed with stars, seated with dignity in the clouds which overhang a pyramid—a species of monument which in the remotest times was erected to those who had distinguished themselves by glorious actions. She holds in her right hand a figure of Victory.

“There Glory sits in all her pomp and state:
Hence places, dignities, preferments flow,
And all that men admire and wish below;
High honours, offices, in suits success,
Right to make laws, and bid the world have peace:
Hence sceptres and supreme command accrue,
And power to give them where rewards are due.”

MANIL. book ii. : CREECH.

“Here glory's but a dying flame,
And immortality a name.”

Whence is the force
Which the vain-glories mighty of the earth
Seek to cherish? O, the faintest sound
From time's light footfall, the remotest wave
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing
The unsubstantial bubble! Ay, to-day
Stems is the tyrant's mandate; and the gear
That flashes desolation; strong the arm
That scatters multitudes! To-morrow comes
That mandate is a thunder-poll that died
In ages past; that gear a transient flash
On which the midnight closed; and on that arm
The worm has made his nest.

The virtuous man,
Who great in his humility to kings
Are little in their grandeur; he who leads
Invincibly a life of resolute good,

And stands amid the silent dungeon-depths
More free and braver than the trembling judge,
Who, clothed in royal power, vainly strives
To bind the suppliant spirit,—when he falls,
His will no longer benevolence no more;
To atone the heart stretched out to relieve;
Dark woman's simple eloquence, that rolled
But to appal the guilty. Yea, the grave
Hath opened that eye, and death's relentless
Frost
Wither'd that wit; but the unfading flame
Which virtue hangs upon its victory's tomb;
The deathless memory of that man whom kings
Call to destruction and tremble; the remembrance
With which the happy spirit contemplates
His well-spent pilgrimages on earth,—
Shall never pass away."

SUZUKI.

No. 330.

Glory.

Discontinues. Oriental Coraelian.

A young and beautiful woman, her head arrayed with stars, seated with dignity in the clouds which overthrew a pyramid—a species of monument which in the remotest times was erected to those who had distinguished themselves by glorious actions. She holds in her right hand a figure of Victory.

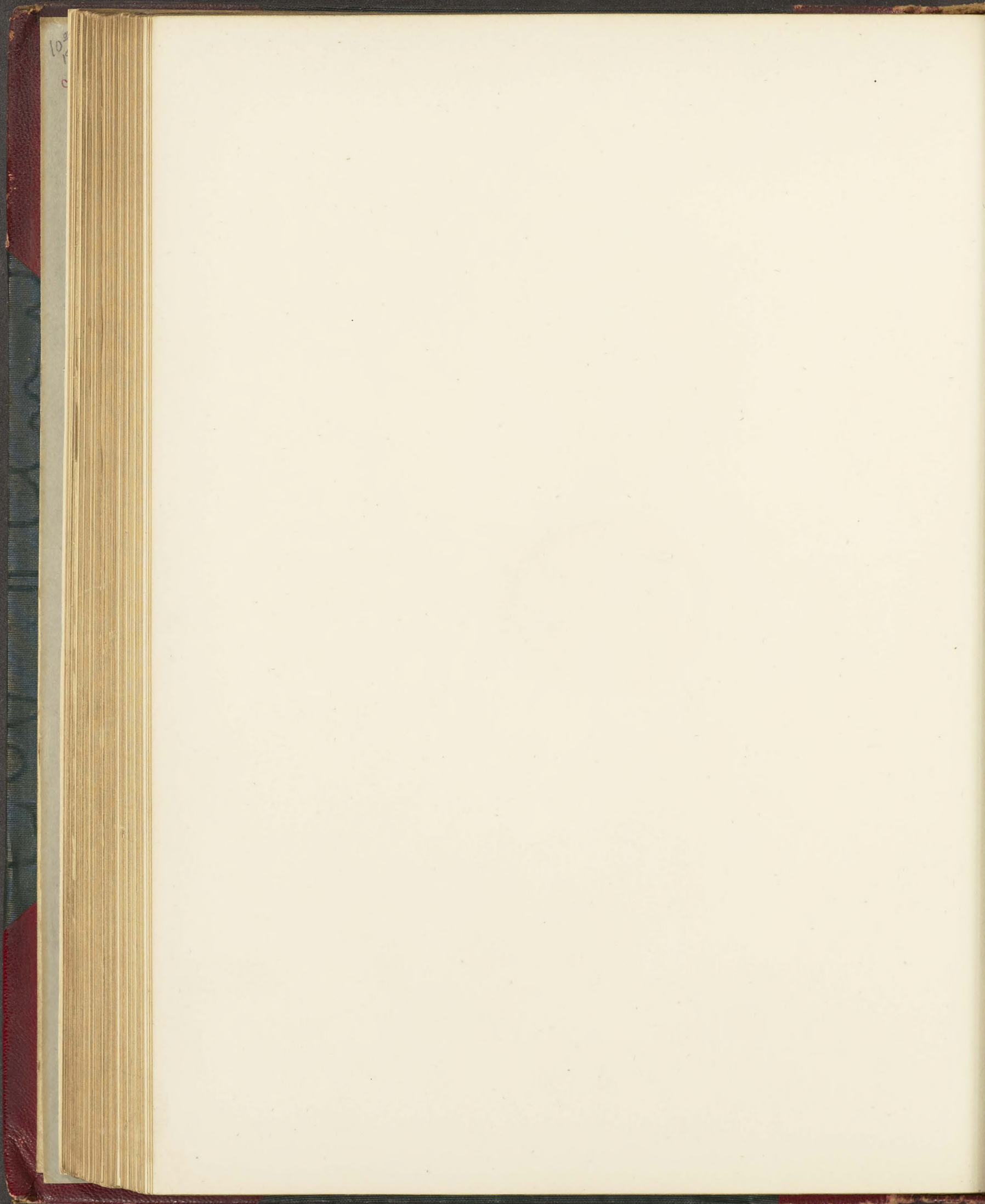
"There, glory sits in all her pomp and state;
Her glories, dignities, preferments flow,
And all that men admire and wish below;
High honors, offices, in still repose,
Right to the throne, and bid the world have peace;
Honor, respect and supreme command attend,
And grace to give them where rewards are due."

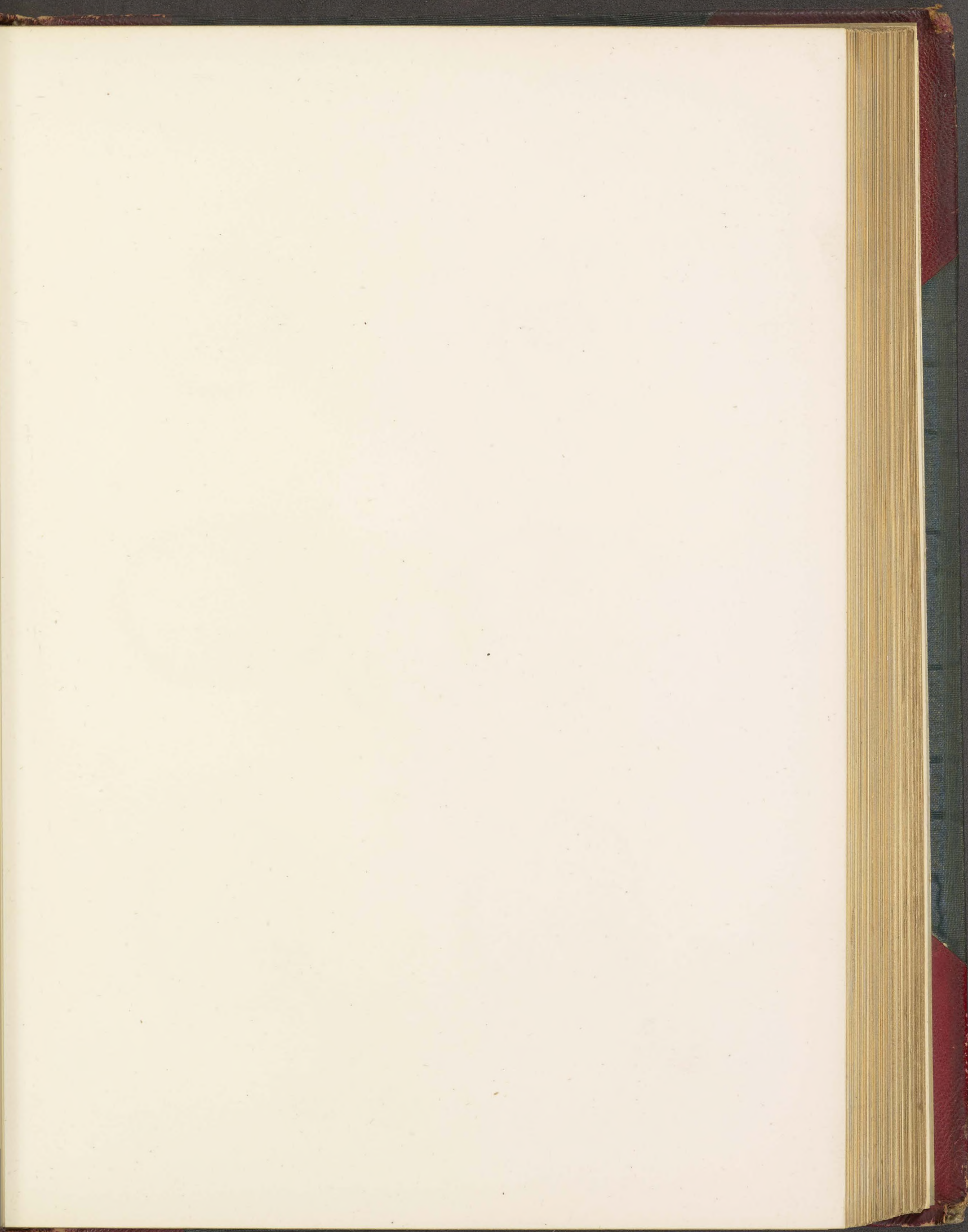
MAVIA, book II.: CASSAN.

"How glad I was a Cyborg slave,
And how much I was a man."



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No. 331.

Fortune on a globe, with her cornucopia.

PYRGOTELES. *Amethyst.*

No. 332.

Fortune, with her attributes.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst.*

No. 333.

Equestrian Victory.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 334.

Victory, in a car drawn by two horses.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 335.

Victory, with her emblems.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"THE GREATEST OF MISFORTUNES NEXT TO A DEFEAT."
WELLINGTON.

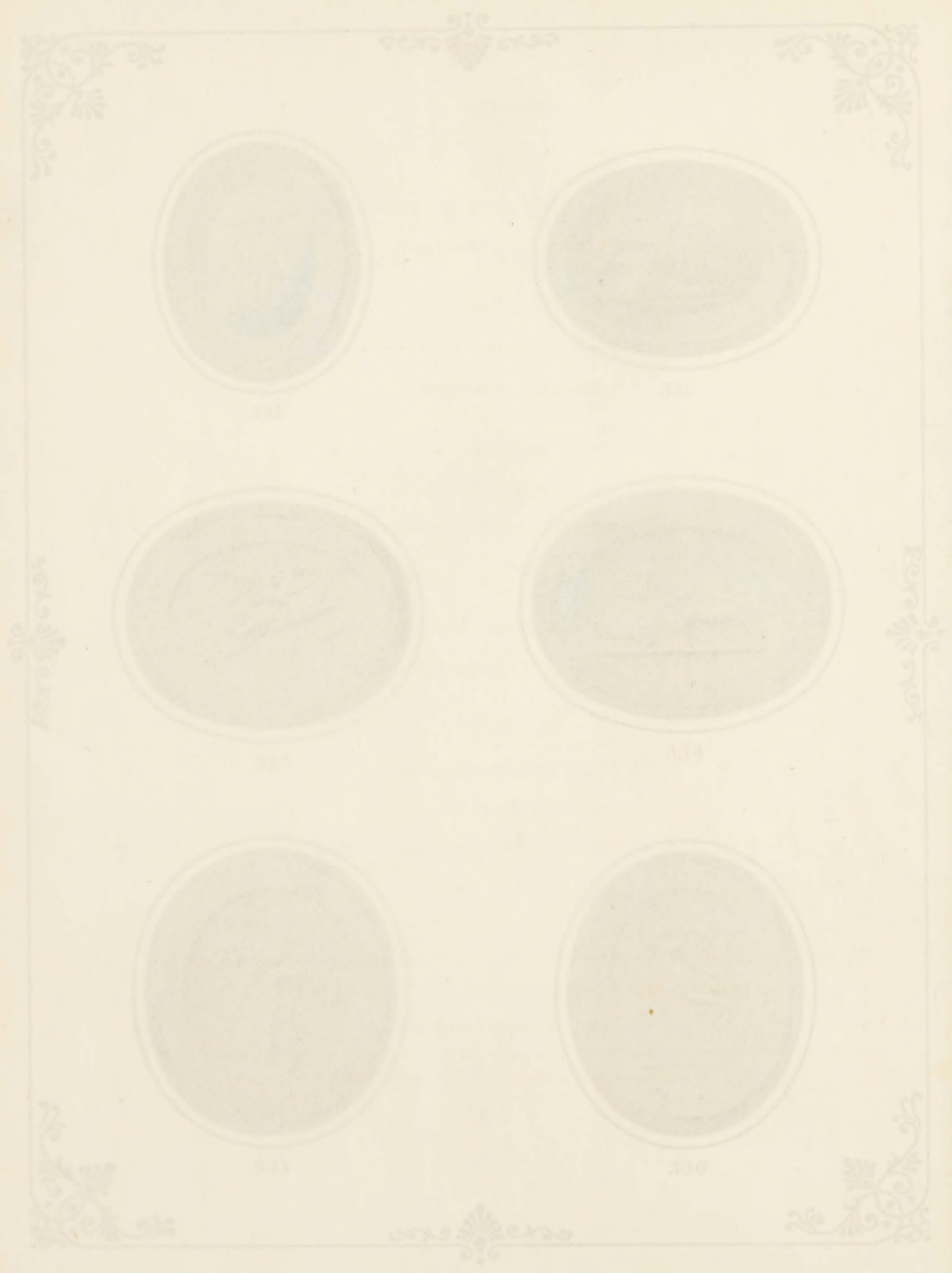
No. 336.

Victory, depicted on the prow of a ship, with the caduceus, the emblem of commerce, and a palm-branch, the emblem of victory.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

* The saying of a true hero, and worth all I can find on the subject in the classics.

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No. 331.

Fortune on a globe, with her cornucopia.

PYRGOTELES. *Amethyst.*

No. 332.

Fortune, with her attributes.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst.*

No. 333.

Equestrian Victory.

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GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

* The saying of a true hero, and worth all I can find on the subject in the classics.

No. 337.

Sleep, reposing on a couched lion.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"O thou best comforter of that sad heart
 Whom fortune's spite assails! come, gentle sleep,
 The weary mourner soothe! for well the art
 Thou know'st, in soft forgetfulness to steep
 The eyes which sorrow taught to watch and weep.
 Let blissful visions now her spirit cheer,
 Or lull her cares to peace in slumbers deep;
 Till from fatigue refreshed and anxious fear,
 Hope like the morning-star again shall re-appear."

TIGHE.

"How wonderful is Death—
 Death and his brother Sleep!
 One pale as yonder roaming moon,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other rosy as the morn,
 When, thron'd on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world:
 Yet both so passing wonderful.

Hath then the gloomy power,
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
 Seiz'd on her sinless soul?
 Must then that peerless form,
 Which love and admiration cannot view
 Without a beating heart—those azure veins,
 Which steal like streams along a field of snow—
 That lovely outline, which is fair
 As breathing marble—perish?
 Must putrefaction's breath
 Leave nothing of this heav'nly sight
 But loathsomeness and ruin—
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
 On which the lightest heart might moralise?

Or is it only a sweet slumber
 Stealing o'er sensation,
 Which the breath of roseate morning
 Chaseth into darkness?
 Will Ianthe wake again,
 And give that faithful bosom joy,
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
 Light, life, and rapture from her smile?

Yes, she will wake again,
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
 And silent those sweet lips,
 Once breathing eloquence
 That might have sooth'd a tiger's rage,
 Or thaw'd the cold heart of a conqueror.
 Her dewy eyes are clos'd,
 And on their lids, whose texture fine
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
 The baby Sleep is pillowed;
 Her golden tresses shade
 The bosom's stainless pride,
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite
 Around a marble column."

SHELLEY.

"Sleep, Death's half-brother, sons of gloomy Night,
 There hold they habitation, Death and Sleep.



No. 337.

Sleep, reposing on a couched lion.

Dionysius. *Oriental Cornelion.*

"O thou best comforter of that sad heart
 Whose fortune's spite sends! come, gentle sleep,
 The weary mourner soothe! for well the art
 Thou know'st, in soft forgetfulness to sleep
 The eyes which sorrow taught to watch and weep.
 Let blissful visions now her spirit cheer,
 Or hush her cares to peace in slumbers deep;
 Till from fatigue refreshed and anxious fear,
 Hope like the morning-star again shall re-appear."

Tennyson.

"How wonderful is Death—
 Death and his brother Sleep!
 One pale as yonder mouldering stone,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other rosy as the morn,
 When dawn'd on ocean's wave
 It blazes o'er the world!
 Yet both so passing wonderful."

Hark then the ghastly woe,
 Whose reign is in the boundless solitude,
 That's on her marble cold!
 Hark then, that ghastly woe,
 Which deep and solemnest cannot view
 Without a feeling which no other value,
 Which still she makes along a hall of stone—
 That heavy burden, which is still
 As breathing north-wind—
 Most punishment's touch
 Leave nothing of this heavy weight
 But in the darkness and cold,
 Spent nothing but a gloomy dream,
 On which the lightest heart might smile!"

Or is it only a sweet slumber
 Stealing o'er sensation,
 Which the breath of rosy morn
 Chaseeth into darkness?
 Will Ianthe wake again,
 And give that faithful bosom joy,
 Whose sleepless spirit vain to catch
 Light, life, and rapture from her smile?

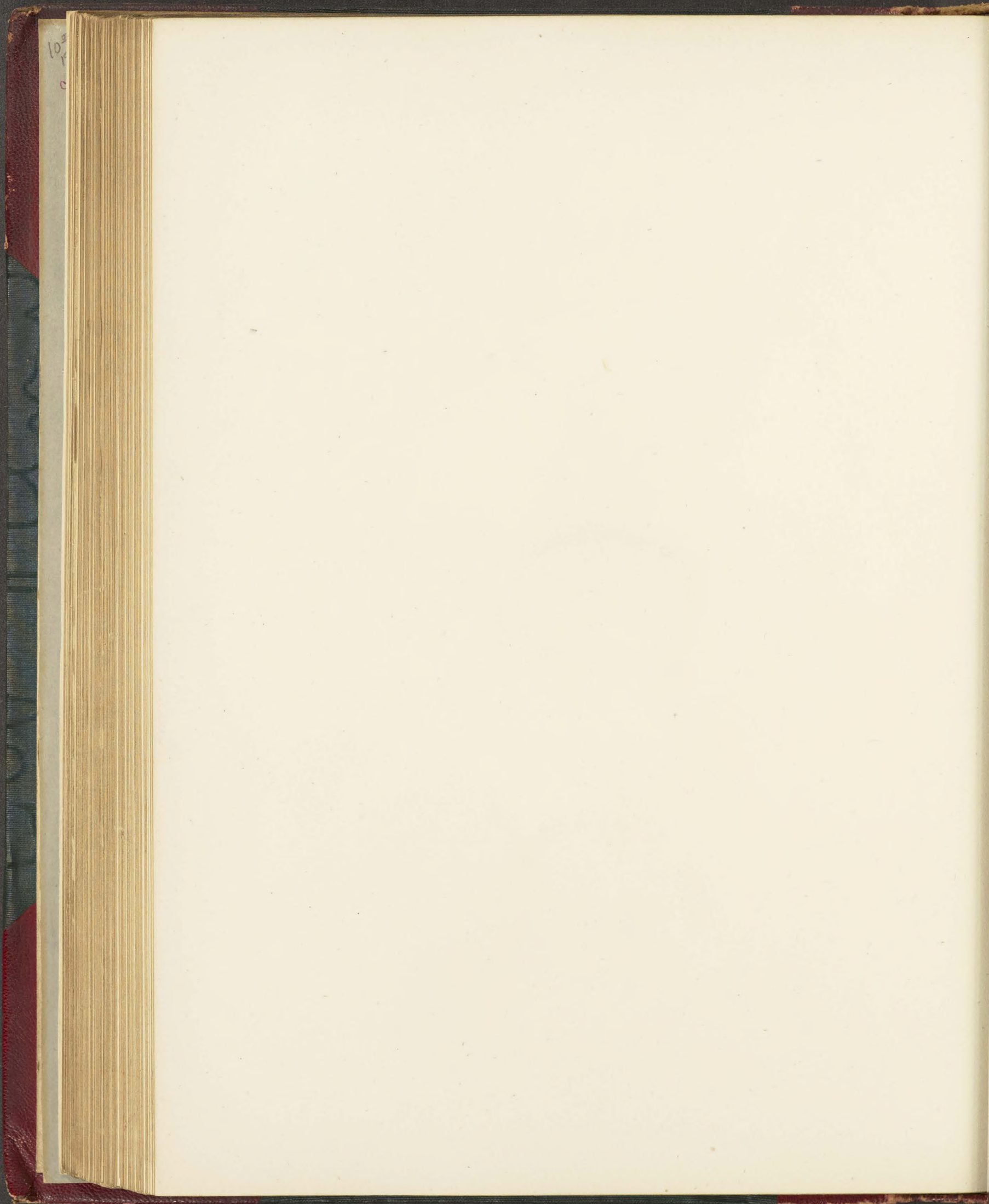
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 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
 And silent those sweet lips,
 Once breathing eloquent
 That might have sooth'd a tiger's rage,
 Or thaw'd the cold heart of a conqueror.
 Her dewy eyes are clos'd,
 And on their lids, whose texture fine
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
 The baby Sleep is pillow'd;
 Her golden tresses shade
 The bosom's stainless pride,
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite
 Around a marble column."

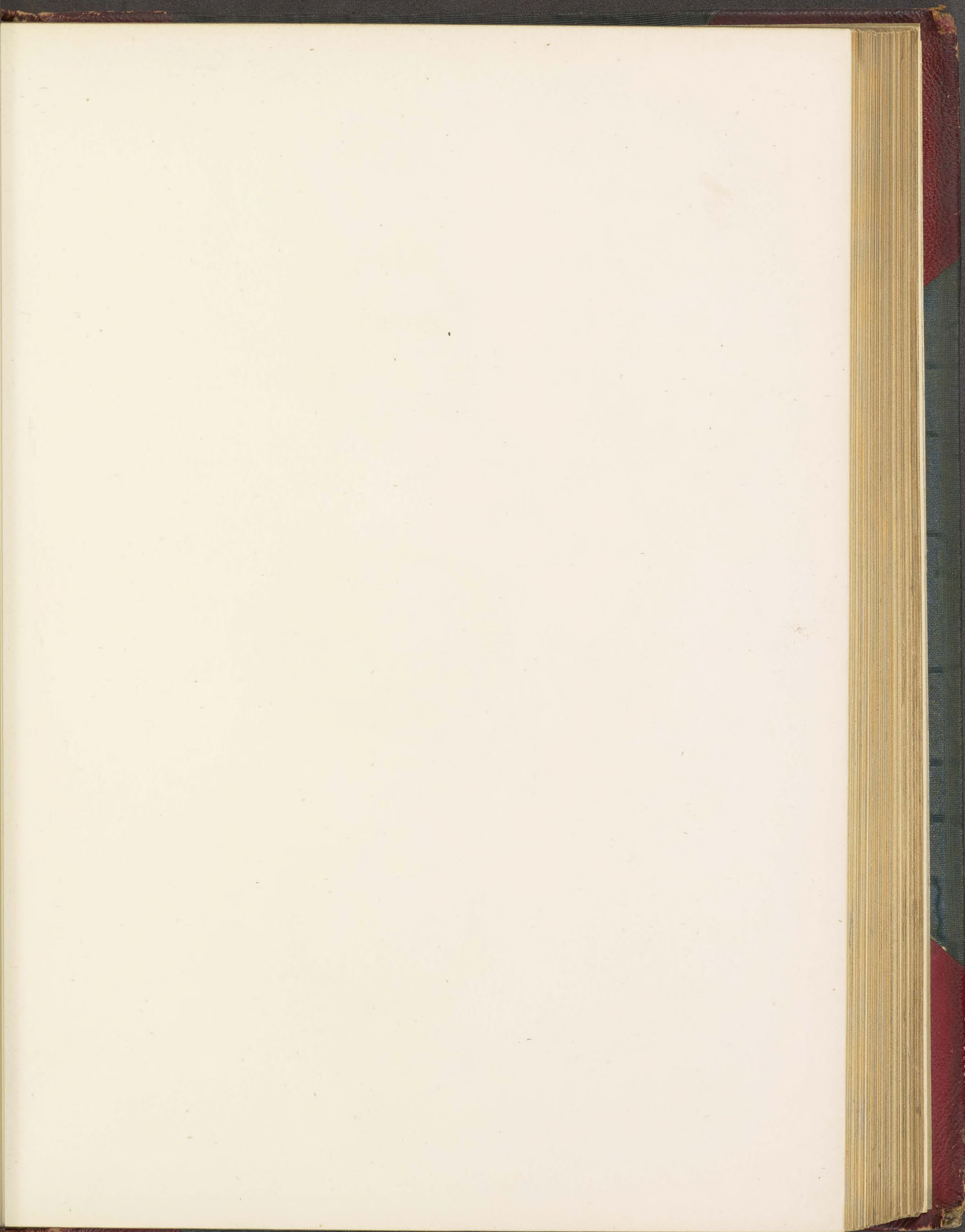
Shelley.

"Sleep, Death—brother, sons of gloomy Night,
 These lead the initiation, Death and Sleep."



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339



340

Dread deities; nor them the shining sun
 E'er with his beam contemplates, when he climbs
 The cope of heaven, or when from heaven descends."

Hesiod.

No. 338.

Head of Charon.

LYCOS. *Cornelian.*

No. 339.

Hercules and Apollo contending for the tripod.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"Favoured by them, Alcides' nervous arm
 Repelled the monarch of the holy wood;
 Nor did the silver bow his heart alarm.
 But fiercely angry Phœbus' rage he eased;
 Nor could stern Pluto's rail his breast dismay,
 Which drives the dying to his dear shades:—
 Rash Muse, desist! nor urge the impious lay;
 Haughty's the wisdom that blasphemes the gods.
 'Tis madness, strength absurdly thus to boast,
 And mortal might compare with heaven's triumphant host."

"Ex eo igitur et Lysito est le Hercules, quare comparatur cum Apolline de tripode acceplaus."

Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. III. c. 16.

No. 340.

Hercules seizing the tripod of the Priestess of Delphi.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules, after the death of Iphitus, whom he had killed by precipitating him from the walls of Thyrtus, repaired to Delphi to consult the oracle; but Xenoclea, the priestess of Apollo, refused to answer him until he had expiated the murder of Iphitus. This so enraged Hercules, that he seized on the tripod, and only restored it at the reiterated entreaties of the priestess. The moment chosen is that in which Hercules is carrying off the tripod, and Xenoclea is persuading him to desist from the sacrilegious attempt.



Dread deities; nor them the shining sun
 E'er with his beam contemplates, when he climbs
 The cope of heaven, or when from heaven descends."

HESIOD.

No. 338.

Head of Charon.

LYCOS. *Cornelian.*

No. 339.

Hercules and Apollo contending for the tripod.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"Favoured by them, Alcides' nervous arm
 Repelled the monarch of the briny flood;
 Nor did the silver bow his heart alarm,
 But firmly angry Phœbus' rage he stood;
 Nor could stern Pluto's rod his breast dismay,
 Which drives the dying to his drear abodes:—
 Rash Muse, desist! nor urge the impious lay;
 Hateful's the wisdom that blasphemes the gods.
 'Tis madness, strength absurdly thus to boast,
 And mortal might compare with heaven's triumphant host."

"Ex eo igitur et Lysito est is Hercules, quem concertasse cum Apolline de tripode accepimus."

CIC. *de Nat. Deor.* lib. iii. c. 16.

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APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules, after the death of Iphitus, whom he had killed by precipitating him from the walls of Tirynthus, repaired to Delphi to consult the oracle; but Xenoclea, the priestess of Apollo, refused to answer him until he had expiated the murder of Iphitus. This so enraged Hercules, that he seized on the tripod, and only restored it at the reiterated entreaties of the priestess. The moment chosen is that in which Hercules is carrying off the tripod, and Xenoclea is persuading him to desist from the sacrilegious attempt.

No. 341.

Hercules carrying off the tripod.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 342.

Amphitryon killing the Mycenæan fox.

GNAIOS. *Amethyst.*

Amphitryon, the son of Alcæus and Hipponome, and grandson of Perseus, was enamoured of Alcmena, daughter of Electryon, king of Mycenæ, and demanded her in marriage of her father. Electryon consented, on condition that he would deliver the kingdom from a savage fox which desolated it.

"Is there on earth a stranger to the man
Who shared the same auspicious nuptial bed
With Jove—Amphytrion born at Argos, sprung
From Perseus' son Alcæus—me, the sire
Of Hercules?"

EURIPIDES, *Her. Dis.*

No. 343.

Alcmena visited by Jupiter, who, to deceive her, assumed the form of Amphitryon.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"O ye, the partners of one nuptial bed,
Happy Amphitryon, sprung from mortal race,
And Jove, who rush'd to the embrace
Of bright Alcmena; for of thee aright,
Though erst, O Jove, I doubted, was it said
Thou didst enjoy that beauteous dame;
With the renown his triumphs claim,
Time through the world displays Alcides' might,
Emerg'd from grisly Pluto's realms abhorr'd,
Who quits the darksome caverns of the earth—
To me a far more welcome lord
Than you, vile tyrant of ignoble birth."

EURIPIDES, *Her. Dis.*



No. 341.

Hercules carrying off the tripod.

Dioscurides. *Oriental Cornelius.*

No. 342.

Amphitryon killing the Mycenaean fox.

GNAIUS. *Amethys.*

Amphitryon, the son of Alceus and Hippocleia, and grandson of Perseus, was enamoured of Alcmene, daughter of Electryon, king of Mycenae, and demanded her in marriage of her father. Electryon consented, on condition that he would deliver the kingdom from a savage fox which desolated it.

"Is there on earth a stranger to the tale
Who chased the savage monster from the hall
With Jove's—Amphitryon's bow? Alas, of old
From Parnassus and Alona—Ida, the vale
Of Heracles?"

Eccirrius, *Her. Dis.*

No. 343.

Alcmene visited by Jupiter, who, to deceive her, assumed the form of Amphitryon.

GNAIUS. *Oriental Sardonius.*

"Thou art the partner of one nuptial bed,
Sleep's daughter, sprung from mortal race,
And thou, who match'd to the celestial
Whisper, Alcmene, for of thee I write,
Though not, O Jove, I doubted, was it said
That of thy joys that heavenly dance
With the arrows his triumphs crown,
Time through the world displays Alcides' might,
Ere yet from gaily Phoebe's realm abhor'd,
Who rules the darkness corners of the earth—
Thou art the same without a bed
Thou yet, the temple of thy life's birth."

Eccirrius, *Her. Dis.*



341



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343

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344

No. 344.

The birth of Hercules.

Dioscorides. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Alcmena, in labour with Hercules, was an object of Juno's hatred; and to prevent her being brought to bed, she sent Lucina, disguised as an old woman, to her house. Hercules would not have been born, had it not been for Gelanthia, one of Alcmena's slaves, who, suspecting something wrong from seeing Lucina seated during seven successive days on an altar with her legs and arms crossed, ran to her suddenly, bidding her to rejoice at the happy termination of her mistress's sorrows. Lucina, taken by surprise, uncrossed her legs and arms, and Alcmena gave birth to Hercules.

"For when Alcmena's nine long months were
run,
And Jove expected his immortal son,
To gods and goddesses th' unruly joy
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Satan's ask'd no oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd doubtless on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, suspicious of the fraud,
Proclaim'd those solemn words that bind a god.
The joyful goddess from Olympus' height
Swift to Achaean Argos bent her flight:
Scarcely seven moons gone lay Etheneus's wife,
She press'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
And stop the babe, just issuing in the day.

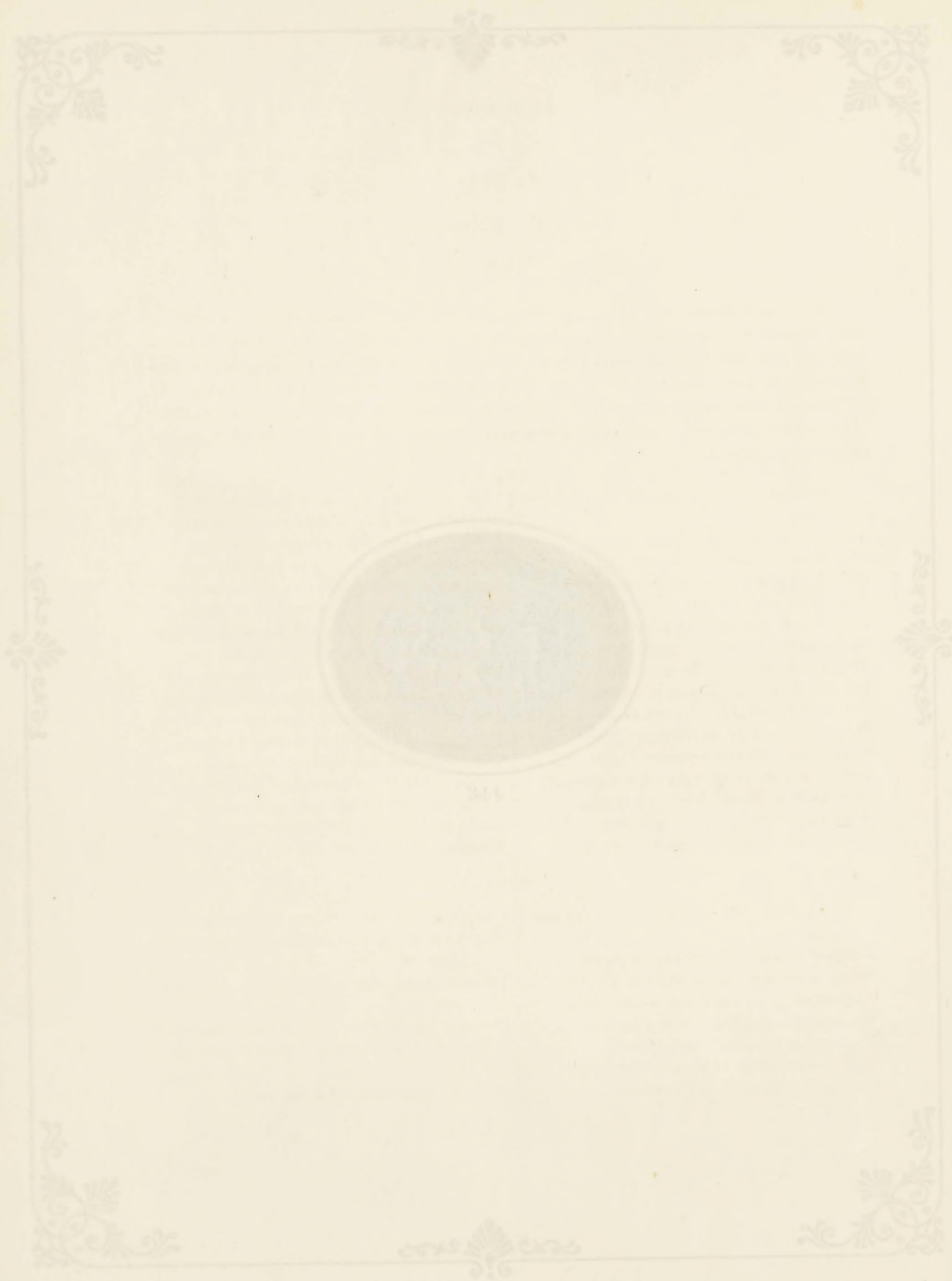
Then late Etheneus hear his oath is said:
'A youth,' said she, 'of Jove's immortal kind
Is this day born; from Etheneus he springs,
And claims thy promise to be king of kings.'
Grief seiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd:
Stung to the soul, he swore 'I and he fight;
From his embosom'd breast, where press'd she sat,
He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate,
The dread, th' irreconcilable oath he swore,
Th' immortal oath should ne'er behold her name;
And whist' her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the sunny heavens:
Thence on the father would the fury fall,
Giddy'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the god his son's hard tolls human'd,
Curs'd the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.
Even thus, like Jove himself, was I misled."

H. xix.

"Seven days and nights, amidst incessant
throes,
Fatigued with ill I lay, nor knew repose;
When, lifting high my hands, in shrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.
She came, but prejudic'd to give my fate
A sacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
She hears the groaning anguish of my fits,
And on the altar at my door she sits.

O'er her left knee her crossing leg she cast,
Then knits her fingers close, and wrings them
fast.
This stay'd the birth: in muttering verse she
pray'd,
The muttering verse th' unfinish'd birth delay'd.
Now with fierce struggles, raging with my
pain,
At Jove's ingratitude I rove in vain.

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No. 344.

The birth of Hercules.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Alcmena, in labour with Hercules, was an object of Juno's hatred; and to prevent her being brought to bed, she sent Lucina, disguised as an old woman, to her house. Hercules would not have been born, had it not been for Galanthis, one of Alcmena's slaves, who, suspecting something wrong from seeing Lucina seated during seven successive days on an altar with her legs and arms crossed, ran to her suddenly, bidding her to rejoice at the happy termination of her mistress's sorrows. Lucina, taken by surprise, uncrossed her legs and arms, and Alcmena gave birth to Hercules.

"For when Alcmena's nine long months were
run,
And Jove expected his immortal son,
To gods and goddesses th' unruly joy
He shew'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, unsuspecting of the fraud,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a god.
The joyful goddess from Olympus' height
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight:
Scarce seven moons gone lay Sthenelus's wife,
She push'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.

Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
'A youth,' said she, 'of Jove's immortal kind
Is this day born; from Sthenelus he springs,
And claims thy promise to be king of kings.'
Grief seiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd:
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd and he rag'd.
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sate,
He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the starry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the fury fell,
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the god his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.
E'en thus, like Jove himself, was I misled."

II. xix.

"Sev'n days and nights, amidst incessant
throes,
Fatigued with ills I lay, nor knew repose;
When, lifting high my hands, in shrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.
She came, but prejudic'd to give my fate
A sacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
She hears the groaning anguish of my fits,
And on the altar at my door she sits.

O'er her left knee her crossing leg she cast,
Then knits her fingers close, and wrings them
fast.
This stay'd the birth: in mutt'ring verse she
pray'd,
The mutt'ring verse th' unfinish'd birth delay'd.
Now with fierce struggles, raging with my
pain,
At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.

How did I wish for death! such groans I sent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.

Now the Cadmeian matrons round me press,
Offer their vows, and seek to bring redress;
Among the Theban dames Galanthis stands,
Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and just to my com-
mands:

She first perceiv'd that all these racking woes
From the persisting hate of Juno rose.
As here and there she pass'd, by chance she sees
The seated goddess; on her close-press'd knees

Her fast-knit hands she leans. With cheerful
voice

Galanthis cries, ' Whoe'er thou art, rejoice!
Congratulate the dame, she lies at rest—
At length the gods Almena's womb have blest.'
Swift from her seat the startled goddess springs,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad she flings;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs re-
liev'd,

Galanthis' laughter vex'd the pow'r deceiv'd."

OVID.

No. 345.

Hercules, in presence of Amphitryon and the infant Iphicles, strangling the
serpents which Juno had sent to destroy him in his cradle.

APOLLONIDES. *Calcedony, partaking of Sapphire.*

" Wash'd with pure water, and with milk well
fed,

To pleasing rest her sons Almena led;
Alcides ten months old, yet arm'd with might,
And twin Iphiclus, younger by a night.
On a broad shield of fine brass metal made,
The careful queen her royal offspring laid
(The shield from Pterilus Amphitryon won
In fight—a noble cradle for his son!)
Fondly the babes she view'd, and on each head
She plac'd her tender hands, and thus she said:
' Sleep, gentle babes, and sweetly take your
rest;

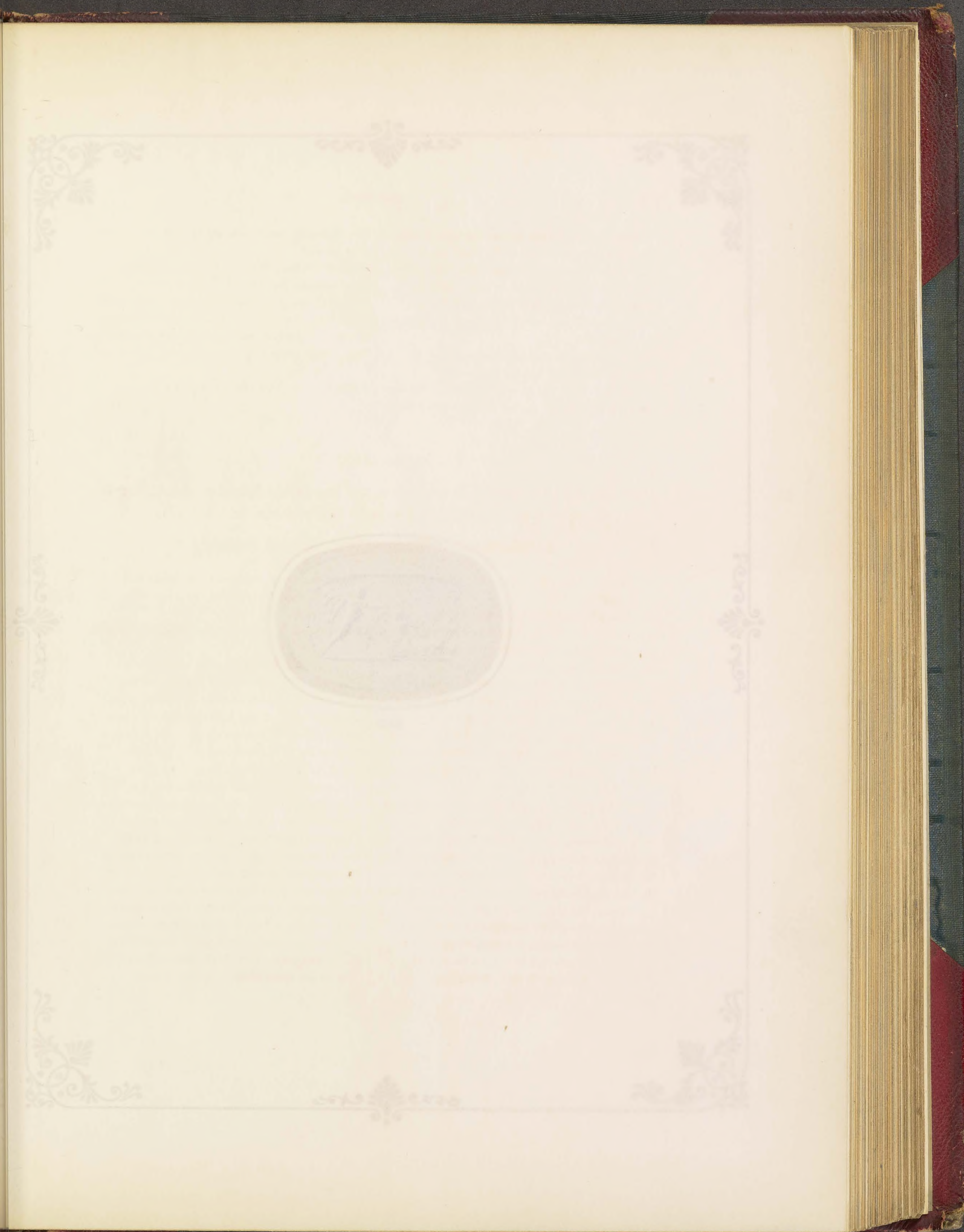
Sleep, dearest twins, with softest slumbers blest:
Securely pass the tedious night away,
And rise refresh'd with the fair rising day.'
She spoke, and gently rock'd the mighty shield;
Obsequious slumbers soon their eyelids seal'd.
But when at midnight sunk the bright-ey'd Bear,
And broad Orion's shoulder 'gan appear,
Stern Juno, urg'd by unrelenting hate,
Sent two fell serpents to Amphitryon's gate,
Charg'd with severe commission to destroy
The young Alcides, Jove-begotten boy.

Horrid and huge, with many an azure fold,
Fierce through the portal's opening valves they
roll'd;

Then on their bellies prone, high swoln with
gore,

They glided smooth along the marble floor;
Their fiery eye-balls darted sanguine flame,
And from their jaws destructive poison came.
Almena's sons, when near the serpents prest,
Darting their forked tongues, awoke from rest;
All o'er the chamber shone a sudden light,
For all is clear to Jove's discerning sight.

When on the shield his foes Iphiclus saw,
And their dire fangs that arm'd each horrid jaw,
Aghast he rais'd his voice with bitter cry,
Threw off the covering, and prepar'd to fly.
But Hercules stretch'd out his hands to clasp
The scaly monsters in his iron grasp;
Fast in each hand the venom'd jaws he prest
Of the curst serpents, which e'en gods detest.
Their circling spires, in many a dreadful fold,
Around the slow-begotten babe they roll'd;
The babe unwean'd, yet ignorant of fear,
Who never utter'd cry, nor shed a tear:



How did I wish for death! each groan I sent,
As might have made the filly heart relent.

Now the Cadmean matrons round me press,
Offer their vows, and seek to bring distress;
Among the Thracian dames Galanthis swells,
Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and put to my com-
ments:

She first perceiv'd that all these racking woes
From the perishing babe of Iano rose,
As here and there she gaz'd, by chance she sees
The weaned goddess; on her dose-press'd knees

Her fast-halt hands she leans. With cheerful
voice

Zelenitha exclaims, "Whene'er thou art, rejoice!
Congratulations the dame, she lies at rest—
At length the gods Alcmene's womb have blest,
Swift from her sent the startled goddess springs,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad she flings;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pains re-
liev'd,

Galanthis' laughter vex'd the pow'r deceiv'd."
Ovip.

No. 345.

Hercules, in presence of Amphitryon and the infant Iphicles, strangling the
serpents which Juno had sent to destroy him in his cradle.

APOLLONIUS. Calcedony, partaking of Sapphire.

"Wash'd with pure water, and with milk well
fed,

To pleasing rest her son Alcmene led;
Albino ten months old, yet starv'd with night,
And twin Iphicles, younger by a night,
On a broad shield of fine brass bound round,
The mother queen her wean'd offspring bound.
(The shield from Pæon's Amphitryon won,
In fight—a noble trophy for her son.)
Fondly she hush'd the child, and on each head
She plac'd her golden curls, and then she said:
"Sleep, gentle babes, till morning see you
rest;

Sleep, dearest babes, with soft and downy rest;
Separate press the bed's recesses,
And the refresh'd with the sun rising, say,
She weeps, and gently rock'd the wretched child;
Dangerous children soon their eyelids seal'd.
But when at midnight sunk the bright-eyed stars,
And broad Orion's shoulder 'gan appear,
Saw Juno, wroth by unobscuring fate,
Sent two full serpents to Amphitryon's gate,
Charg'd with aveng' her vengeance to destroy
The young Albino, Iano-begotten boy.

Horrid and huge, with many an aureole fold,
Pierce through the postels' opening valves they
roll'd!

Then on their bellies prone, high swell'd with
girth,

They glided smooth along the marble floor;
Their fiery eye-balls darted sanguine flame,
And from their jaws destructive poison came,
Alcmene's sons, when near the serpents prest,
Darting their forked tongues, avoak from rest:
All o'er the chamber shone a sudden light,
For all is clear to Jove's discerning sight.

When on the shield his twin Iphicles saw,
And their dire fangs that arm'd each horrid jaw,
Ligher he roll'd his voice with bitter cry,
Threw off the covering, and prepar'd to fly.
But Hercules stretch'd out his hands to clasp
The wily monsters in his iron grasp;
Fast in each hand the venom'd jaws he prest
Of the rapt serpent, which e'en gods detest.
Their sinning spires, in many a dreadful fold,
Around the dose-begotten babe they roll'd;
The babe unwean'd, yet ignorant of fear,
Who never utter'd cry, nor shed a tear:



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At length their curls they loos'd ; for, rack'd with
pain,

They strove to 'scape the dreadful gripe in vain.
Alcmena first o'erheard the mournful cries,
And to her husband thus : ' Amphytryon, rise !
Distressful fears my boding soul dismay ;
This instant rise, nor for thy sandals stay.
Hark, how for help the young Iphichus calls !
A sudden splendour, lo ! illumines the walls,
Though yet the shades of night obscure the
skies ;

Some dire disaster threats : Amphytryon, rise !'
She spoke ; the prince, obedient to her word,
Rose from the bed, and seiz'd his rich-wrought
sword,

Which on a glittering nail above his head
Hung by the baldric to the cedar bed ;
Then from the radiant sheath, of lotos made,
With ready hand he drew the shining blade :
Instant the light withdrew, and sudden gloom
Involv'd again the wide-extended room.
Amphytryon call'd his train, that slumbering
lay,

And slept secure the careless hours away :
' Rise, rise, my servants, from your couches
straight,

Bring lights this instant, and unbar the gate.'
He spoke ; the train, obedient to command,
Appear'd with each a flambeau in his hand :
Rapt with amaze, young Hercules they saw
Grasp two fell serpents close beneath the jaw.
The mighty infant shew'd them to his sire,
And smil'd to see the wreathing snakes expire ;
He leapt for joy that thus his foes he slew,
And at his father's feet the scaly monsters threw.
With tender care Alcmena fondly prest,
Half-dead with fear, Iphichus to her breast ;
While o'er his mighty son Amphytryon spread
The lamb's soft fleece, and sought again his bed.

When thrice the cock pronounc'd the morning
near,

Alcmena call'd the truth-proclaiming seer,
Divine Tiresias ; and to him she told
This strange event, and urg'd him to unfold

Whate'er the adverse deities ordain.

' Fear not,' she cried, ' but fate's whole will ex-
plain,

For well thou know'st, O venerable seer !
Those ills which fate determines, man must bear.'
She spoke ; the holy augur thus replied :

' Hail, mighty queen, to Perseus near allied—
Parent of godlike chiefs ! by these dear eyes,
Which never more shall view the morning rise,
Full many Grecian maids for charms renown'd,
While merrily they twirl the spindle round,
Till day's decline thy praises shall proclaim,
And Grecian matrons celebrate thy fame.
So great, so noble will thy offspring prove,
The most gigantic of the gods above ;
Whose arm, endow'd with more than mortal
sway,

Shall many men and many monsters slay.
Twelve labours past, he shall to heav'n aspire,
His mortal part first purified by fire ;
And son-in-law be nam'd of that dread power
Who sent these deadly serpents to devour
The slumbering child : then wolves shall rove the
lawns,

And strike no terror in the pasturing fawns.
But, O great queen ! be this thy instant care,
On the broad hearth dry faggots to prepare ;
Aspalathus or prickly brambles bind,
Or the tall thorn that trembles in the wind ;
And at dark midnight burn (what time they came
To slay thy son) the serpents in the flame.
Next morn, collected by thy faithful maid,
Be all the ashes to the flood convey'd,
And blown on rough rocks by the favouring
wind :

Thence let her fly, but cast no look behind.
Next with pure sulphur purge the house, and
bring

The purest water from the freshest spring ;
This mix'd with salt, and with green olive
crown'd,

Will cleanse the late contaminated ground.
Last, let a boar on Jove's high altar bleed,
That ye in all achievements may succeed.'

Thus spoke Tiresias, bending low with age,
 And to his ivory car retir'd the reverend sage.
 Alcides grew beneath his mother's care,
 Like some young plant, luxuriant, fresh, and fair,
 That screen'd from storms defies the baleful blast,
 And for Amphitryon's valiant son he past.
 Linus, who claim'd Apollo for his sire,
 With love of letters did his youth inspire ;
 And strove his great ideas to enlarge,
 A friendly tutor, faithful to his charge.
 From Eurytus his skill in shooting came,
 To send the shaft unerring of its aim ;
 Eumolpus tun'd his manly voice to sing,
 And call sweet music from the speaking string ;
 In listed fields to wrestle with his foe,
 With iron arm to deal the deathful blow,
 And each achievement where fair fame is fought,
 Harpalycus, the son of Hermes, taught,
 Whose look so grim and terrible in fight,
 No man could bear the formidable sight.
 But fond Amphitryon, with a father's care,
 To drive the chariot taught his godlike heir ;
 At the sharp turn with rapid wheels to roll,
 Nor break the grazing axle on the goal.
 On Argive plains, for generous steeds renown'd,

Oft was the chief with race-won honours crown'd ;
 And still unbroke his ancient chariot lay,
 Though cankering time had eat the reins away.
 To launch the spear, to rush upon the foe,
 Beneath the shield to shun the falchion's blow,
 To marshal hosts, opposing force to force,
 To lay close ambush, and lead on the horse,—
 These Castor taught him, of equestrian fame :
 What time to Argos exil'd Tydeus came,
 Where from Adrastus he high favour gain'd,
 And o'er a kingdom rich in vineyards reign'd,
 No chief like Castor, till consuming time
 Unnerv'd his youth, and cropp'd the golden
 prime.

Thus Hercules, his mother's joy and pride,
 Was train'd up like a warrior ; by the side
 Of his great father's his rough couch was spread,
 A lion's spoils compos'd his grateful bed.
 Roast meat he lov'd at supper to partake,
 The bread he fancied was the Doric cake,
 Enough to satisfy the labouring hind ;
 But still at noon full sparingly he din'd.
 His dress, contriv'd for use, was neat and plain ;
 His skirts were scanty, for he wore no train."

THEOCRITUS : FAWKES.

" They their blood-gorging bellies on the ground
 Uncoiling rolled ; their eyes shot baleful flame,
 And evermore they spat their poison round :
 But when, quick-brandishing with evil aim
 Their forked tongues, they to the children came,
 They both awoke — (what can escape Jove's
 eye ?) —
 Light in the chamber shone ; and who can
 blame
 Or wonder that Iphiclus did outcry,
 Screaming when he did their remorseless teeth
 outspy ?

He kicked aside the woollen coverlet,
 Struggling to flee ; but Hercules comprest,
 Relaxing not the gripe his hand did get,
 With a firm grasp the head of either pest,
 Where is their poison, which e'en gods detest.

The boy that in the birth was long confin'd,
 Who ne'er was known to cry, though at the
 breast
 A suckling yet, they with their coils entwined ;
 Infolding him they strained their own release to
 find,

Till, wearied in their spines, they loosed their
 fold.

Alcmena heard the noise, and woke in fear :
 ' Amphitryon, up ! for me strange fear doth
 hold :

Up—up ! don't wait for sandals ; don't you
 hear

Iphiclus screaming ? See the walls appear
 Distinctly shining in the dead of night,
 As though 'twere dawn. There is some danger
 near ;

I'm sure there is, dear man!' He then outright
Did leap from off the bed, to hush his wife's affright.

And hastily his costly sword he sought
(Suspended near the cedar-bed it hung),
With one hand raised the sheath of lotus wrought,
While with the other he the belt unswung.
The room was filled with night again; he sprung,
And for his household, breathing slumber deep,
He loudly called; his voice loud echoing rung:

'Ho! from the hearth bring lights! Quick!
do not creep!
Fling wide the doors—awake! This is no time
for sleep.'

They hastened all with lights at his command:
But when they saw (their eyes they well might doubt)
A serpent clutched in either tender hand
Of suckling Hercules, they gave a shout,
And clapped their hands. He instantly held out
The serpents to Amphytrion; and wild
With child-like exultation leaped about,
And laid them at his father's feet and smiled—
Laid down those monsters grim, in sleep of death now mild."

THEOCRITUS.

"Thy early virtues, Chromius, deck'd with praise,
And those first-fruits of Fame, inspire
The Muse to promise for thy future days
A large increase of merit and renown.
So when of old Jove's mighty son,
Worthy his great immortal sire,
Forth from Alcmena's teeming bed
With his twin-brother came,
Safe through life's painful entrance led,
To view the dazzling sun's reviving flame,—
Th' imperial cradle Juno quick survey'd,
Where slept the twins in saffron bands array'd.

Then, glowing with immortal rage,
The gold-enthroned empress of the gods,
Her eager thirst of vengeance to assuage,
Straight to her hated rival's curs'd abode
Bade her vindictive serpents haste.
They through the opening valves with speed
On to the chamber's deep recesses past,
To perpetrate their murderous deed.
And now in knotty mazes to enfold
Their destin'd prey, on curling spires they roll'd,
His dauntless brow when young Alcides rear'd,
And for their first attempt his infant arms prepar'd.

Fast by the azure necks he held
And grip'd in either hand his scaly foes;
Till from their horrid carcasses expell'd,
At length the poisonous soul unwilling flows.
Meantime intolerable dread
Congeal'd each female's curdling blood;
All who, attendant on the genial bed,
Around the languid mother stood.
She with distracting fear and anguish stung,
Forth from her sickly couch impatient sprung;
Her cumb'rous robe regardless off she threw,
And to protect her child with fondest ardour flew.

But with her shrill, distressful cries alarm'd,
In rush'd each bold Cadmean lord,
In brass refulgent, as to battle arm'd;
With them Amphytrion, whose tumultuous breast
A crowd of various cares infest;
High brandishing his gleaming sword,
With eager, anxious step he came:
A wound so near his heart
Shook with dismay his inmost frame,
And rous'd the active spirits in every part.
To our own sorrows serious heed we give,
But for another's woe soon cease to grieve.

Amaz'd the trembling father stood,
While doubtful pleasure, mix'd with wild sur-
prise,
Drove from his troubled heart the vital flood ;
His son's stupendous deed with wond'ring eyes
He view'd, and how the gracious will
Of Heav'n to joy had chang'd his fear,
And falsified the messengers of ill.
Then straight he calls th' unerring seer,
Divine Tiresias, whose prophetic tongue
Jove's sacred mandates from the tripod sung ;
Who then to all th' attentive throng explain'd
What fate th' immortal gods for Hercules or-
dain'd.

What fell despoilers of the land,
The prophet told, what monsters of the main,
Should feel the vengeance of his righteous
hand :
What savage, proud, pernicious tyrant slain,
To Hercules should bow his head ;
Hurl'd from his arbitrary throne,

Whose glitt'ring pomp his curs'd ambition fed,
And made indignant nations groan.
Last, when the giant sons of earth shall dare
To wage against the gods rebellious war,
Pierc'd by his rapid shafts on Phlegra's plain,
With dust their radiant locks the haughty foe
shall stain.

Then shall his generous toils for ever cease,
With fame with endless life repaid,
With pure tranquillity, and heavenly peace.
Then led in triumph to his starry dome,
To grace his spousal bed shall come,
In beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
Immortal Hebe, ever young.
In Jove's august abodes
Then shall he hear the bridal song ;
Then, in the blest society of gods,
The nuptial banquet share ; and, rapt in praise
And wonder, round the glittering mansion
gaze."

PINDAR: WEST'S *Trans.*

No. 346.

The same subject.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 347.

Juno, yielding to the entreaties of Pallas, nourishes with her milk the
infant Hercules in presence of Jupiter.

POLYCLETES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"With thee (*i. e.* Theseus) shall come the lion-whelp, who drew
The milky globes which swell on Juno's breast."

LYCO.: VISCOUNT ROYSTON'S *Trans.*



Amaz'd the trembling father stand,
While doubtful pleasure, mix'd with wild ac-
cuse,
Drove from his trembling heart the vital blood;
His son's stupor lost, deaf with wailing eyes
He view'd, and knew the gracious will
Of Heav'n to joy had chang'd his fear,
And blest the messenger of ill.

Then straight he calls th' mourning crew,
Hilvius Timon, whose prophetic tongue
Jove's sacred mysteries than the tripod sang;
Who then to all the wondering throng explain'd
What fate th' immortal gods by Hercules or-
dain'd.

What fell despoilers of the land,
The prophet told, what monsters of the east,
Should feel the vengeance of his righteous
hand:

What savage, proud, pernicious tyrant stole,
To Hercules should bow his head;
Hast'd from his arbitrary throne,

Where gl'ring pomp his cur'd ambition fed,
And made indignant nations groan.
Last, when the giant sons of earth shall dare
To wage against the gods rebellious war,
Plac'd by his rapid shafts on Pilegus's plain,
With dust their radiant locks the laughing de-
ity shall stain.

Then shall his generous toils for ever cease,
With fame with endless life reward,
With pure tranquillity, and heavenly peace.
Then led in triumph to his starry dome,
To grace his spousal bed shall come,
In beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
Immortal Hebe, ever young.

In Jove's august abode
Then shall he hear the bridal song;
Then, in the bliss society of gods,
The nuptial banquet share; and, rapt in praise
And wonder, round the glittering mansion
gaze."

FIGURA: WERT'S TRON.

No. 346.

The same subject.

FIGURA: *Oriental Cornelium.*

No. 347.

Juno, yielding to the entreaties of Pallas, nourishes with her milk the
infant Hercules in presence of Jupiter.

FIGURA: *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"With thee (O Juno) shall come the lion-whelp, who drew
The milky glass which suck'd on Juno's breast."

LYON: VISCOUNT ROYSTER'S TRON.

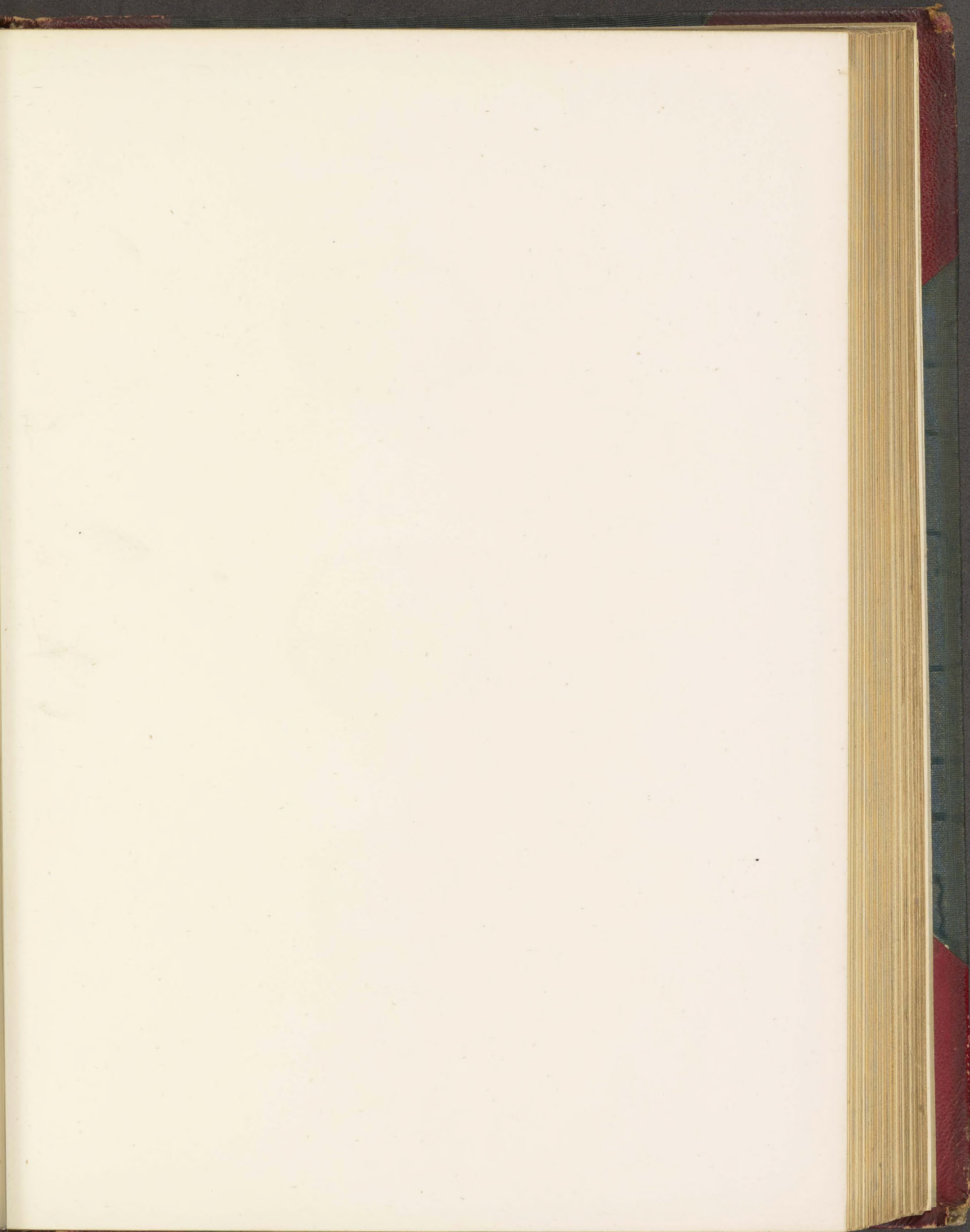


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No. 348.

Hereules sucking the milk too greedily, some drops fell, and thence sprang
the *via lactea*, or milky way, so celebrated among the poets.

CHRONIOS. *Oriental Correllian.*

"Not with inquiring eyes need we survey
The distant skies to find the milky way.
By all it must be seen; for ev'ry night
It freely intrudes upon the sight,
And will be mark'd: there shining streaks adorn
The skies, as opening to let forth the morn;
Or as a beaten path, that spreads between
A verdant meadow and divides the green;

Or as when seas are flogg'd, behold the ship
White foam rolls o'er the surface of the deep,
In heav'n's dark arch this way distinguish'd lies,
And with its brightness parts the azure skies,
Faint says (now shall with me the fable die),
That Jove's breast, o'rflo'wing, stain'd the sky,
And left that whiteness, whence it justly draws
The name of milky from the milky cause."

MARIN. book I. CARMEN.

No. 349.

The herald of Eurystheus delivering the orders to Hercules to perform the
twelve great labours.

APOLLONIUS. *Oriental Correllian.*

Iphicles, the son of Amphitryon and Alceus, king of Argos and Mycenae, was born
before Hercules, and was jealous of his reputation; and fearing that he might at some time be
defeated by this hero, he commanded him to execute twelve of the most difficult and danger-
ous enterprises he could devise, in the persuasion that he must fall a victim.

No. 350.

Eurystheus imposing on Hercules the twelve labours.

APOLLONIUS. *Oriental Amethyst.*

"Coul'st thou, detested wretch! at length bath
Justice
O'erthrown thee? First, bither turn thy head,
And dare to face thine enemies; for, dwindle
Into a reed, thou no longer rul'st.
Art thou the man (for I would know the truth)
Who did'st presume to keep thine under'd wrongs,
Thou author of all mischief, on my son

While yet he lived, wherever men would
His dearest spirit? For in what one instance
Didst thou not injure him? At thy command,
Alas he travell'd to th' infernal shades;
Thou sell'st, and did'st commission him to slay
Hippolytus and Iphigeneia. Various other mischief
Which were by thee contriv'd, I number not—
Nor so attempt to speak of them at large."

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No. 348.

Hercules sucking the milk too greedily, some drops fell, and thence sprung the *via lactea*, or milky way, so celebrated among the poets.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

“Nor with inquiring eyes need we survey
The distant skies to find the milky way.
By all it must be seen; for ev’ry night
It forcibly intrudes upon the sight,
And will be mark’d: there shining streaks adorn
The skies, as op’ning to let forth the morn;
Or as a beaten path, that spreads between
A trodden meadow and divides the green;

Or as when seas are plough’d, behind the ship
White foam rolls o’er the surface of the deep,
In heav’n’s dark arch this way distinguish’d lies,
And with its brightness parts the azure skies.
Fame says (nor shall with me the fable die),
That Juno’s breast, o’erflowing, stain’d the sky,
And left that whiteness; whence it justly draws
The name of milky from the milky cause.”

MANIL. book i.: CREECH.

No. 349.

The herald of Eurystheus delivering the orders to Hercules to perform the twelve great labours.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Iphicles, the son of Amphytrion and Alcmena, king of Argos and Mycenæ, was born before Hercules, and was jealous of his reputation; and fearing that he might at some time be dethroned by this hero, he commanded him to execute twelve of the most difficult and dangerous enterprises he could devise, in the persuasion that he must fall a victim.

No. 350.

Eurystheus imposing on Hercules the twelve labours.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Amethyst.*

“Com’st thou, detested wretch? at length hath
justice
O’ertaken thee? First, hither turn thy head,
And dare to face thine enemies; for, dwindled
Into a vassal, thou no longer rul’st.
Art thou the man (for I would know the truth)
Who did’st presume to heap unnumber’d wrongs,
Thou author of all mischief, on my son

While yet he lived, wherever now resides
His dauntless spirit? For in what one instance
Didst thou not injure him? At thy command,
Alive he travell’d to th’ infernal shades;
Thou sent’st, and did commission him to slay
Hydras and lions. Various other mischiefs
Which were by thee contriv’d, I mention not—
For an attempt to speak of them at large

Would be full tedious. Nor was it enough
For thee to venture on these wrongs alone:
But thou, moreover, from each Grecian state,
Me and these children hast expell'd, though
 seated
As suppliants at the altars of the gods,
Confounding those whose locks are grey through
 age

With tender infants. But thou here hast found
Those who were men indeed, and a free city
Which fear'd thee not. Thou wretchedly shalt
perish,
And pay this bitter usury to atone
For all thy crimes, whose number is so great,
That it were just thou more than once shouldst
die."

EURIPIDES, *Ch. Hen.*: WOODHULL.

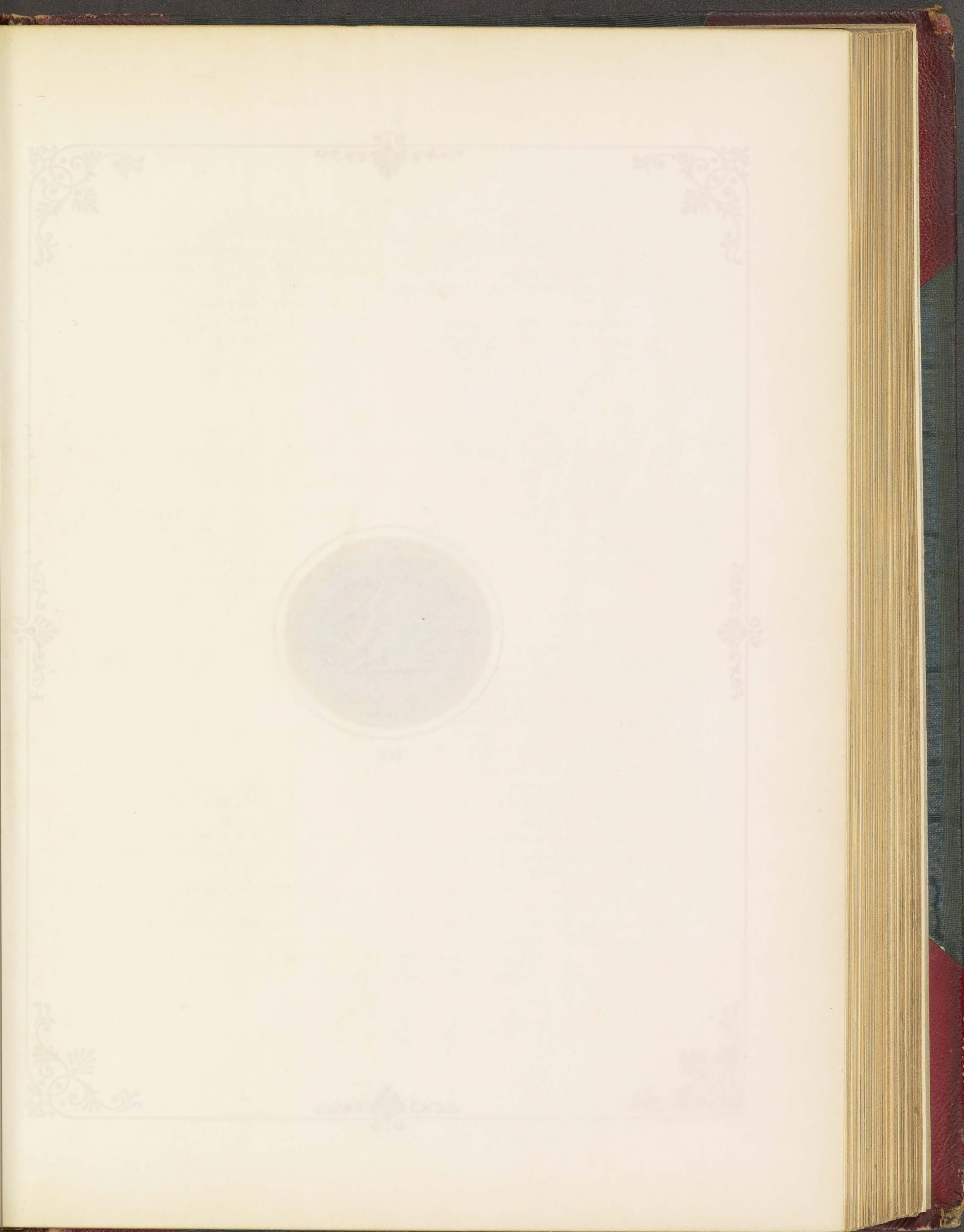
No. 351.

The first great exploit of Hercules, the victory over the Nemean lion.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"Son of Aegeus, what of me you heard
 Is strictly true, nor has the stranger err'd.
 But since you wish to know, my tongue shall tell
 From whence the monster came, and how he fell.
 Though many Greeks have mention'd this affair,
 None can the truth with certainty declare.
 'Tis thought some god, by vengeful anger sway'd,
 Sent this sore plague for sacrifice unpaid,
 To punish the Phoronians : like a flood
 He deluged the Pisean fields with blood.
 The Bembinaeans, miserable men,
 Felt his chief rage, the neighbours to his den.
 The hardy task this hideous beast to kill
 Eurystheus first enjoin'd me to fulfil,
 But hop'd me slain. On the bold conflict bent,
 Arm'd to the field with bow and darts I went ;
 A solid club, of rude wild-olive made,
 Rough in his rugged rind, my right hand sway'd :
 On Helicon's fair hill the tree I found,
 And with the roots I wrench'd it from the ground.
 When the close covert I approach'd, where lay
 The lordly lion lurking for his prey,
 I bent my bow, firm fix'd the string, and straight
 Notch'd on the nerve the messenger of fate ;
 Then circumspect I pry'd with curious eye,
 First, unobserv'd, the ravenous beast to spy.
 Now mid-day reign'd ; I neither could explore
 His paw's broad print, nor hear his hideous roar :

Nor labouring rustic find, nor shepherd swain,
Nor cowerd tending cattle on the plain,
To point the lion's lair. Fear chill'd them all,
And kept the herds and herdsmen in the stall.
I search'd the groves, and saw my foe at length :
Then was the moment to exert my strength.
Long ere dim evening clos'd he sought his den,
Gorg'd with the flesh of cattle and of men :
With slaughter stain'd his squalid mane appear'd,
Stern was his face, his chest with blood be-
smear'd,
And with his pliant tongue he lick'd his gory
beard.
Mid shady shrubs I hid myself with care,
Expecting he might issue from his lair.
Full at his flank I sent a shaft—in vain,
The harmless shaft rebounded on the plain.
Stunn'd at the shock, from earth the savage
rais'd
His tawny head, and all around him gaz'd ;
Wondering from whence the feather'd vengeance
flew,
He gnash'd his horrid teeth, tremendous to the
view.
Vex'd that the first had unavailing fled,
A second arrow from the nerve I sped ;
In his broad chest, the mansion of his heart,
I launch'd the shaft with ineffectual art :



Would be full tedious. Nor was it enough
For this to venture on their wrongs alone:
But thus, moreover, from each foreign state,
He and these children hast'ning expell'd, though
As supplicants at the altar of the gods,
Confronting those whose looks are grey through
age

With tender infants. But then here hast found
Those who were men indeed, and a free city
Which fear'd thee not. These wretchedly shalt
perish,
And pay this better woe to atone
For all thy crimes, whose number is as great,
That if were just thou more than once shouldst
die."

Eccelesius, Ch. Hes.: WOODSTOCK.

No. 351.

The first great exploit of Hercules, the victory over the Nemean lion.

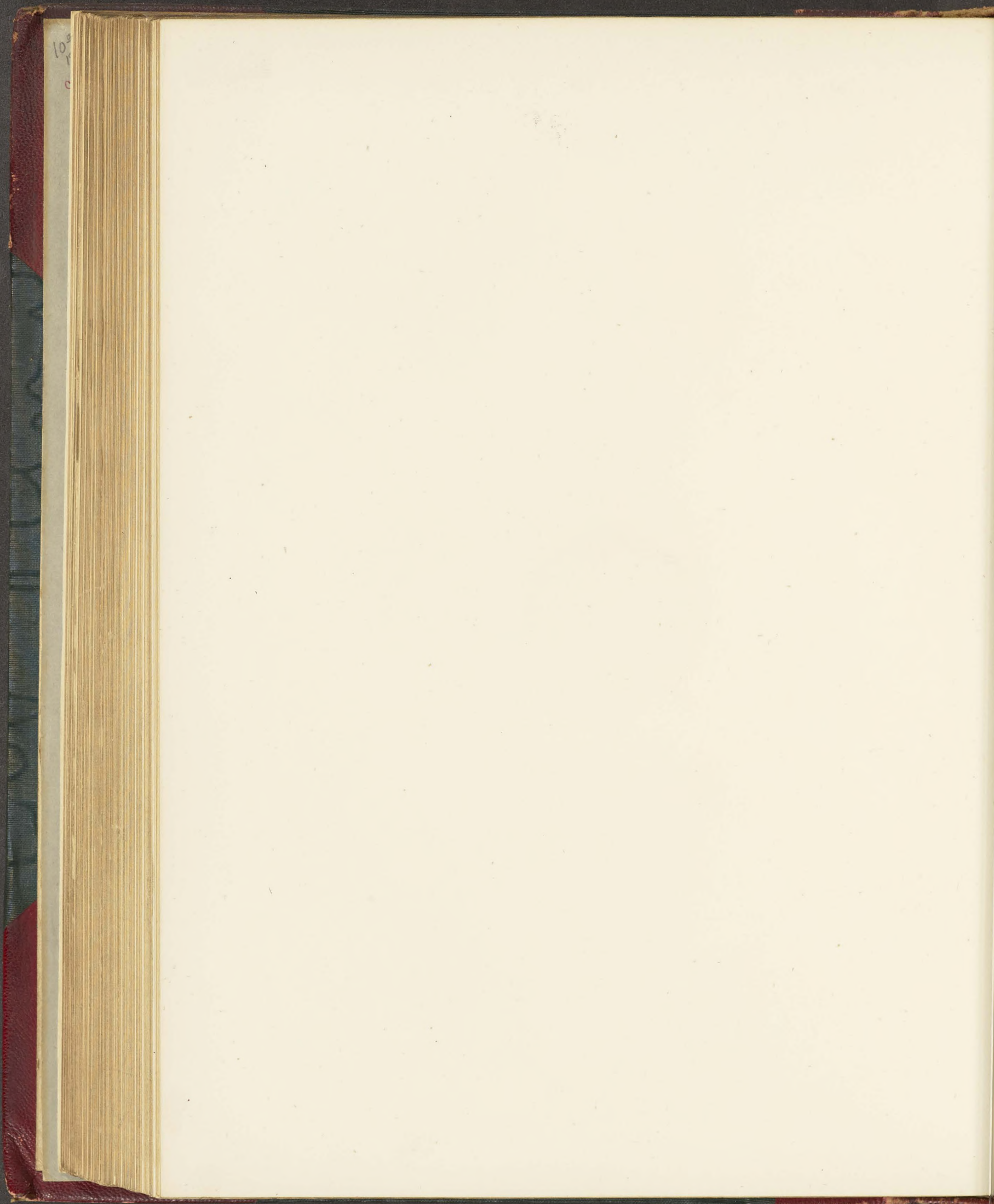
GRÆCOS. Oriental Serlings.

"Son of Angora, what of me you heard
Is strictly true, nor less the stranger err'd.
But since you wish to know, my tongue shall tell
From whence the monster came, and how he fell.
Though many Greeks have mention'd this exploit,
None can the truth with certainty declare.
'Tis thought some god, by vengeance mov'd, sent
This dire new plague for mortals unpaid,
To punish the Phœnicians: like a flood
He delug'd the Phœnians with his blood.
The Boeotians, who were his foes,
Fell his chief rage, the brightest in the den.
The heavy task this hero's heart to tell
Everywhere that might'st see in truth,
But heyl the slain. On the field another host,
Sent to the field with me and mine I went,
A silent crew, of men who'd rather fight
Than speak. We sought the monster's den,
The Phœnians told the place of his den,
And with the noise I went to seek the ground,
When the other went to seek the ground,
The heavy task looking for his prey,
I bent my bow, drew forth the string, and straight
Notch'd on the nerve the windings of his bow,
Then circumspect I spy'd with anxious eye,
First, unobserv'd, the monster's head as yet,
Now mid-day reign'd; I neither could explore
His paw's broad print, nor hear his hoarse roar;

The monster's roar, and, nor shepherd's wail,
Nor peasant's wailing cattle on the plain,
To point the lion's lair. Fear chill'd them all,
And kept the herds and herdsmen in the stall.
I search'd the groves, and saw my lion's length;
Then was the moment to exert my strength.
Long ere dim evening close'd he sought his den,
Gorg'd with the flesh of cattle and of men:
With slaughter stain'd his squalid mane appear'd,
Stern was his face, his chest with blood be-
stain'd,
And with his pliant tongue he lick'd his gory
head.
Mid shady shrubs I hid myself with care,
Expecting he might issue from his lair.
Full at his flank I sent a shaft—in vain,
The harmless shaft rebounded on the plain.
Stunn'd at the shock, from earth the savage
rall'd
His heavy head, and all around him gaw'd;
Wondering from whence the father'd vengeance
came.
He gnaw'd his horrid teeth, tremendous to the
view.
Fell that the first had unravelling God;
A wound arose from the nerve I sped:
To his broad chest, the mansion of his heart,
I launch'd the shaft with ineffectual art:



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His hair, his mane, the feather'd death repel,
 Before his feet is innocently fell.
 Easing'd, once more I tried my bow to draw,
 Then first his foe the furious monster saw.
 He look'd his sturdy sides with stern delight,
 And rising in his rage, prepar'd for fight.
 With instant fire his mane erected grew,
 His hair look'd horrid, of a brindled hue;
 Circling his back, he seem'd in act to bound,
 And like a bow he bent his body round,
 As when the fig-tree skillful wheelers take
 For rolling chariots rapid wheels to make;
 The fallies first, in frow that gently glow,
 Gradual they heat, and like a circle bow;
 Awhile in curves the pliant timber stands,
 Then springs at once elastic from their hands.
 On me thus from afar, his foe to wound,
 Sprang the fell lion with impetuous bound.
 My left hand held my darts direct before,
 Around my breast a thick strong garb I wore;
 My right, clash-guarded, dealt a deadly blow
 Full on the temple of the rushing foe.
 So hard his skull, that with the sturdy stroke,
 My knotted club of rough wild olive broke;
 Yet ere I clos'd, his savage fury fled,
 With trembling legs he stood and nodding head:
 The fearful onset had confus'd his brain,
 Dim vision obscur'd his eyes and agonising pain.

This I perceiv'd; and now, an easy prey,
 I threw my arrows and my bow away,
 And ere the heart recover'd of his wound,
 Seiz'd his thick neck, and press'd him to the
 ground;
 With all my might on his broad back I press'd,
 Lest his fell claws should tear my adverse breast.
 Then mounting, close my legs to his I twin'd,
 And with my foot secur'd his paws behind.
 My thighs I guarded, and with all my strength
 Heav'd him from earth, and held him at arm's
 length;
 And strangled thus, the felliest of the fell,
 His mighty soul descending sunk to hell.
 The conquest gain'd, fresh doubts my mind
 divide,
 How shall I strip the monster's sluggish hide?
 Hard task: for the tough skin repell'd the dint
 Of polished wood, keen steel, or sharpest flint:
 Some god inspir'd me, standing still in pause,
 To lay the lion with the lion's claws—
 This I accomplish'd, and the spoil now yields
 A firm security in fighting-fields.
 Then, Phylas, was the Nemean monster slain,
 The terror of the forest and the plain,
 That flocks and herds deserv'd, and many a
 village weals."

THEOCRITUS, *Idyll*. xxv.

"Of Cadmus fatal; from that direst direst
 Spring the stern ranger of Nemean plains,
 The lion nourish'd by the wife of Jove,
 Perennial lord of Triton's mount to rove;
 Nemea he and Apeas commands,
 Alarms the people, and destroys their lands.
 In Hercules at last a foe he found;
 And from his arm receiv'd a mortal wound."

HECATE.

No. 352.

The same subject.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Caronian*.

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His hair, his hide, the feather'd death repel,
 Before his feet it innocently fell.
 Enrag'd, once more I tried my bow to draw,
 Then first his foe the furious monster saw.
 He lash'd his sturdy sides with stern delight,
 And rising in his rage, prepar'd for fight.
 With instant ire his mane erected grew,
 His hair look'd horrid, of a brindled hue;
 Circling his back, he seem'd in act to bound,
 And like a bow he bent his body round,
 As when the fig-tree skilful wheelers take
 For rolling chariots rapid wheels to make;
 The fellies first, in fires that gently glow,
 Gradual they heat, and like a circle bow;
 Awhile in curves the pliant timber stands,
 Then springs at once elastic from their hands.
 On me thus from afar, his foe to wound,
 Sprung the fell lion with impetuous bound.
 My left hand held my darts direct before,
 Around my breast a thick strong garb I wore;
 My right, club-guarded, dealt a deadly blow
 Full on the temples of the rushing foe.
 So hard his skull, that with the sturdy stroke,
 My knotted club of rough wild olive broke;
 Yet ere I clos'd, his savage fury fled,
 With trembling legs he stood and nodding head:
 The forceful onset had confus'd his brain,
 Dim mists obscur'd his eyes and agonizing pain.

This I perceiv'd; and now, an easy prey,
 I threw my arrows and my bow away,
 And ere the beast recover'd of his wound,
 Seiz'd his thick neck, and pinn'd him to the
 ground;
 With all my might on his broad back I press'd,
 Lest his fell claws should tear my adverse breast.
 Then mounting, close my legs in his I twin'd,
 And with my feet secur'd his paws behind.
 My thighs I guarded, and with all my strength
 Heav'd him from earth, and held him at arm's
 length;
 And strangled thus, the fellest of the fell,
 His mighty soul descending sunk to hell.
 The conquest gain'd, fresh doubts my mind
 divide,
 How shall I strip the monster's shaggy hide?
 Hard task! for the tough skin repell'd the dint
 Of pointed wood, keen steel, or sharpest flint:
 Some god inspir'd me, standing still in pause,
 To flay the lion with the lion's claws—
 This I accomplish'd, and the spoil now yields
 A firm security in fighting-fields.
 Thus, Phyleus, was the Nemean monster slain,
 The terror of the forest and the plain,
 That flocks and herds devour'd, and many a
 village swain."

THEOCRITUS, *Idyll*. xxv.

"Of Cadmus fatal; from the same dire veins
 Sprung the stern ranger of Nemean plains,
 The lion nourish'd by the wife of Jove,
 Permitted lord of Tretum's mount to rove;
 Nemea he and Apesas commands,
 Alarms the people, and destroys their lands.
 In Hercules at last a foe he found,
 And from his arm receiv'd a mortal wound."

HESIOD.

No. 352.

The same subject.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian*.

No. 353.

Hercules resting himself on the vanquished lion.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 354.

Hercules presenting Eurystheus with the lion which he had slain.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

No. 355.

Hercules bitten by a crab.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 356.

Hercules killing the hydra.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

The victory of Hercules over the hydra of lake Leona in Argolis, a monstrous amphibious serpent with seven heads, who devoured both men and cattle, was the second of his great feats.

“ Upsprang the hydra pest of Leona’s lake,
Whom Juno, white-arm’d goddess, fostering rear’d,
With deep resentment fill’d insatiable
’Gainst Hercules. But he, the son of Jove,
Nam’d of Amphitryon, in the dragon’s blood
Bath’d his unpitying steel; by warlike aid
Of Iolaus, and the counsels high
Of Pallas the despoiler.”

HESIOD.

“ Art thou proportioned to the hydra’s length,
Who by his wounds received augmented strength ?



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No. 353.

Hercules resting himself on the vanquished lion.

Pyropeles. Oriental Cornelian.

No. 354.

Hercules presenting Eurystheus with the lion which he had slain.

Apollonites. Oriental Sardonyx.

No. 355.

Hercules bitten by a crab.

Cymonites. Oriental Cornelian.

No. 356.

Hercules killing the hydra.

Cassoway. Oriental Cornelian.

The victory of Hercules over the hydra of Lake Lerna in Argolis, a monstrous amphibious serpent with seven heads, who devoured both men and cattle, was the second of his great feats.

Expelling the hydra's pest of Lerna's lake,
 Whose eyes, when won't golden, flaring war'd,
 With jets of sulphur and fire available
 To burn the living. But he, the son of Jove,
 Slain of Amphibion, to the dragon's blood
 Brought the serpent's head, by wattle and
 To follow, and the venomous high
 Of Hydra the destroyer."

Hastur

* Not then proportioned to the hydra's length.
 Why by the wattle derived augmented strength?



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She raised a hundred hissing heads in air ;
 When one I lopt, up sprang a dreadful pair.
 By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong,
 Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along."

OVID.

" Nor did Alcides, ranging through the world,
 Fulfil such rare achievements, though he pierc'd
 The brazen stag, and silenc'd all the grove
 Of Erimanth, staining his angry shafts
 With blood Lernean."

Æneis, book vi. : OGLE'S *Trans.*

" Not hydra stronger, when dismember'd, rose
 Against Alcmena's much-enduring son ;
 Grieving to find from his repeated blows
 The foe redoubled, and his toil begun."

HOR. book iv. Od. 4.

" The fires curl high ; the Sali dance around
 To sacred strains, with shady poplars crown'd ;
 The quires of old and young in lofty lays
 Resound great Hercules' immortal praise.
 How first his infant hands the snakes o'erthrew
 That Juno sent, and the dire monsters slew.
 What mighty cities next his arms destroy,
 Th' Æchalian walls, and stately tow'rs of Troy.
 The thousand labours of the hero's hands,
 Enjoin'd by proud Eurystheus' stern commands,
 And Jove's revengeful queen. Thy matchless
 might
 O'ercame the cloud-born centaurs in the fight ;
 Hylæus, Pholus sunk beneath thy feet,
 And the grim bull whose rage dispeopled Crete.

Beneath thy arm the Nemean monster fell ;
 Thy arm with terror fill'd the realms of hell ;
 E'en hell's grim porter shook with dire dismay,
 Shrunk back, and trembled o'er his mangled
 prey.

No shapes of danger could thy soul affright,
 Nor huge Typhæus, tow'ring to the fight,
 Nor Lerna's fiend thy courage could confound,
 With all her hundred heads that hiss'd around.
 Hail, mighty chief, advanc'd to heaven's abodes !
 Hail, son of Jove ; a god among the gods !
 Be present to the vows thy suppliants pay,
 And with a smile these grateful rites survey."

Æneis, book viii. : PITT'S *Trans.*

" For these deserts, and this high virtue shewn,
 Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands
 crown ;
 Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood,
 And with deep draughts invoke our common god.
 This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd,
 And poplars, black and white, his temples bind ;
 Then brims his ample bowl ; with like design
 The rest invoke the god with sprinkled wine.

Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
 And the bright evening-star began to rise ;
 And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
 In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession
 led ;
 Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
 As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands ;
 Then with a second course the tables load,
 And with full chargers offer to the god.

The Salii sing, and cense his altars round
 With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar
 bound ;
 One choir of old, another of the young,
 To dance, and bear the burden of the song.
 The lay records the labour, and the praise,
 And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
 First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in
 bands,
 The serpents strangled with his infant hands.
 Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
 Th' Æchalian walls and Trojan overthrew ;
 Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
 Procur'd by Juno's and Euristheus' hate.

Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
 The cloud-born Centaurs and the monster-crew :
 Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood ;
 Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.
 The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
 With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
 And, seiz'd with fear, forgot thy mangled
 meat.
 Th' infernal waters trembled at the sight ;
 Thee, god, no face of danger could affright ;
 Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
 Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake."

Æneis.

No. 357.

Hercules, after killing the hydra, steeping his arrows in the poisonous
 blood of the monster.

DIOSCORIDES. *Sardonyx.*

" Preserve with care
 The clotted blood which issues from my wound ;
 The gore of the Lernean hydra tinged
 The blacken'd shaft."

SOPHOCLES, *Trach. Virg.* : POTTER.

No. 358.

Iolas assisting Hercules to kill the hydra.

ADMON. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules could not have gained a complete victory over the hydra without the assistance of fire. Iolas, the son of Iphiclus and nephew of Hercules, and also the conductor of his car, seeing that the heads of the monster grew again as quickly as Hercules cut them off, set fire to a forest near lake Lerna ; and bringing lighted brands thence, burnt the wound of each as Alcides cut them off, by which means the serpent was exterminated.

" Now on the woody coast the warrior strays,
 And soon the fam'd Lernean lake surveys,



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The Nili sing, and even his altar round
 With Babar smokes, their heads with poplar
 bound;
 One shaft of aid, another of the young,
 To dance, and bear the burden of the song.
 The boy awards the labour, and the prize,
 And all th' immortal tale of Hercules.
 First, how the mighty lake, when scathed in
 battle,
 The serpent struggled with his infant battle;
 Then, as in youth and manhood force he grew,
 Th' Orontian walls and Tigris overthrow;
 Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
 Proved by Jove's and Earth's own fate.

Thy hands, unscathed here, could subdue
 The cloud-burst Centaurs and the monster-crow:
 Now thy resistless arm the host withstand;
 Now be the routing centre of the wood.
 The triple portion of the hydra's head,
 With lolling tongue, lay howling at thy feet,
 And, mid' with fear, forgot thy mangled
 meat.
 Th' infernal waters trembled at the sight;
 Then, god, no fear of danger could affright;
 Not huge Typhoeus, nor th' unnumber'd snakes,
 Increased with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake."

Æsch.

No. 357.

Hercules, after killing the hydra, steeping his arrows in the poisonous
 blood of the monster.

Dioscorides. Sardonyx.

" Preserve with care
 The dotted blood which issues from my wound;
 The gaze of the Lernaean hydra tinged
 The blacker'd shaft."

Servocius, Trach. Virg.: Porcus.

No. 358.

Iolas assisting Hercules to kill the hydra.

Apollonius. Oriental Sardonyx.

Hercules could not have gained a complete victory over the hydra without the assistance
 of Iolas, the son of Iphiclus and nephew of Hercules, and also the conductor of his car,
 seeing that the heads of the monster grew again as quickly as Hercules cut them off, set fire to
 a forest near lake Lerna, and bringing lighted branches thence, burnt the wound of each as
 Alcides cut them off, by which means the serpent was exterminated.

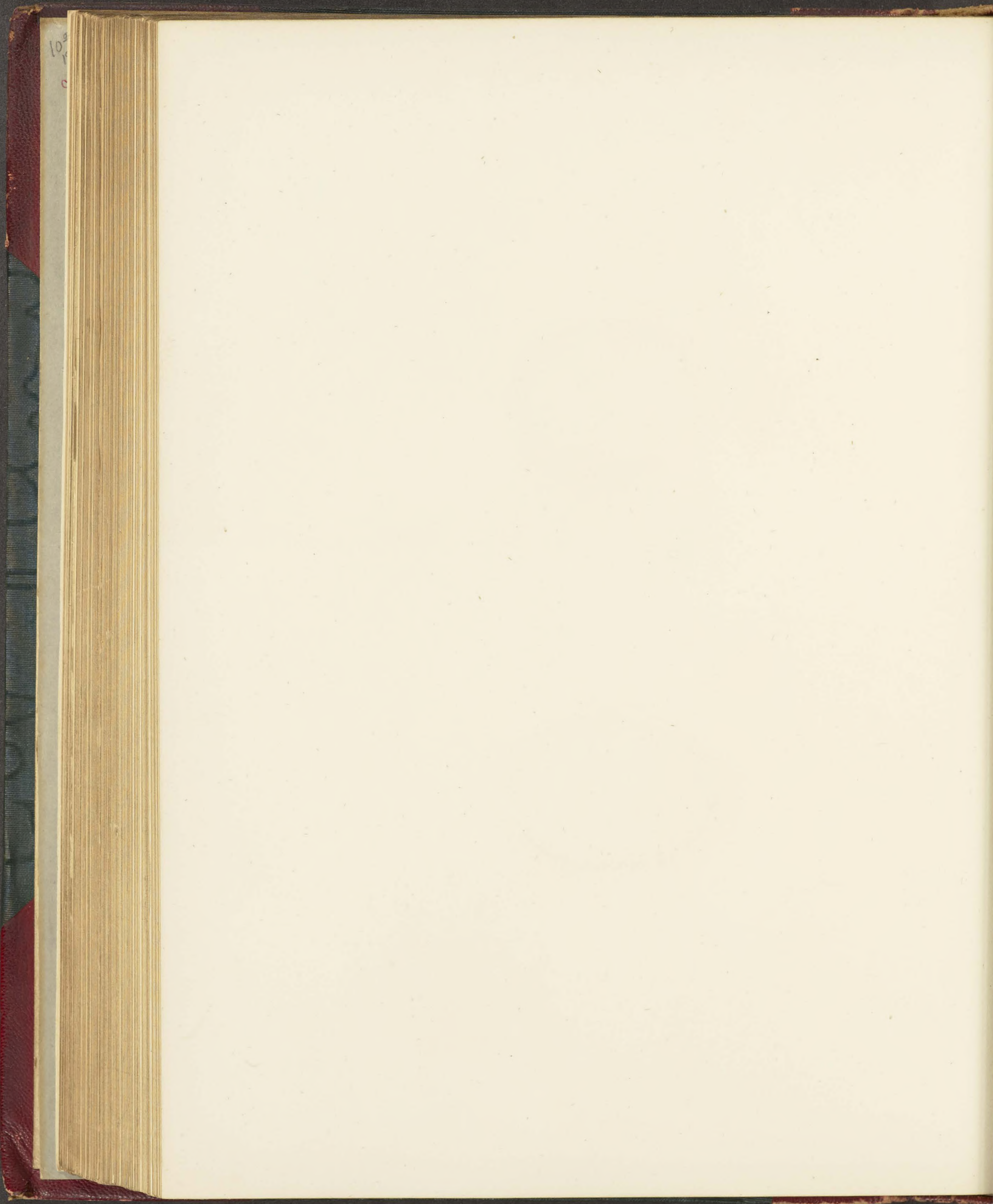
" Now on the windy coast the warrior strays,
 And views the fun'ral Lernaean lake surveys,

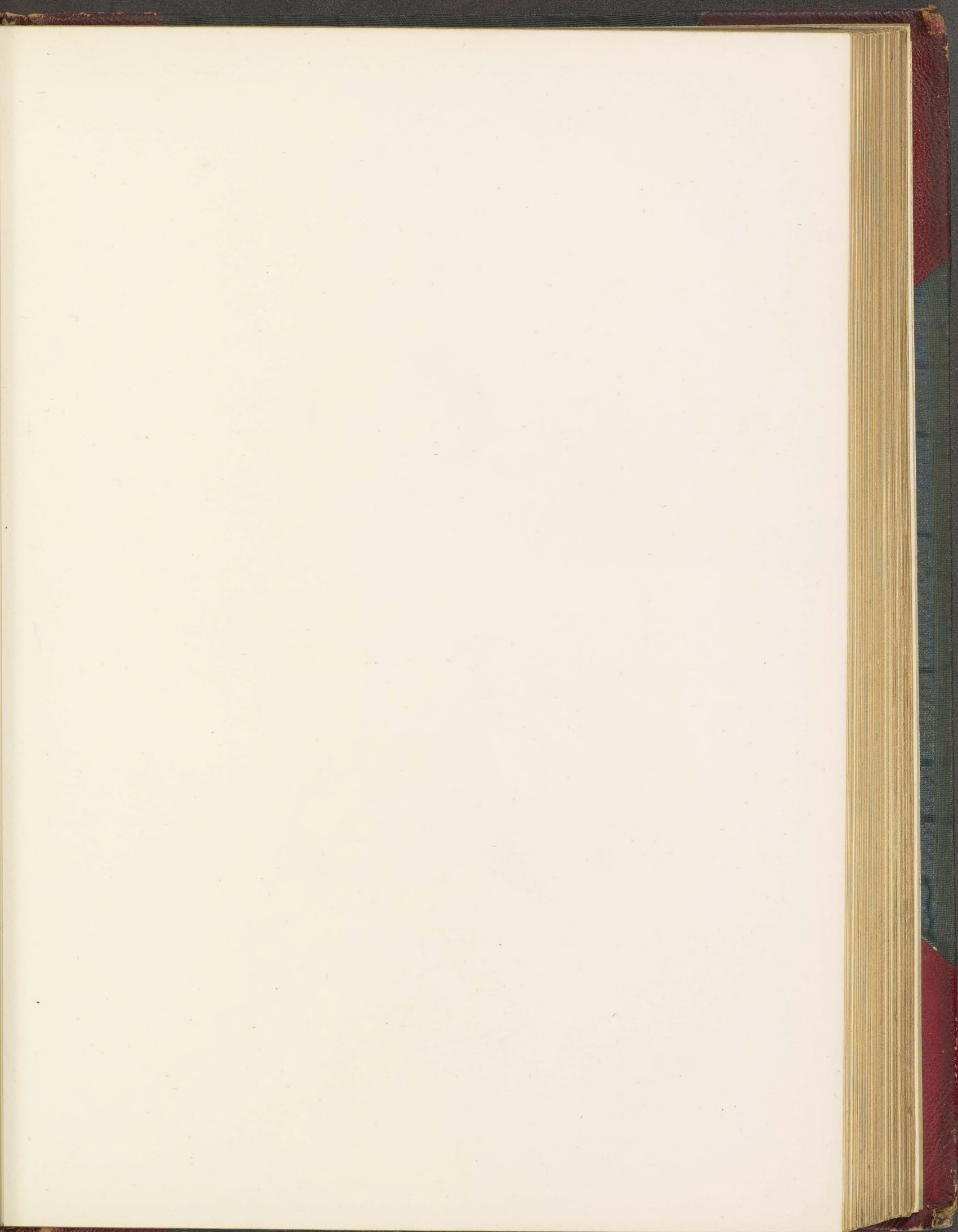


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358







359



360

Where the fall hydra was by flange subdu'd,
(For blows in vain the tolling chief smu'd),
And Nemea, where e'en now the field grows,
Hardly, as erst, chant forth their orison strains."

Thalios: Lycus.

SENICHORUS I.

"See there Jove's son, who with his golden
sashion
Slays the Lernean hydra: O my friend,
Observe him well.

SENICHORUS II.

I do.

SENICHORUS I.

Another stands
Beside him brandishing a fuddled torch.

SENICHORUS II.

He whose exploits I on my wall describ'd?

SENICHORUS I.

The noble Telam, who sustain'd
Alcides' shield, and in those glorious toils
Was the sole partner with the son of Jove.
Him also mark, who on a winged steed
Is seated, how with fearful arm he smites
The hydra's head, whose blood is drinking down."

Monstrous.

No. 359.

The centaur Phobus pouring out wine for his guest Hercules.

Scyllax. Oriental Caronian.

Hercules, when he was going against the bear of Erymanthos, stopped at the dwelling of the centaur Phobus, the son of Silenus and Melia, who received him kindly, and offered him the most exquisite of their wines in skins.

"With summer's sweets, and autumn's richness,
Apples and pears lay strew'd in large amount,
And the glass's liquid provision staid the ground,
While flow'd abundant from capacious bins,
Meads & orchards by their summer's sun,
Say, symphs of Cereals! for ye can tell,
Who on the summit of Parnassus dwell,
Did Chiron e'er to Hercules produce
In Phobus' cave such bowls of generous juice?"

Thalios.

No. 360.

Hercules dragging the Erymanthian bear by one of its feet.

Chironios. Oriental Caronian.

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Where the fell hydra was by flames subdu'd,
 (For blows in vain the toiling chief renew'd).
 And Nemea, where e'en now the timid swains,
 Rarely, as erst, chant forth their artless strains."

Thebaid: LEWIS.

SEMICHORUS I.

"See there Jove's son, who with his golden
 falchion
 Slays the Lernean hydra; O my friend,
 Observe him well.

SEMICHORUS II.

I do.

SEMICHORUS I.

Another stands
 Beside him brandishing a kindled torch.

SEMICHORUS II.

He whose exploits I on my woof describ'd?

SEMICHORUS I.

The noble Iolaus, who sustain'd
 Alcides' shield, and in those glorious toils
 Was the sole partner with the son of Jove.
 Him also mark who on a winged steed
 Is seated, how with forceful arm he smites
 The triple-form'd chimæra breathing fire."

EURIPIDES.

No. 359.

The centaur Phobus pouring out wine for his guest Hercules.

SCYLAX. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules, when he was going against the boar of Erymanthus, stopped at the dwelling of the centaur Phobus, the son of Silenus and Melia, who received him kindly, and offered him the most exquisite of their wines in skins.

"With summer's sweets, and autumn's redolence;
 Apples and pears lay strew'd in heaps around,
 And the plum's loaded branches kiss'd the ground.
 Wine flow'd abundant from capacious tuns,
 Matur'd divinely by four summers' suns.
 Say, nymphs of Castaly! for ye can tell,
 Who on the summit of Parnassus dwell,
 Did Chiron e'er to Hercules produce
 In Pholus' cave such bowls of generous juice?"

THEOCRITUS.

No. 360.

Hercules dragging the Erymanthean boar by one of its feet.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

“ Next Hercules, endu’d with dauntless mind,
 At Jason’s summons staid not long behind :
 For warn’d of this adventurous band, when last
 The chief to Argos from Arcadia past—
 (What time in chains he brought the living boar,
 The dread, the bane of Erymanthia’s moor ;
 And at the gates of proud Mycenæ’s town,
 From his broad shoulders hurl’d the monster down)—
 Unask’d the stern Mycenian king’s consent.”

APOLL. RHOD., book i.

No. 361.

Eurystheus concealing himself in a tub, being seized with astonishment and terror at sight of the Erymanthean boar, brought to him by Hercules.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 362.

Hercules, after having pursued for a whole year the stag of Ænoë with golden horns and brazen feet, wounding it with one of his arrows.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

“ Then traversing the hills, whose jutting base
 Indents Arcadia’s meads,
 To where the virgin goddess of the chase
 Impels her foaming steeds
 To Scythian Ister he directs his way,
 Doom’d by his father to obey
 The rigid pleasures of Mycenæ’s king,
 And thence the rapid hind to bring,
 Whom, sacred present for the Orthian maid,
 With horns of branching gold Tägeta array’d.

There as the longsome chase the chief pursu’d,
 The spacious Scythian plains he view’d ;
 A land beyond the chilling blast
 And northern caves of Boreas cast.
 There too the groves of olive he survey’d,
 And gaz’d with rapture on the pleasing shade ;
 Thence by the wond’ring hero borne,
 The goals of Elis to adorn.”

PINDAR, *Olym.* book iii. : WEST.

See also CALLIMACHUS, *Hymn to Diana.*

“ Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
 Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew,
 Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
 And dipp’d his arrows in Lernean gore.



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Nor Beechus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant to his car,
From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins."

APOLL. RACON.

No. 363.

Hercules catching the wounded stag.

DEMOPHILOS. *Very fine Sardonyx.*

No. 364.

Hercules bringing the stag alive on his shoulders to Eurystheus, at
Mycenæ.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Amethyst.*

No. 365.

Hercules killing the birds of the Lake Stymphealus.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"What voice can soar on so sublime a wing
As reaches his domains? What muse can sing
As he requires? What poet now can raise
A stately monument of lasting praise,
Great as his vast deserts, who first did show
These useful truths; who taught us first to know
Nature's great pow'rs? 'Tis more than man can
do;

For if we view the mighty things he shew'd,
His useful truths proclaim he was a god:
He was a god who first reform'd our souls,
And led us, by philosophy and rules,
From error, and fears, and melancholy night,
To joy, to peace, to ease, and shew'd us light.

For now compare what other gods bestow:
Kind Bacchus first the pleasing vine did show,
And Ceres came, and taught us how to plough;

Yet now might still have liv'd without these two,
They might have liv'd as other nations do.
But what content could ours, what pleasure find,
What joy in life, while passions vex'd the mind?
Therefore that man it were a god than these,
That man who shew'd us how to live at ease,
That man who taught the world delight and peace.

His useful benefits are rais'd above
Alcides' acts, the greatest son of Jove:
For tell me how the fierce Nessus rose
Could fight us now? How could it? Arcadian
hunt.

The Cretan bull, the plague of Lerne's lakes,
The poisonous hydra with his many heads,
How could Geryon's fates, or triple fold?
How Diomed's fiery horse, that plagues of
Thrace?

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Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins."

APOLL. RHOD.

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As reaches his deserts? What muse can sing
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A stately monument of lasting praise,
Great as his vast deserts, who first did shew
These useful truths; who taught us first to know
Nature's great pow'rs? 'Tis more than man can
do:

For if we view the mighty things he shew'd,
His useful truths proclaim he was a god!
He was a god who first reform'd our souls,
And led us, by philosophy and rules,
From cares, and fears, and melancholy night,
To joy, to peace, to ease, and shew'd us light.

For now compare what other gods bestow:
Kind Bacchus first the pleasing vine did shew,
And Ceres corn, and taught us how to plough;

Yet men might still have liv'd without these two,
They might have liv'd as other nations do.

But what content could man, what pleasure find,
What joy in life, while passions vex'd the mind?
Therefore that man is more a god than these,
That man who shew'd us how to live at ease,
That man who taught the world delight and peace.

His useful benefits are rais'd above
Alcides' acts, the greatest son of Jove;
For tell me how the fierce Nemean roar
Could fright us now? How could th' Arcadian
boar,

The Cretan bull, the plague of Lerne's lakes,
The pois'nous hydra with her num'rous snakes?
How could Geryon's force, or triple face?
How Diomed's fiery horse, those plagues of
Thrace?

How could the birds that o'er th' Arcadian
 plains
 With crooked talons tore th' affrighted swains,
 Offend us here? Whom had the serpent struck,
 Mighty in bulk, and terrible in look;
 That, arm'd with scales, and in a dreadful fold,
 Twin'd round the tree, and watch'd the growing
 gold,
 Remov'd as far as the Atlantic shore,
 Deserts untrod by us and by the Moor?

Those others, too, that fell and rais'd his fame,
 That gave him this diffus'd and lasting name,
 And made him rise a god from Cæta's flame;
 Had they still liv'd, what mischief had they done?
 Whom had they torn? whom frightened? Surely
 none.

For now, e'en now, vast troops of monsters fill
 Each thick and darksome wood and shady hill;
 Yet who complains, yet who their jaws endure?
 For men may shun their dens, and live secure."

LUCRETII, book v.: CREECH.

No. 366.

Hercules leading in bonds the Cretan bull.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 367.

Hercules giving the body of Diomedes to be devoured by his own horses.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

HERCULES.

" Tribes of Pheræa, strangers, shall I find
 Admetus in the palace?

CHORUS.

Pheres' son
 Is here within, O Hercules. But say,
 What errand brings you to Thessalia's land;
 Or why you visit these Pheræan walls?

HERCULES.

I, by Eurystheus, the Tirynthian king,*
 Enjoin'd, a certain labour must perform.

CHORUS.

But whither would you go, and in what realm
 Are you prepar'd to wander?

HERCULES.

The four steeds
 Of Thracian Diomedes I must win.

* The city of Tirynthia appears to have been not far distant from Argos, with whose troops those it furnished for the Trojan war are united by Homer, who calls it *τεχυόεσσαν*, or "strongly fortified." It became an independent state under Prætus, who, being driven from Argos by his brother Acrisius, was assisted by the Cyclops in erecting bulwarks and a citadel for its defence. In this account Strabo, Apollodorus, and Pausanias, all accord. The latter of these writers mentions the demolition of Tirynthia by the Argives, and speaks of its ruins as consisting of stones of a most enormous size; but in Pliny's time there seems to have been no traces of its situation remaining, for he represents it as known only by tradition. There is room to infer that Tirynthia stood either



How could the birds that fly at Argos
plain

With crooked talons torn the frightened doves,
Offend us here? When had the serpent struck,
Night in bulk, and terrible in look;
Then, arm'd with scales, and in a doubtful fall,
Twain'd round the tree, and watch'd the growing
gold,

Remov'd as far as the Atlantic shore;
Deserts water'd by us and by the Moor?

These others, too, that fell and rais'd his fame,
That gave him this diffus'd and lasting name,
And made him else a god from Cete's flame;
Had they still liv'd, what mischief had they done?
Whom had they torn? whom frighted? Surely
none.

For now, e'en now, vast troops of monsters fill
Each thick and darksome wood and shady hill;
Yet who complains, yet who their jaws endure?
For men may show their dens, and live secure."

LYCOURTUS, book v.: CHORUS.

No. 366.

Hercules leading in bonds the Cretan bull.

CHORUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 367.

Hercules giving the body of Diomedes to be devoured by his own horses.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

HERCULES.

"Tribes of Phrygia, strangers, shall I send
Admonish in the palace?"

CHORUS.

Phrygia's King

Is here sitting, O Hercules. But say,
What word brings you to Thracian's land:
Or why you visit these Phrygian walls?"

HERCULES.

I, by Eurystheus, the Tirynian king,
Enjoin'd, a certain labour must perform.

CHORUS.

But whither would you go, and in what realm
Are you prepar'd to wander?"

HERCULES.

The four roads
Of Thracian Diomedes I must win

The city of Tirynthis appears to have been not far distant from Argos, with whose troops it was included for the Trojan war and visited by Homer, who calls it *εργαστήριον*, or "strongly fortified." It became an independent state under Peleus, who, being driven from Argos by his brother Atreus, was assisted by the Cyclops in building bulwarks and a Citadel for its defence. In this account Euripides, Apollonides, and Pausanias, all agree. The latter of these writers mentions the demolition of Tirynthis by the Argives, and speaks of its ruins as consisting of stones of a most enormous size; but as Pausanias says there seems to have been no traces of its situation remaining, for he represents it as known only by tradition. There is room to infer that Tirynthis stood either



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CHORUS.

How can you execute this bold emprise?
Are you a stranger to that tyrant's might?

HERCULES.

I am a stranger; the Bistonian land
These feet have never enter'd.

CHORUS.

You those coursers
Without a combat cannot tame.

HERCULES.

From labours,
Whate'er they are, yet cannot I recoil.

CHORUS.

You either will return when you have slain
Their master, or a breathless corpse there lie.

HERCULES.

Nor am I now to run my first career.

CHORUS.

What will you gain if you their lord subdue?

HERCULES.

Those captive steeds to the Tiryntian king
I mean to drive.

CHORUS.

Within their mouths to fix
The galling bit, were not an easy task.

HERCULES.

Unless they from their nostrils breathe forth
fire.

CHORUS.

But with rapacious jaws on human flesh
They prey.

HERCULES.

Such food as this, to beasts who haunt
The mountains, not to horses, doth belong.

CHORUS.

Sprinkled with gore their mangers will you
view.

HERCULES.

As for the man by whom they have been nourished,
What father doth he boast of?

CHORUS.

Mars; and reigns
O'er Thrace distinguish'd by its golden shields.

HERCULES.

The labour too thou speak'st of have the Fates
Ordain'd; them ever have I found severe,
And to the pinnacle of high renown
Urging my steps. I sure am doom'd to war
With all the valiant progeny of Mars;
Lycaon* first, then Cygnus, and advance
To this my third encounter with those steeds
And with their lord. But none shall ever see
Alcmena's offspring tremble at the might
Of any foe."

EURIPIDES.

on the sea-coast, or the banks of the Inachus, which is the only river of any consequence we meet with in that part of the Peloponnesus, from Stephanus Byzantinus saying it was called 'Αλιεύς, Halies, from the multitude of fishermen who inhabited it, till it received the name of Tirynthe from the sister of Amphitryon.

* The Lycaon killed by Hercules was a son of Neleus, and brother to Nestor. He had Neptune, and not Mars, for his grandfather.

No. 368.

Hercules holding Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, by the hair.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx of exquisite quality.*

No. 369.

Hippolyte, vanquished, is seated on a rock, and is presenting her girdle to Hercules.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

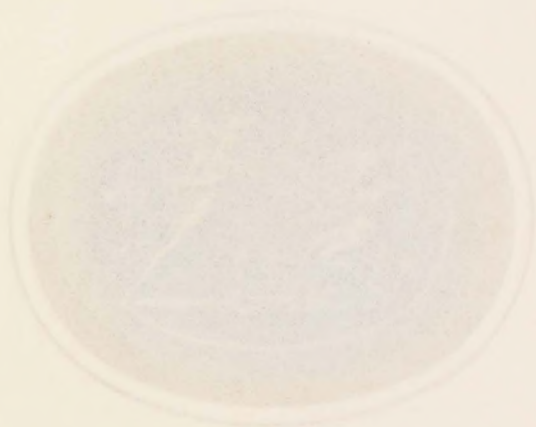
“Thence with the rising sun they stoutly row,
Near where Carambis lifts his rocky brow;
All day, all night, with unremitted oar
They coast along Ægialus’s shore.
Then to the Syrian clime the heroes sped,
Where Jove, by hasty promises misled,
Sinope plac’d, and, all she wish’d to claim,
Gave her the honours of a virgin’s name.
For know, the god, by love’s strong power oppress’d,
Promis’d to grant whate’er she might request;
And this request th’ insidious damsel made,
That her virginity might never fade.
Hence Phœbus foil’d could no one wish obtain;
Hence winding Alys woo’d the maid in vain:
No mortal force such virtue could o’ercome,
Defeat Jove’s promise, and impair her bloom.

Here dwelt Deïmachus’s offspring fam’d,
Deileon Autolycus and Phlogius nam’d;
What time they ceas’d with Hercules to roam,
And at Sinope found a settled home.
They, when they saw the bold Thessalian band,
Met them on shore, and welcom’d them to land;
And loathing longer in these climes to stay,
Join’d the brave crew, and with them sail’d away.
Bless’d with the zephyr’s breeze that briskly blew,
Near Halys’ stream and Isis’ sail’d the crew;
Near Syria’s coast, and ere night’s shades abound,
Near th’ Amazonian cape, for many a bay renown’d,
Where Hercules surpris’d, in days of yore,
Bold Menalippe wandering on the shore;
A belt Hippolyta her sister paid,
And for this ransom he restor’d the maid.”

APOLL. RRIDIUS.

“That day the Grecian band with one consent
To the king’s hospitable palace went;
Cheerful they there on choicest dainties din’d,
And there with converse sweet regal’d the mind.
Then Jason to the king recounts the name
And race of all these chosen sons of fame,
Who lent their aid at Pelias’ dire command;
Their strange adventures on the Lemnian land;
What griefs, what woes at Cyzicus they bore;
And how they landed on the Mysian shore,

Where Hercules, distress’d his friend to find,
They left at land unwillingly behind.
What Glaucus spoke prophetic from the main,
How with his subjects Amycus was slain,
The prince relates: what Phineus, poor and old,
Worn out with sufferings, to the chiefs foretold;
How through Cyanean rocks they safely steer’d,
And in what isle the god of day appear’d.
The king rejoic’d his guests so well had sped,
But griev’d that Hercules was left, and said:



No. 368.

Hercules lulling Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, by the hair:

Amazonian. Oriental Sardonyx of exquisite quality.

No. 369.

Hippolyte, vanquished, is seated on a rock, and is presenting her girdle to Hercules.

Apollonides. Oriental Cornelian.

"Thence with the rising sun they stand by sea,
Nearer where Cerambis lifts his rocky brow;
All day, all night, with unrelenting air
They coast along Nigridia's shore.
That to the Syrian clime the breezes speed,
Where Jove, by lusty passions aided,
Sins pleases, and, all she wish'd to share,
Gives her the honours of a virgin's name.
For hence, the god, by love's strong power op-
press'd,
Promis'd to grant what'er she might request;
And this request th' unfaithful damsel made,
That her rugged sides never felt.
Hence Phœbus lov'd could not but with desire
Hence wishing, she would the world be hers;
No mortal knew such things could be;
But Jove's promise, and Jove's love, was true."

Here dwell Demochus's offspring Sam'd,
Dellian Antilycus and Phlogia nam'd;
What time they came with Hercules to roam,
And at Sinope found a settled home.
They, when they saw the bold Thebanian band,
Met them on shore, and earnestly them to land;
And lodging longer in those climes to stay,
Join'd the brave crew, and with them sail'd away.
Shew'd with the rephyr's breeze that briskly blow,
Near Halys' stream and Jove's sail'd the crew;
Near Syria's coast, and ere night's shades abroad,
Near th' Amazonian cape, for many a day re-
nown'd,
When Hercules surpris'd, in days of yore,
Bold M. Philipe wandering on the shore;
A lost Hippolyte her sister paid,
And for this reason he was in the world."

Arca. Baccante.

"How long the Theban band with such success
Shall roam, though countless years went,
That they may come to darkest distance then,
And Jove, with unerring hand, regard the scene.
Then Jove to the king reveals the news,
And none of all those chosen sons of Jove,
Who lent their aid at Palus, for command,
Their strength adventures on the Theban land;
What griefs, what woes at Cynos they bore;
And how they landed on the Syrian shore,

Where Hercules, distress'd his friend to find,
They left at land unwillingly behind.
When Cebrenus spoke prophecies from the neth,
How with his subjects Anytus was slain,
The prince relates: what Phœbus, poor and old,
Went out with offerings, to the thick wood;
How through Cyncean rocks they safely over'd,
And in what tale the god of day repair'd.
The king rejoic'd his guests so well had sped,
But griev'd that Hercules was left, and said:



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"Think how, my friends, this hero's aid denied,
 Dashed ye tempt a length of seas untried.
 Full well I knew that valiant son of fame,
 When here on foot through Lydia's coast he came
 (For here my hospitable father dwelt),
 To such Hippolyta's embroider'd belt.
 The hero found me then a beardless swain,
 Mourning my brother by the Mysians slain—
 (The nation dearly lov'd the blooming chief,
 And still lament in degrees of grief):
 Then at the funeral games he prov'd his might,
 And vanquish'd Tithes in the gauntlet-fight;
 Though young and stout, and eager for the fray,
 From his tough'd jaws he dash'd the teeth away."

The Mysian country and the Phrygian plains
 The conquest added to my wife's domains;
 And the rude nations that Bithynia fill,
 To foaming Helles and Colossus' hill,
 And Paphlagonia to its utmost bounds,
 Which white Helle with his waves surrounds.
 But now proud Amycus, and all his brood,
 Since Hercules has left the neighbouring coast,
 Have spoil'd my realm, and spread their hostile
 bands
 Wide as where Hipion's streams enrich the lands.
 At length their lawless bloodiness they quit,
 And by your hands have suffer'd vengeance due."

ARIST. RHOENUS.

"But, O Demophoron, what beyond the sea
 Of family you to these children owe
 Will I inform you: and relate how erst
 With Theseus in one bark I sail'd, and born
 Thy father's shield, when we that belt, the cause
 Of dreadful slaughter, sought: and from the caves
 Of Phlo Hercules led back your sire."

EURYPIIDUS, *Child of Her.*: WOODWARD.

"The lion-whelp
 Who ask'd the gentle, rais'd the double storm
 Of war; for far from high Themiscyræ
 He bore the zone, and what of love the zone
 Bound'd, Orthosia, joying in the bow
 And shafts of missile might: but as shall come
 Her kindred virgins, like a cloud of sight,
 Breathing revenge: from Telephus shall come

Erbe, and Lagones, and Thermopylae's stream;
 These rush by Danaë's wave, dark as the storm,
 And spot their Scythian steeds, and on the sons
 Of Sam'el Erethion and the Grecian host
 Pour the loud shout of battalions' delight,
 Thence down the laguer'd tow'rs, and roll the
 tide
 Of ruddy flame o'er all Mycenæ's field."

LYCORNARUS: VINCENOT ROYCE.

No. 370.

Hercules cleansing the Augean stable.

CHRONOS. *Calcedony, partaking of Sapphire.*

Hercules cleansing the stables of Augeas, King of Elis and one of the Argonauts, who possessed innumerable flocks, by turning the course of the river Alpheus, and making it pass through the stables.

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' Think how, my friends, this hero's aid denied,
Rashly ye tempt a length of seas untried.
Full well I knew that valiant son of fame,
When here on foot through Lydia's coast he came
(For here my hospitable father dwelt),
To fetch Hippolyta's embroider'd belt.
The hero found me then a beardless swain,
Mourning my brother by the Mysians slain—
(The nation dearly lov'd the blooming chief,
And still lament in elegies of grief):
Then at the funeral games he prov'd his might,
And vanquish'd Titias in the gauntlet-fight;
Though young and stout, and eager for the fray,
From his bruis'd jaws he dash'd the teeth away.

The Mysian country and the Phrygian plains
The conqueror added to my sire's domains;
And the rude nations that Bithynia till,
To foaming Rhebas and Colona's hill;
And Paphlagonia to its utmost bounds,
Which sable Billis with his waves surrounds.
But now proud Amycus, and all his host,
Since Hercules has left the neighbouring coast,
Have spoil'd my realms, and spread their hostile
bands
Wide as where Hipias' streams enrich the lands.
At length their lawless insolence they rue,
And by your hands have suffer'd vengeance due."

APOLL. RHODIUS.

" But, O Demophoron, what beyond the ties
Of family you to these children owe
Will I inform you; and relate how erst
With Theseus in one bark I sail'd, and bore
Thy father's shield, when we that belt, the cause
Of dreadful slaughter, sought; and from the caves
Of Pluto Hercules led back your sire."

EURIPIDES, *Chil. of Her.*: WOODHULL.

" The lion-whelp
Who seiz'd the girdle, rais'd the double storm
Of war; for far from high Themiscyra
He bore the zone, and what of love the zone
Bounded, Orthosia, joying in the bow
And shafts of missile might: but on shall come
Her kindred virgins, like a cloud of night,
Breathing revenge; from Telamus shall come

Eris, and Lagmus, and Thermodon's stream;
Thence rush by Danaw's wave, dark as the storm,
And spur their Scythian steeds, and on the sons
Of fam'd Eristheus and the Grecian host
Pour the loud shout of battailous delight,
Throw down the leaguer'd tow'rs, and roll the
tide
Of ruddy flame o'er all Mopsopia's field."

LYCOPHRON: VISCOUNT ROYSTON.

No. 370.

Hercules cleansing the Augean stable.

CHROMIOS. *Calcedony, partaking of Sapphire.*

Hercules cleansing the stables of Augeas, king of Elis and one of the Argonauts, who possessed innumerable flocks, by turning the course of the river Alpheus, and making it pass through the stables.

“ When emulation warms the breast,
 The youth (heav’n aiding) matchless fame shall
 gain ;
 But few the envied prize obtain
 By slothful luxury and inglorious rest.
 Now custom bids my muse proclaim
 Jove’s festival and solemn game,
 With which Alcides honour’d Pelops’ shrine,
 When Neptune’s baffled sons confess’d his power
 divine—

When his triumphant arm had laid,
 O blameless Cteatus, thy glory low ;
 And bold Eurytas felt the blow,
 O’ercome by stratagem in Cleon’s glade,
 From proud Augeas to obtain
 The promised meed of toil and pain ;

And wreak on Molion’s sons the fatal day,
 When stretch’d on Elis’ plains his slaughter’d
 army lay.

Soon did the faithless king his fraud repay—
 He saw his country’s fairest hopes expire ;
 Saw his exulting cities fall a prey
 To vengeful slaughter and consuming fire ;
 Saw desolation’s iron reign
 Extend o’er all his fair domain.
 Vain are the endeavours to withstand
 The vengeance of a mightier hand ;
 Awhile he rashly tried to oppose
 The forceful entry of his shouting foes ;
 Till seeing fell destruction round him wait,
 Amidst the press he sought a voluntary fate.”
PINDAR.

No. 371.

Hercules killing Augeas.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

He refused to give him the tenth of his flocks, as he had promised him.

No. 372.

Hercules chaining Nereus to a rock.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Nereus, the son of Ocean, was looked upon in a very remote age as the principal god of the sea before Neptune, according to Hesiod. Nereus married his sister Doris, by whom he had fifty daughters, called Nereides. To Nereus was attributed a knowledge of future events. Hercules wishing to consult him about the situation of the gardens of the Hesperides, of which he was ignorant, he assumed successively different forms to avoid giving Alcides the information he wished ; at length, taking his first disguise of a venerable and peaceable old man, Hercules chains him to a rock.



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When resolution within me burst,
The youth (how willing) a stubborn fate shall
gain;

But how the mortal price obtain
By stealthful treachery and inglorious rest.
How death-like to my native ground
Jove's hatred and Minerva's spite,
With which Alcides honour'd Pelops' shrine,
When Neptune's baffled song confest'd his power
divine—

When his triumphant crew had left,
O blushing Cretan, thy glory lost;
And bold Eurytus felt the blow,
O'ercome by stratagem in Creta's glade,
From proud Augeas to obtain
The promised steed of toil and gain;

And a reek on Mollon's sons the fatal day,
When stretch'd on Elis' plains his slaughter'd
army lay.

Soon did the faithless king his fraud repay—
He saw his country's fairest hopes expire;
Saw his exiling chiefs fall a prey
To vengeance's slaughter and consuming fire;
Saw desolation's iron reign
Extend o'er all his fair domain.
Vain are the endeavours to withstand
The vengeance of a mightier hand;
Avails he rashly tried to oppose
The forceful entry of his shouting foes;
Till seeing full destruction round him wait,
Alcides the press he sought a voluntary fate."

Persian.

No. 371.

Hercules killing Augias.

Cnemidius. Oriental Cornelian.

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No. 372.

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Apollonius. Oriental Sordonyr.

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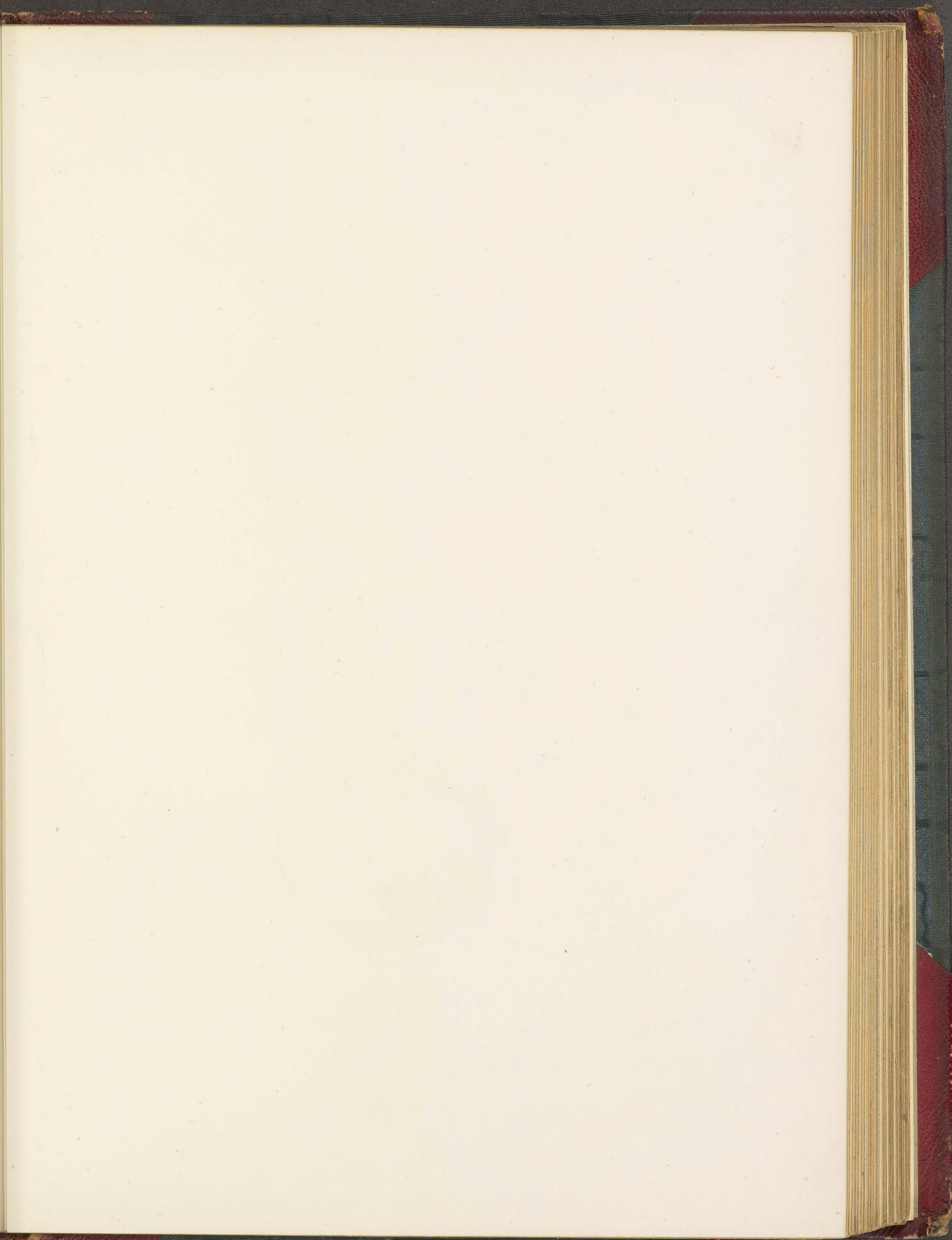


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373



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No. 373.

Hercules interrogating Nereus while chained to the rock.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 374.

Hercules killing the dragon which guarded the gardens of the Hesperides.

CHRONIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

The last but one, or according to some mythologists the last of the twelve great labours of Hercules, was his journey to the country of the Hesperides, to steal the golden apples from the gardens of Atlas, son of Jupiter and Clymene, and brother of Prometheus. These gardens were surrounded by strong walls, and guarded day and night by a terrible dragon. Hercules penetrated into the enclosure, and killed the dragon.

"Let those who, glowing with their country's
love,
Resolve with me these dreadful plains to prove:
These Furies loze, as tells reporting fame,
Flow from some heaven to reach the goddess came
(Hesperus's neighbourhood the warmer clime be-
trays,
And speaks the warmer sun's immediate rays),
Here her first footsteps on the brink she stay'd,
Here in the watery glass her form survey'd,
And call'd herself from hence the chaste Triton-
ian maid.
Here Lethe's streams, from secret springs below,
Rise to the light; here bend'd, and slow
The silent, dull, forgetful waters flow.
Here, by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
Hesperian plants grew rich with living gold;

Long since, the fruit was from the branches torn,
And now the gardens their last harvest mourn.
Such was in ancient times the tale receiv'd,
Such by our good foundations was believ'd,
Nor let us quiver the tradition wrong.
Or dost to question now the poet's sacred song.
Then take it for a truth, the wealthy wood
Here under gilded boughs low bending stood:
On some large tree he felt the serpent wound,
The fair Hesperian virgin watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden ground.
But great Apollo came to end their care,
Stripp'd the gay grove, and left the branches
bare.
Then back returning sought the Argive shore,
And the bright spell to prove they-chance bore."
Lower, look it: Rowe.

"This yond'rous tale the tuneful nine recite,
And as the Muses dictate I must write.
This have I heard, and this as truth proclaim,
That you, O princely peers, of deathless fame,
By the joint efforts of united hands,
Twelve days and nights through Libya's burning
sands

High on your shoulders reared the monster's weight,
All that its womb contain'd, a mighty freight.
What woes o'ertook them, and what toils befell,
No verse can celebrate, no tongue can tell.
Such brave exploits proclaim'd their gallant
race,
For, as their lineage, were their deeds divine.

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No. 373.

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APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 374.

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“Let those who, glowing with their country’s
love,
Resolve with me these dreadful plains to prove:
These Pallas loves, so tells reporting fame,
Here first from heaven to earth the goddess came
(Heaven’s neighbourhood the warmer clime be-
trays,
And speaks the nearer sun’s immediate rays),
Here her first footsteps on the brink she stay’d,
Here in the watery glass her form survey’d,
And call’d herself from hence the chaste Triton-
ian maid.
Here Lethe’s streams, from secret springs below,
Rise to the light; here heavily and slow
The silent, dull, forgetful waters flow.
Here, by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
Hesperian plants grew rich with living gold;

Long since, the fruit was from the branches torn,
And now the gardens their lost honours mourn.
Such was in ancient times the tale receiv’d,
Such by our good forefathers was believ’d;
Nor let inquirers the tradition wrong,
Or dare to question now the poet’s sacred song.
Then take it for a truth, the wealthy wood
Here under golded boughs low bending stood;
On some large tree his folds the serpent wound,
The fair Hesperian virgins watch’d around,
And join’d to guard the rich forbidden ground.
But great Alcides came to end their care,
Stripp’d the gay grove, and left the branches
bare;
Then back returning sought the Argive shore,
And the bright spoil to proud Eurystheus bore.”
LUCAN, book ix.: ROWE.

“This wond’rous tale the tuneful nine recite,
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This have I heard, and this as truth proclaim,
That you, O princely peers, of deathless fame,
By the joint efforts of united hands,
Twelve days and nights through Libya’s burning
sands

High on your shoulders rais’d the vessel’s weight,
All that its womb contain’d, a mighty freight.
What woes o’ertook them, and what toils befell,
No verse can celebrate, no tongue can tell.
Such brave exploits proclaim’d their godlike
line,
For, as their lineage, were their deeds divine.

But when Tritonis' lake the chiefs attain,
 They eas'd their shoulders, and embark'd again.
 Doom'd to acuter griefs, they now are curs'd
 With all the miseries of burning thirst;
 Like dogs they run its fury to assuage,
 And at a fountain's head suppress its rage.
 Nor wander'd they in vain; but soon explor'd
 The sacred spot with golden apples stor'd,
 In Atlas' realm: the serpent's wakeful eyes
 Watch'd till but yesterday the golden prize.
 The fair Hesperides with kind survey
 Tended the serpent as they tun'd their lay;
 But, lo! the monster by Alcides slain,
 Beneath a branching pear-tree press'd the plain.
 His tail still vibrates, though his ghastly head
 And spine immense lie motionless and dead;
 Flies in thick swarms his gory sides surround,
 Drink his black blood, and dry the dripping
 wound

Made by the darts, whose poison'd tips detain
 The deadly venom of the Hydra slain.
 As Ladon's fate the pensive maids deplore,
 Their hands they wrung, their golden locks they
 tore;

But sudden as the heroes hasten'd near,
 They to the dust descend and disappear.
 Struck with the prodigy his eyes survey'd,
 Thus to the nymphs observant Orpheus pray'd:
 'Ye goddesses, with bloom and beauty bless'd,
 Look with benevolence on men distress'd.
 Whether ye grace the splendid courts of Jove,
 Or on this humble earth auspicious move;
 Whether to flowery pastures ye repair,
 And the lov'd name of shepherdesses bear;
 Illustrious nymphs, from ocean sprung, arise,
 Bless with a recent view our longing eyes,
 Bid from the thirsty soul a torrent burst,
 Or open some hard rock to slake our thirst.
 Should we again our tatter'd sails expand,
 And greet at last the dear Achaian land,

Grateful we then these favours will repay,
 And choicest offerings on your altars lay:
 No goddess who frequents the court of Jove
 Shall greater honour share, or greater love.'

Thus Orpheus pray'd, with feeble voice and
 low;

The listening nymphs commiserate their woe.
 First tender grass they bade the soil disclose;
 Then high above it verdant branches rose,
 Erect and strong, the spreading boughs display'd
 Wide o'er the barren soil an ample shade.
 A poplar's trunk fair Hespera receives,
 And in a weeping willow Ægle grieves:
 But Erytheis in an elm remains;
 Each in her tree her proper shape retains.
 Stupendous sight! first Ægle silence broke,
 And kindly thus the suppliant band bespoke:

'Hither some lawless plunderer came of late,
 Who will reverse the colour of your fate.
 Yon beast he slew for whom we sorrow now,
 And tore the golden apples from their bough.
 But yesterday the desperate giant came;
 From his black eye-brows flash'd the livid flame:
 A lion's shaggy skin, besmear'd with gore,
 Wide o'er his shoulders spread, the monster
 wore;

On his stout staff his fearless step rely'd,
 And by his deadly dart the serpent died.
 He like a sturdy traveller stalk'd along,
 Seeking some fount to cool his fiery tongue:
 With eager haste he trod the dusty plain,
 And still for water look'd, but look'd in vain.
 To this tall rock, hard by Titonis' lake,
 Some god conducted him, his thirst to slake;
 Struck by his heel its deep foundation shook,
 And from the yawning clefts a torrent broke.
 Prone on the ground the limpid streams he
 swills,

And, grovelling like a beast, his belly fills.'"

APOLL. RHODIUS.





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No. 375.

Hercules bearing the globe on his shoulders, whilst Atlas gathers the fruit.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules was unable to complete his undertaking without the assistance of Atlas; and for this reason he himself undertook to sustain the celestial globe, whilst Atlas gathered the apples. Hercules being unable to support the weight of the globe, makes a sign to Atlas to take it again.

"Atlas, enforc'd by stern necessity;
Drops the broad heav'n on earth's far bottom where;
Full opposite th' Hesperian verge—sing
With shrill sweet voice; he casts his head and proud
Eye unfatigable—heav'n's vengeance
So damn'd his lot."

Evans.

No. 376.

Hercules sustaining the globe, whilst Atlas is gathering a branch from the tree full of apples.

CARPOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 377.

Hercules carrying away the apples of the Hesperides.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 378.

Hercules delivering Prometheus, the son of Iapetus and Clymene, from the Caucasian rock, to which he had been chained by order of Jupiter, and killing with one of his arrows the eagle which fed upon his liver, that grew as quickly as it was devoured.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian of a very rich colour.*

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378

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“Atlas, enforc’d by stern necessity,
Drops the broad heav’n on earth’s far borders where
Full opposite th’ Hesperian virgins sing
With shrill sweet voice: he rears his head and hand,
Aye unfatigable—heav’n’s counsellor
So doom’d his lot.”

HESIOD.

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CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian of a very rich colour.*

" Prometheus for his artifice renown'd,
 And Epimetheus of unstedfast mind,
 Lur'd to false joys, and to the future blind;
 Who, rashly weak, by soft temptations mov'd,
 The bane of arts and their inventors prov'd;
 Who took the work of Jove, the virgin fair,
 Nor saw beneath her charms the latent snare.
 Blasted by lightning from the hands of Jove,
 Menætiæ fell in Erebus to rove;
 His dauntless mind that could not brook com-
 mand,
 And prone to ill, provok'd th' almighty hand.
 Atlas, so hard necessity ordains,
 Erect the pond'rous vault of stars sustains;
 Not far from the Hesperides he stands,
 Nor from the load retracts his head or hands:
 Here was he fix'd by Jove in counsel wise,
 Who all disposes, and who rules the skies.

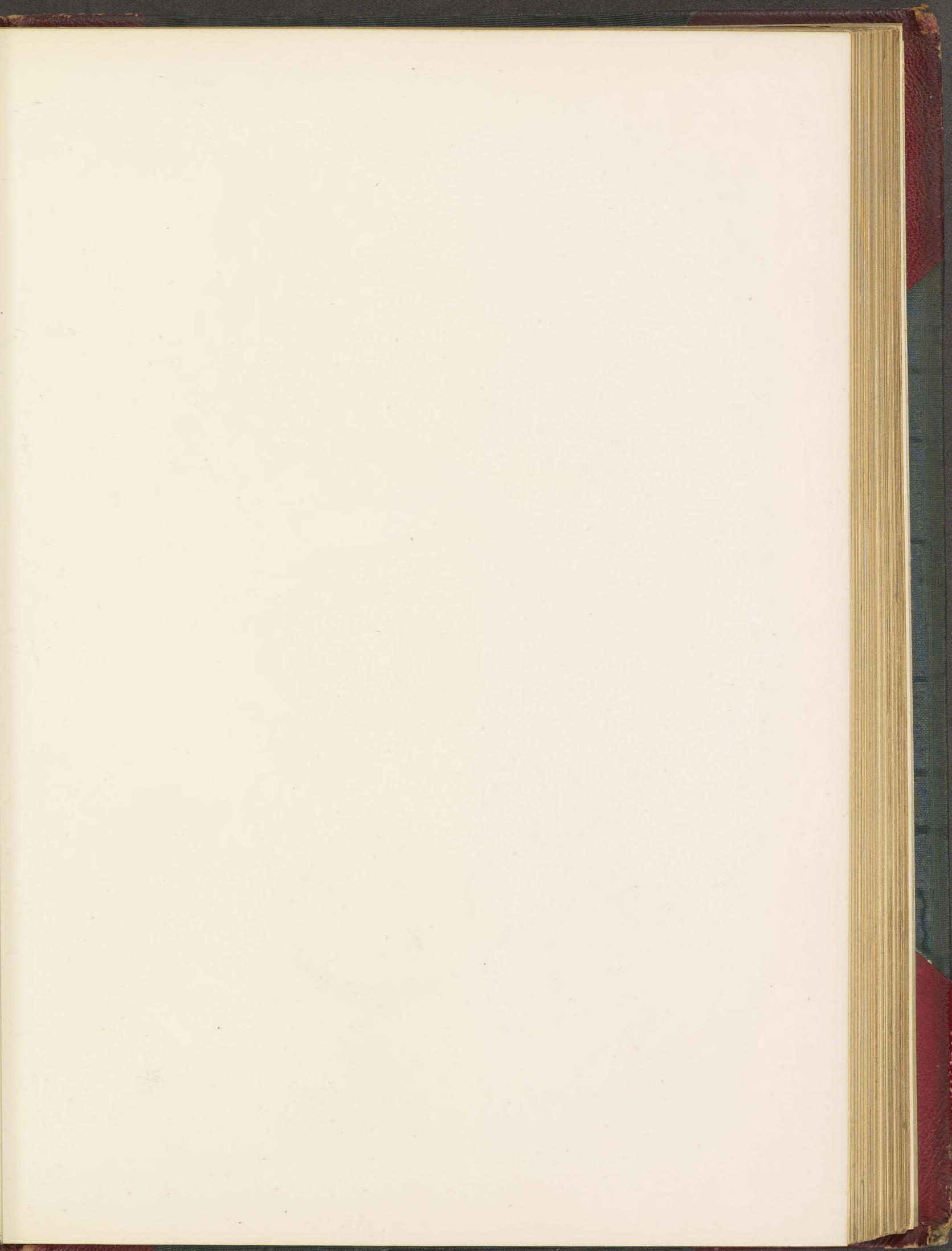
To the same god Prometheus ow'd his pains,
 Fast bound with hard inexorable chains
 To a large column, in the midmost part,
 Who bore his suff'rings with a dauntless heart.
 From Jove an eagle flew, with wings wide spread,
 And on his never-dying liver fed;
 What with his rav'nous beak by day he tore,
 The night supplied, and furnish'd him with more.
 Great Hercules to his assistance came,
 Born of Alemena, lovely-footed dame;
 And first he made the bird voracious bleed,
 And from his chains the son of Japhet freed.
 To this the god consents, th' Olympian sire,
 Who for his son's renown suppress'd his ire,
 The wrath he bore against the wretch who strove
 In counsel with himself, the pow'rful Jove.
 Such was the mighty Thund'rer's will, to raise
 To greatest height the Theban hero's praise."

APOLL. RHOD.

" From thence they sail by long Macronian
 strands,
 And where Bechira's ample coast expands;
 Shores where Byzerians wander far and wide,
 And fierce Sapirians, stigmatis'd for pride;
 And favour'd by the soft-impelling wind,
 Leave numerous coasts and lands unnam'd be-
 hind.
 And sailing swiftly o'er the waves, survey
 Far on the Pontic main an opening bay;
 Then, Caucasus, thy hills were seen on high,
 That rear their rocky summits in the sky.
 Fix'd to these rocks Prometheus still remains,
 For ever bound in adamantine chains;

On the rude cliffs a rav'nous eagle breeds,
 That on the wretch's entrails ever feeds.
 The Grecians saw him, ere th' approach of night,
 Soar high in air, loud hissing in his flight;
 Around the ship he flew in airy rings,
 The sails all shiv'ring as he shook his wings.
 Not as a light ærial bird he soars,
 But moves his pinions like well-polish'd oars.
 The rav'nous bird now rushing from the skies,
 Sudden they heard Prometheus' piercing cries;
 The heav'ns re-echo'd to the doleful sound,
 While the fell eagle gnaw'd the recent wound:
 Till gorg'd with flesh, the bird of Jove they spied
 Again descending from the mountain's side."

APOLL. RHOD.





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No. 379.

Hercules releasing Prometheus.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules, after killing the eagle, which is seen lying on the ground, unfastens the chains of Prometheus.

No. 380.

Echidna, with her offspring, Cerberus and Chimera.

GNAIDA. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Echidna, the daughter of Chryseus and Callisto, had the body of a beautiful woman to the waist, while the lower part terminated in an enormous serpent. Conspicuous in a cavern in the country of the Hyperborei, she left it only to nurse the promethee. She was the mother of several monsters, amongst which were the dog Cerberus and the Chimera. She is here represented with these two monsters by her side.

"Callisto in a cave conceal'd again,
And her Echidna born unburied pain;
A monster she of an unburied kind;
Echidna, the goddess like the lustre kind;
One half a serpent of a prodigious size,
Fair her complexion, and august her eyes;
The other half a serpent due to view,
Large and voracious, and of various hue.

Deep in a cavern dark, her bound she,
From the immortal gods remote and deep,
There, on the summit of the gods' abode,
Fostered and ever young the nymph Echidna.
In love Echidna with Typhoeus join'd,
Whom he and blustering as the wind."

Hesiod, Theog.

"Echidna, the untameable of soul,
Above a nymph with beauty-blossoming cheeks,
And eyes of jessy lustre; but below
A speckled serpent horrible and huge,
Gorg'd with blood-banquets monstrous, laid in
caves
Of sacred earth. There in the utmost depth

Her cavern is within a vaulted rock;
where from mortals and immortals deep,
Hence: the gods have there decreed her place
In mansions known to none. So post beneath
The rocks of Arima Echidna dwells
Midmost; a nymph immortal, and in youth
Unchanged for evermore."

No. 381.

Echidna stealing the horses of Hercules.

SOLON. *Oriental Cornelian.*

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Hercules, after killing the eagle, which is seen lying on the ground, unfastens the chains of Prometheus.

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Echidna, with her offspring, Cerberus and Chimera.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Echidna, the daughter of Chrysoar and Callirhoe, had the body of a beautiful woman to the waist, while the lower part terminated in an enormous serpent. Concealed in a cavern in the country of the Hyperborei, she left it only to annoy the passengers. She was the mother of several monsters, amongst which were the dog Cerberus and the Chimera. She is here represented with these two monsters by her side.

“Callirhoe in a cave conceiv’d again,
And for Echidna bore maternal pain;
A monster she of an undaunted mind,
Unlike the gods, nor like the human kind:
One half a nymph of a prodigious size,
Fair her complexion, and asquint her eyes;
The other half a serpent dire to view,
Large and voracious, and of various hue.

Deep in a Syrian rock, her horrid den,
From the immortal gods remote and men,
There, so the council of the gods ordains,
Forlorn and ever young the nymph remains.
In love Echidna with Typhaon join’d,
Outrageous he and blust’ring as the wind.”

HESIOD, *Theog.*

“Echidna, the untameable of soul,
Above a nymph with beauty-blooming cheeks,
And eyes of jetty lustre; but below
A speckled serpent horrible and huge,
Gorg’d with blood-banquets monstrous, hid in
caves
Of sacred earth. There in the utmost depth

Her cavern is within a vaulted rock;
Alike from mortals and immortals deep,
Remote: the gods have there decreed her place
In mansions known to fame. So pent beneath
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SOLON. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules, according to Herodotus, having gone into the country of the Hyperboreans, fell asleep on a rock. Echidna then carried off his horses, and took them to her cave.

No. 382.

Echidna promising Hercules to restore his horses.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

No. 383.

Echidna having restored the horses, receives from Hercules his bow.

SOLON. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules reconciling himself with Echidna, he fell in love with her, and she became the mother of three children, Agathyrus, Gelonus, and Scytha, chiefs of three Hyperborean nations, each of which took the name of its founder. Echidna restored the horses of Hercules, who on taking leave of her, gave her his bow, saying, "Thou wilt keep only him of thy sons who can bend this bow;" and Scytha, chief of the Scythians, was the only one who succeeded.

No. 384.

The death of Echidna, killed while sleeping by the shepherd Argus.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

No. 385.

Hercules wounding with an arrow the monster to which Hesione was exposed.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Neptune, to punish the perfidy of Laomedon king of Ilium, who refused to reward Apollo and himself for assisting him to build the walls of his city, visited Troy with a great pestilence. Laomedon consulted the oracle, and obtained for answer that the plague would not cease unless a virgin were annually offered to a sea-monster. After some years the lot fell upon Hesione, the daughter of Laomedon, to the great grief of her father, who loved her tenderly. Hercules



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AROLLENTES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

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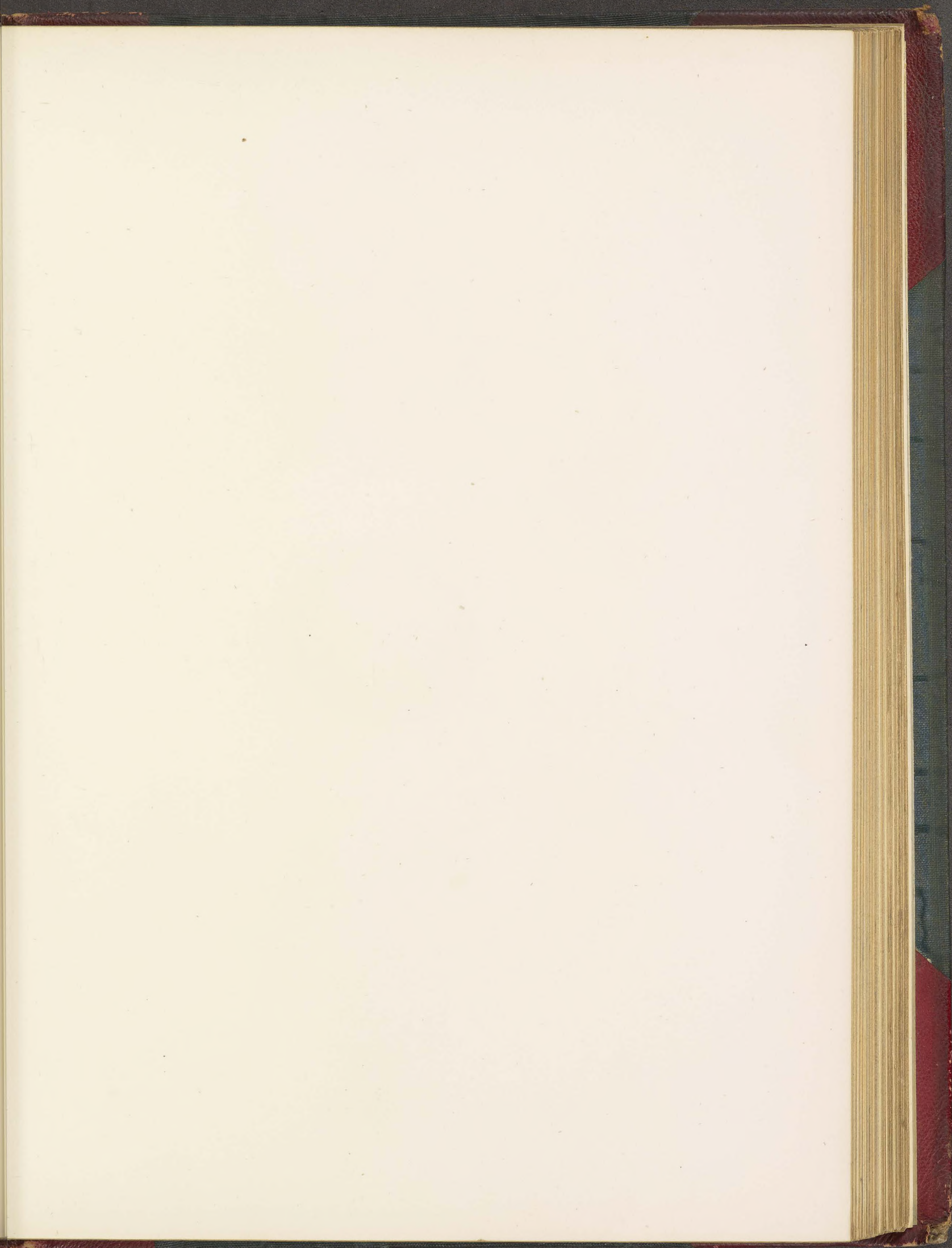


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arriving at Troy at the time, went to the king and offered to deliver his daughter, on condition that he should have as his reward some fine horses. Hesione is chained to a rock, and the monster from the sea about to devour her, when Hercules from his bow sends an arrow steeped in the blood of the hydra, which pierces the monster.

"Nor this appeas'd the god's revengeful mind,
For still a greater plague remains behind:
A huge sea-monster lodges on the sands,
And the king's daughter for his prey demands.
To him that sav'd the damsel was decreed
A set of horses of the sun's fine breed;
But when Alcides from the rock untied
The trembling fair, the ransom was denied."

He in revenge the new-built walls attack'd,
And the twice-perjur'd city bravely sack'd;
Telamon aided, and in justice shar'd
Part of the plunder as his due reward—
The princess, sav'd late, with all her charms,
Hesione, was yielded to his arms."

OWEN, *Mss.*

No. 356.

Hercules rescuing Hesione from the monster.

APOLLOXENES. *Very fine Oriental Sardonyx.*

The monster, whom the poisoned arrow has rendered furious, is here seen redoubling his efforts to seize Hesione, and Hercules is preparing to strike him with his club.

"Ah, luckless muse! enwrapped in ruddy
flame,

Then when the lion, spring from triple light,
Slew'd his dark piec across th' Ægean wave,
And bid her heart within her hollow wound;
Who headlong leap'd into the cavern'd jaws
Of the sea-monster, through the black abyss
Clearing his bloody way; whose shadowy looks
Sing'd in the flameless furnace, were no more;
Who dyed his hands in infant blood, the just
And full pollution of my native soil;
Who 'gainst his stepdame's daughter became
wring'd

The iron shaft; and wrestling with his she—
(Fast by the rocks of Cronus, where the tomb
Of earth-born Iphigeneia, gigantic birth,
Bears its cold mantle, whence the conser starts)—

Twice'd round his limbs the slaving strings of
arts

Who drew the fiend, that, frowning in the wave,
Guards all the narrow pass where billows roll
Between Ægean regions and the shores
Of Thracian, where from the sea-bent rocks
She leans upon the rocky shore, and laughs
At Death, and Hades' impotent demands,
Tosses the vivifying pile her sire
Hear'd high her robe, and woe'd the burning
rude,

Kindling the bright remanent flame;
When not with sword, nor shield, nor massive
rod,

The dead whelm'd, and gave again to view
The dark perdition and the glooms of hell."

LACONIA: VINCENY REYNOLDS.

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arriving at Troy at the time, went to the king and offered to deliver his daughter, on condition that he should have as his reward some fine horses. Hesione is chained to a rock, and the monster from the sea about to devour her, when Hercules from his bow sends an arrow steeped in the blood of the hydra, which pierces the monster.

“ Nor this appeas’d the god’s revengeful mind,
For still a greater plague remains behind :
A huge sea-monster lodges on the sands,
And the king’s daughter for his prey demands.
To him that sav’d the damsel was decreed
A set of horses of the sun’s fine breed ;
But when Alcides from the rock untied
The trembling fair, the ransom was denied.

He in revenge the new-built walls attack’d,
And the twice-perjur’d city bravely sack’d ;
Telamon aided, and in justice shar’d
Part of the plunder as his due reward—
The princess, rescu’d late, with all her charms,
Hesione, was yielded to his arms.”

OVID, *Met.*

No. 386.

Hercules rescuing Hesione from the monster.

APOLLONIDES. *Very fine Oriental Sardonyx.*

The monster, whom the poisoned arrow has rendered furious, is here seen redoubling his efforts to seize Hesione, and Hercules is preparing to strike him with his club.

“ Ah, luckless muse ! enwrapped in ruddy
flame,
Then when the lion, sprung from triple night,
Steer’d his dark pine across th’ Ægean wave,
And hid her host within her hollow womb ;
Who fearless leap’d into the cavern’d jaws
Of the sea-monster, through the black abyss
Cleaving his bloody way ; whose shadowy locks,
Sing’d in the flameless furnace, wave no more ;
Who dyed his hands in infant blood, the pest
And fell pollution of my native tow’rs ;
Who ’gainst his stepdame’s deathless bosom
wing’d
The iron shaft ; and wrestling with his sire—
(Fast by the rocks of Cronus, where the tomb
Of earth-born Ischenus, gigantic birth,
Bears its cold marble, whence the courser starts)—

Twin’d round his limbs the sinewy strength of
arm ;
Who slew the fiend, that, frowning in the wave,
Guards all the narrow pass where billows roll
Between Ausonian regions and the shores
Of Trinacris, where from the sea-beat rocks
She feasts upon the scaly shoals, and laughs
At Death, and Hades’ impotent domain.
For on the vivifying pile her sire
Heap’d high her limbs, and wav’d the burning
torch,
Kindling the bright resuscitating flame ;
Whom nor with sword, nor shield, nor massive
mail,
The dead subdu’d, and gave again to view
The dark pavilions and the glooms of hell.”

LYCOPHRON : VISCOUNT ROYSTON.

No. 387.

Hercules giving Hesione to Telamon.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

After the deliverance of Hesione, Laomedon refused to give Hercules the six horses sent by Jupiter to Troy as an indemnity for Ganymede (whom he had carried off), and which had descended to Laomedon. Hercules revenged himself for this perfidy; and, aided by his companions, carried Troy by assault. Telamon was the first to enter the city, which was sacked, and Laomedon killed by Jupiter, who became the possessor of Hesione. Hercules was jealous of the success of Telamon, and wished to slay him; and Telamon having been warned of this, collected a great quantity of stones, and to calm him declared his intention of erecting a very high altar in honour of Hercules (the conqueror). Alcides then, forgetting all former malice, loads him with praises, and gives him Hesione in marriage.

“ In Salamis' profound retreat,
Fam'd for the luscious treasures of the bee,
High rais'd above th' encircling sea,
Thou, Telamon, didst fix thy regal seat.
Near to those sacred hills, where spread
The olive first its fragrant sprays,
'To form a garland for Minerva's head,
And the Athenian splendour raise:
With the fam'd archer, with Alcmene's son,
Thou cam'st exulting with vindictive joy;
By your confed'rate arms was Ilion won,
When from thy Greece thou cam'st, our city to
destroy.

Repining for the promis'd steeds,
From Greece Alcides led a chosen band;
With hostile prowls th' indented strand
He reach'd, and anchor'd near fair Simois'
meads.

Selected from each ship, he led
Those who with dextrous hand could wing
Th' unerring shaft, till slaughter reach'd thy
head,

Laomedon, thou perjur'd king.
Those battlements which Phœbus' self did
rear

The victor wasted with devouring flame;

Twice o'er Troy's walls hath wav'd the hostile
spear,
Twice have insulting shouts announc'd Dardania's
shame.

Thou bear'st the sparkling wine in vain,
With step effeminate, O Phrygian boy!
Erewhile didst thou approach with joy
To fill the goblet of imperial Jove:
For now thy Troy lies levell'd with the plain,
And its thick smoke ascends the realms above.
On th' echoing coast our plaints we vent,
As feather'd songsters o'er their young bewail;
A child or husband these lament,
And those behold their captive mothers sail.
The founts where thou didst bathe, th' athletic
sports,

Are now no more. Each blooming grace
Sheds charms unheeded o'er thy placid face,
And thou frequent'st heav'n's splendid courts.
Triumphant Greece hath levell'd in the dust
The throne where Priam rul'd the virtuous and
the just.

With happier auspices, O Love,
Erst didst thou hover o'er this fruitful plain,
Hence caught the gods thy thrilling pain;



No. 387.

Hercules giving Hesione to Telamon.

APOLLOXIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

After the deliverance of Hesione, Laomedon refused to give Hercules the six horses sent by Jupiter to Troy as an indemnity for Ganymede (whom he had carried off), and which had descended to Laomedon. Hercules revenged himself for this perfidy; and, aided by his companions, carried Troy by assault. Telamon was the first to enter the city, which was sacked, and Laomedon killed by Jupiter, who became the possessor of Hesione. Hercules was jealous of the success of Telamon, and wished to slay him; and Telamon having been warned of this, collected a great quantity of stones, and to calm him declared his intention of erecting a very high altar in honour of Hercules (the conqueror). Besides then, forgetting all former malice, he took him with prizes, and gives him Hesione in marriage.

In Telamon's profound retreat,
Fest'd for the lawless treasures of the sea,
High robb'd above th' ascending sky,
Then, Telamon, didst fix thy regal seat
Near to those sacred hills, where spiced
The olive first its fragrant sprays,
To form a garland for Minerva's head,
And the Attic splendour mixt
With the sun'd arches, with Alcmene's urn,
Thou canst not exulting with vindictive joy,
By your sunbaked ruins seen was this won,
When from thy flames thou didst, our city to
destroy.

Requiting for the promised dowry,
From Greece Apollo led a chosen band;
With hostile power th' inhabited coast
He smelt'd, and neither'd near his flames
The sacred hearth, nor the holy
Thee who with thy sacred hand could wing
Th' ascending shaft, all slaughter smelt'd thy
head,
Laomedon, thine perjured king,
Thou' involuntarily Phœbus' self did
smelt,
The victim smelt with descending flame;

Twice o'er Troy's walls both war'd the hostile
spots,
Twice here insulting shouts announc'd Dardania's
shame.

Thou leav'st the sparkling wine in vain,
With step effeminate, O Phrygian boy!
Erewhile didst thou approach with joy
To fill the goblet of imperial Jove;
For now thy Troy lies level'd with the plain,
And its thick smoke needs the realms above,
On th' echoing coast our plants we vent,
As feeding'd songsters o'er their young to wall;
A child or husband these lament,
And these behold their captive mothers call,
The flames where thou didst battle, th' athletic
sports,
Are now no more. Each blooming grove
Shade charms unheeded o'er thy plaid face,
And thou frequent'st bear n's splendid coast,
Triumphs of Greece hath level'd in the dust
The flames where Priam smelt'd the virtuous and
the just.

With deeper anguish, O Love,
Ere didst thou hover o'er this fruitful plain,
Hence caught the gods thy thrilling pain;



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By their embellish'd, Troy's resplendent towers
 Heav'd their proud summits high by dand'ring
 Jove,

For our allies were the celestial powers,
 But I no longer will betray
 Heav'n's ruler to reproach and biting shame.
 The white-wing'd morn, bless'd source of day,
 Who cheers the nations with her kindling flames,

Behold these walls demolish'd, and the shade
 Of that dear prince who shar'd her bed,
 In fragments o'er the wasted champaign spread;
 While swift along the starry road,
 Her golden car his country's guardian bore,
 False was each anxious god, and Ilion is no
 more."

EURIPIDES, *Trojan Captives*.

No. 388.

Hercules in the act of striking Telamon, who, to appease him, points to the altar he is constructing in his honour.

SCYLAX. *Oriental Cornelian*.

No. 389.

Hercules bagging the pignies in the skin of the Nemean lion.

CHRONOS. *Oriental Cornelian*.

The ancients believed that there existed in Libya a race of men whose stature did not exceed a cubit. Hercules conquered them, and killed Anthus their chief, after which exploit he fell asleep. The pignies, resolved on revenging the death of their prince, dared to attack Hercules, and placed themselves on his body. Alcides, awakened by the noise, seized all of them, and enclosing them in the skin of the Nemean lion, as in a bag, carried them to Eurythens.

No. 390.

Hercules killing Busiris.

APOLLOSIDES. *Oriental Cornelian*.

Busiris, the son of Neptune and Libya, reigned in Egypt about 1400 years before our era. The kingdom being afflicted during a long period with famine, Busiris, to find a remedy, consulted Thraëce of Cyprus the soothsayer, who replied that the dearth would cease if all foreigners who came to Egypt were sacrificed to Neptune. The king first sacrificed the soothsayer, and then all the foreigners, or men with red hair, who landed in Egypt. Hercules, after overcoming Antæus, went thither, and was condemned to the same fate. He was bound, and



By thee embellish'd, Troy's resplendent tow'rs
 Rear'd their proud summits blest by thund'ring
 Jove,
 For our allies were the celestial pow'rs.
 But I no longer will betray
 Heav'n's ruler to reproach and biting shame.
 The white-wing'd morn, blest source of day,
 Who cheers the nations with her kindling flame,

Beheld these walls demolish'd, and th' abode
 Of that dear prince who shar'd her bed
 In fragments o'er the wasted champaign spread;
 While swift along the starry road,
 Her golden car his country's guardian bore:
 False was each amorous god, and Ilion is no
 more."

EURIPIDES, *Trojan Captives*.

No. 388.

Hercules in the act of striking Telamon, who, to appease him, points to the altar he is constructing in his honour.

SCYLAX. *Oriental Cornelian*.

No. 389.

Hercules bagging the pigmies in the skin of the Nemean lion.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian*.

The ancients believed that there existed in Libya a race of men whose stature did not exceed a cubit. Hercules conquered them, and killed Antheas their chief, after which exploit he fell asleep. The pigmies, resolved on revenging the death of their prince, dared to attack Hercules, and placed themselves on his body. Alcides, awakened by the noise, seized all of them, and enclosing them in the skin of the Nemean lion, as in a bag, carried them to Eurystheus.

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led to the altar as a victim ; but having broken his bonds, he put to death Busiris, his son, his herald, and the priests. The moment represents Hercules, after having killed several persons in the train of Busiris, dragging the king to the altar, and about to strike him with his club.

“ Have I thus gain’d
For slain Busiris, who Jove’s temple stain’d
With strangers’ blood ? that from the earth earth-
bred
Antæus held ? whom Geryon’s triple head,
Nor thine, O Cerberus, could once dismay ?
These hands, these made the Cretan bull obey :
Your labours, Elis, smooth Stymphean floods
Confess with praises, and Parthenian woods.
You got the golden belt of Thermodon,
And apples from the sleepless dragon won.
Nor cloud-born Centaurs, nor th’ Arcadian boar,
Could me resist ; nor Hydra, with her store

Of frightful heads, which by their loss increas’d.
I, when I saw the Thracian horses feast
With human flesh, their mangers overthrew,
And with his steeds their wicked master slew.
These hands the Nemean lion chok’d ; these
quell’d
Huge Cacus ; and these shoulders heav’n upheld.
Jove’s cruel wife grew weary to impose ;
I never to perform. But, O these woes,
This new-found plague, no virtue can repel,
Nor arms, nor weapons.”

OVID’S *Met.* : SANDYS.

No. 391.

Hercules killing Aulis with a spade.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Amethyst.*

Sileus, king of Aulis, obliged all strangers who passed through his territory to help till the land. He dared to compel Hercules to do this, and gave him a spade, with which the indignant Hercules kills him.

No. 392.

Polygonus and Telegonus, the sons of Proteus, killed by Hercules, whom they had challenged to wrestle with them.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

No. 393.

Hercules killing Erginus.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Erginus, king of Orchomenos, invaded Boeotia, and threatened the city of Thebes. Hercules put himself at the head of the young Thebans to repulse him ; and having no arms, he



led to the altar as a victim: but having broken his bonds, he put to death Basile, his son, his herald, and the priests. The monument represents Hercules, after having killed several persons in the train of Basile, dragging the king to the altar, and about to strike him with his club.

"Have I then gain'd
For slain Basile, who Jove's temple stain'd
With stranger's blood! that from the earth earth-
bapt
Anteus held! whose Geryon's triple head,
Nor thine, O Cerberus, could ope? Whence?
These hands, these arms the Cyclops hail! they:
Your labours, Elys, smooth Stygian floods
Gush with golden, and Parthenian woods
You put the golden belt of Thetis on,
And apples from the sleepless dragon wun:
Nor ghost-born Geryon, nor H' Arctonian bear,
Could me resist; nor Hydra, with her more

Offspring head, which by their loss increas'd.
Is, when I saw the Thracian horses first
With human flesh, their manes in earthworn;
And with his words their wicked master show.
These hands the Samos' lion chok'd; these
quell'd
These Cacus; and these shoulders bear's upheld.
Jove's cruel wife grew wroth to impose;
I never to perform. But, O these wares,
This new-found plague, no virtue can repel,
Nor arms, nor weapons."

Orin's Met.: SARDIA.

No. 331.

Hercules killing Adia with a spear.

APOLLOXIDES. *Oriental Amethyst.*

Adia, King of Asia, obliged all strangers who passed through his territory to help till the land. He dared to compel Hercules to do this, and gave him a spear, with which the indignant Hercules kills him.

No. 332.

Polygonus and Telagonus, the sons of Proteus, killed by Hercules, whom they had challenged to wrestle with them.

CANONIA. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

No. 333.

Hercules killing Egeus.

CANONIA. *Oriental Onyx.*

Egeus, King of Orchomenus, invited Hercules, and threatened the city of Thebes. Hercules put himself at the head of the young Thebans to repulse him; and having no arms, he



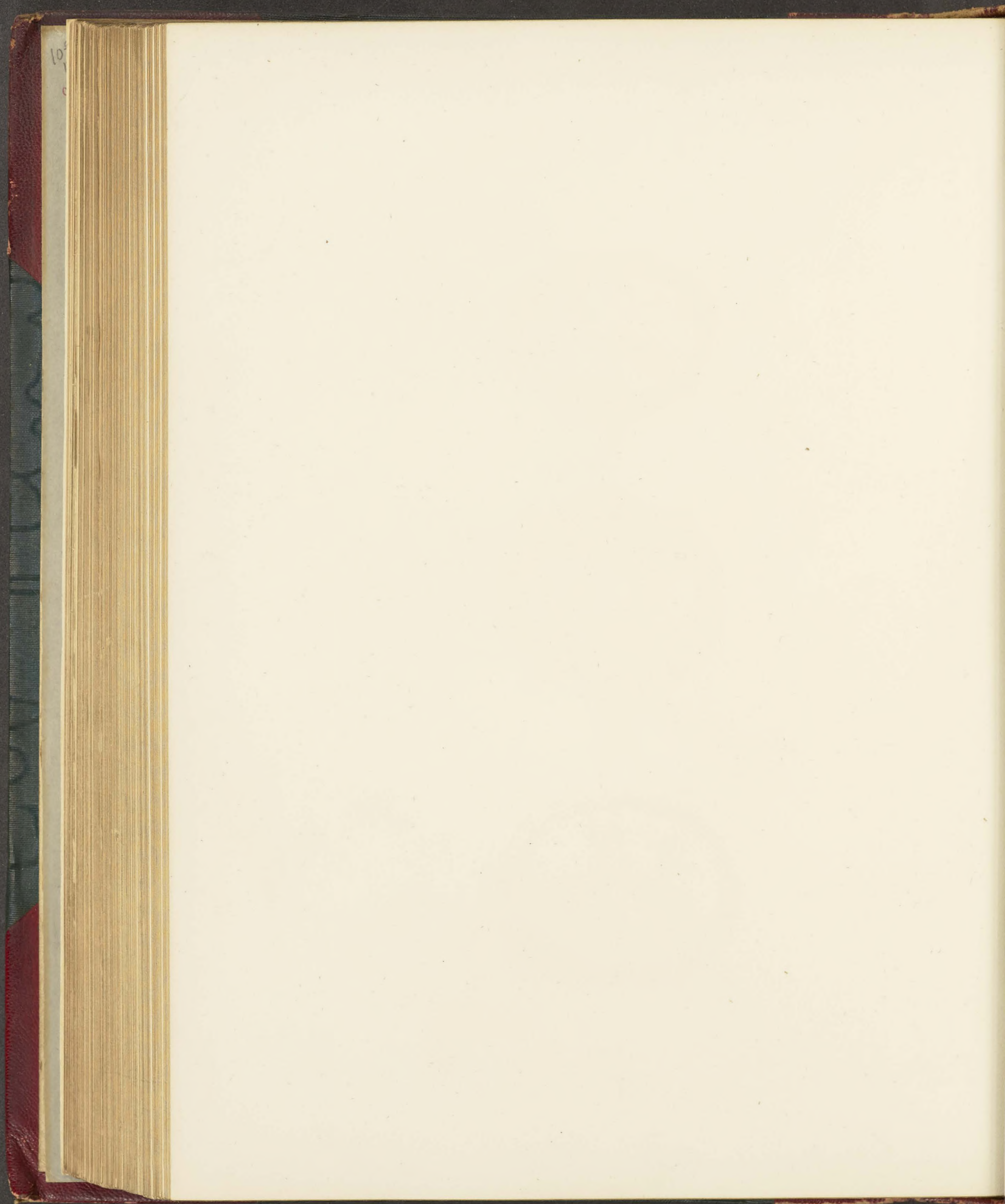
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took those of Minerva, which were hung up in her temple. He attacked the Orchomenians, subdued them, and killed Ergasus.

No. 394.

The same subject.

Dioscorides. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 395.

The bolt of Jove separating Mars and Hercules combating.

Chromios. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules vanquished Cygnus in the race, and killed him; and Mars, to revenge the death of his son, challenged Hercules to fight. Jupiter hurled a bolt, which falling between them separated them.

"As a lion, who has felt a
Perilance on some stray beast, with gripping
claws
Intent strips down the bearded hide,
Drains instantaneous the sweet life, and glads
Even to the full his glaucous heart with blood;
Green-eyed he glares in fierceness; with his tail
Lashes his shoulders and his swelling sides,
And with his feet tears up the ground; not one
Might dare to look upon him, nor advance
Nigh with desire of conflict;—such in truth
The war-insatiate Hercules to Mars
Stood in array, and gather'd in his soul
Prompt courage. But the other near approach'd

Anguish'd at heart; and both commencing rush'd
With cries of battle. As when from high ridge
Of some hill-top abrupt, tumbles a mass
Precipitous and sheer a giddy space,
Bounded in a whirl, and rolls impetuous down:
Shrill rings the vehement crash, till some steep
cliff
Obtrudes; to this the mass is borne along;
This wedge is immovable;—e'en so
Destroyer Mars, bowing the chariot, rush'd,
Yelling vociferous with a shout; e'en so,
As utterance prompt, met Hercules the shock,
And firm withstood."

Hercules, *Shield of Hercules.*

No. 396.

Hercules combating the Centaurs at the marriage of Pirithous and
Hippodamia.

Apollonides. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

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took those of Minerva, which were hung up in her temple. He attacked the Orchomenians, subdued them, and killed Erginus.

No. 394.

The same subject.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 395.

The bolt of Jove separating Mars and Hercules combating.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules vanquished Cynus in the race, and killed him; and Mars, to revenge the death of his son, challenged Hercules to fight. Jupiter hurled a bolt, which falling between them separated them.

“ As a lion, who has fall’n
Perchance on some stray beast, with griping
claws
Intent strips down the lacerated hide,
Drains instantaneous the sweet life, and gluts
E’en to the fill his gloomy heart with blood;
Green-eyed he glares in fierceness; with his tail
Lashes his shoulders and his swelling sides,
And with his feet tears up the ground; not one
Might dare to look upon him, nor advance
Nigh with desire of conflict;—such in truth
The war-insatiate Hercules to Mars
Stood in array, and gather’d in his soul
Prompt courage. But the other near approach’d

Anguish’d at heart; and both encountering rush’d
With cries of battle. As when from high ridge
Of some hill-top abrupt, tumbles a crag
Precipitous and sheer a giddy space,
Bounds in a whirl, and rolls impetuous down:
Shrill rings the vehement crash, till some steep
clift
Obstructs; to this the mass is borne along;
This wedges it immovable;—e’en so
Destroyer Mars, bowing the chariot, rush’d,
Yelling vociferous with a shout; e’en so,
As utterance prompt, met Hercules the shock,
And firm sustain’d.”

HESIOD, *Shield of Hercules.*

No. 396.

Hercules combating the Centaurs at the marriage of Pirithous and Hippodamia.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

No. 397.

Hercules killing the centaur Polenor for attacking the centaur Pholus,
his host and friend.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 398.

Hercules strangling Antæus.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian.*

“ From thence he seeks the heights renown’d
by fame,
And hallow’d by the great Cornelian name ;
The rocks and hills which long, traditions say,
Were held by huge Antæus’ horrid sway.
Here, as by chance he lights upon the place,
Curious he tries the reverend tale to trace ;
When thus, in short, the ruder Libyans tell,
What from their sires they heard, and how the
case befell.
The teeming earth, for ever fresh and young,
Yet after many a giant son was strong,
When labouring here with the prodigious birth,
She brought her youngest-born, Antæus, forth.
Of all the dreadful brood which erst she bore,
In none the fruitful beldame gloried more ;
Happy for those above she brought him not,
Till after Phlegra’s doubtful field was fought.
That this her darling might in force excel,
A gift she gave : whene’er to earth he fell,
Recruited strength he from his parent drew,
And every slack’ning nerve was strung anew.
Yon cave his den he made ; where oft for food
He snatch’d the mother lion’s horrid brood.
Nor leaves, nor shaggy hides, his couch prepar’d,
Torn from the tiger or the spotted pard ;
But stretch’d along the naked earth he lies,
New vigour still the native earth supplies.
Whate’er he meets his ruthless hands invade,
Strong in himself, without his mother’s aid.

The strangers that unknowing seek the shore,
Soon a worse shipwreck on the land deplore.
Dreadful to all, with matchless might he reigns,
Robs, spoils, and massacres the simple swains,
And all unpeopled lie the Libyan plains.
At length, around the trembling nations spread
Fame of the tyrant to Alcides fled.
The godlike hero, born by Jove’s decree,
To set the seas and earth from monsters free,
Hither in generous pity bent his course,
And set himself to prove the giant’s force.
Now met, the combatants for fight provide,
And either doffs the lion’s yellow hide.
Bright in Olympic oil Alcides shone,
Antæus with his mother’s dust is strown,
And seeks her friendly force to aid his own.
Now seizing fierce their grasping hands they
mix,
And labour on the swelling throat to fix ;
Their sinewy arms are writh’d in many a fold,
And front to front they threaten stern and bold.
Unmatch’d before, each bends a sullen frown,
To find a force thus equal to his own.
At length the godlike victor Greek prevail’d,
Nor yet the foe with all his force assail’d ;
Faint dropping sweats bedew the monster’s brows,
And panting thick with heaving sides he blows :
His trembling head the slack’ning nerves con-
fess’d,
And from the hero shrunk his yielding breast.





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The conqueror purges, his arms entwining,
 Infoling grips, and strain his crushing clime,
 While his broad knee bears forced on his groin:
 At once his felt'ding feet from earth he rends,
 And on the sands his mighty length extends.
 The parent earth her vanquish'd son deposes,
 And with a touch his vigour but restores;
 From his fatal limbs the clumpy dew she drains,
 And with fresh streams renews his shivering veins;
 The muscles swell, the hard'ning sinews rise,
 And bursting from the Herculean grasp he flies.
 Astonish'd at the sight Alcides stood;
 Nor when he would'st when in Iovian's flood
 The dreadful snake his falling head renew'd,
 Of all his various labours none was more
 With equal joy by Iovian's unrighteous queen;
 Pleas'd she beheld what sad, what pains he
 prov'd,
 He who had borne the weight of heav'n's anger'd,
 Sudden again upon the foe he threw,
 The falling foe to earth for aid withdrew;

The earth again her shivering son supplies,
 And with redoubled forces bids him rise;
 Her vital pow'rs to succour him she sends,
 And earth herself with Hercules contends.
 Conscious at length of such unequal fight,
 And that the parent touch renew'd his might:
 'No longer shalt thou fall,' Alcides cried,
 'Henceforth the combat standing shall be tried;
 If thou wilt less, to me alone incline,
 And rest upon no other breast but mine.'
 He said; and as he saw the monster stoop,
 With mighty arms aloft he rear'd him up;
 No more the distant earth her son supplies,
 Lock'd in the hero's strong embrace he lies:
 Nor thence dislodg'd, nor squand to the ground,
 Till death in ev'ry feature death was found.
 Thus, fond of tales, our ancestors of old
 The story to their children's children told;
 From thence a title to the land they gave,
 And call'd this hollow rock Antæus' cave."

LEWIS: ROWE.

No. 399.

Hercules at the river Strymon.

CHACMONS. Oriental Cornelian.

Hercules arriving on the banks of the river Strymon, between Thracia and Macedonia, and not finding it fordable, throws into its bed some large stones. The river is here represented under the human form, appearing overwhelmed by them, and appealing for pity to Hercules.

No. 400.

Hercules, Eurypylos, and Chalciops.

APOLLONIUS. Oriental Cornelian.

Hercules, on his return from his expedition against Lamædon, king of Ilion, landed in the island of Cœ; and the inhabitants mistaking him for a pirate, attacked him with stones. Hercules gained a complete victory over them, ravaged their island, slew their king Eurypylos, and carried off his daughter Chalciops.



The conqueror pursues, his arms entwine,
 Infolding gripe, and strain his crashing chine,
 While his broad knee bears forceful on his groin :
 At once his falt'ring feet from earth he rends,
 And on the sands his mighty length extends.
 The parent earth her vanquish'd son deplores,
 And with a touch his vigour lost restores ;
 From his faint limbs the clammy dew she drains,
 And with fresh streams recruits his ebbing veins ;
 The muscles swell, the hard'ning sinews rise,
 And bursting from th' Herculean grasp he flies.
 Astonish'd at the sight Alcides stood ;
 Nor more he wonder'd when in Lerna's flood
 The dreadful snake her falling heads renew'd.
 Of all his various labours none was seen
 With equal joy by heav'n's unrighteous queen ;
 Pleas'd she beheld what toil, what pains he
 prov'd,
 He who had borne the weight of heav'n unmov'd.
 Sudden again upon the foe he flew,
 The falling foe to earth for aid withdrew ;

The earth again her fainting son supplies,
 And with redoubled forces bids him rise ;
 Her vital pow'rs to succour him she sends,
 And earth herself with Hercules contends.
 Conscious at length of such unequal fight,
 And that the parent touch renew'd his might :
 ' No longer shalt thou fall,' Alcides cried,
 ' Henceforth the combat standing shall be tried ;
 If thou wilt lean, to me alone incline,
 And rest upon no other breast but mine,'
 He said ; and as he saw the monster stoop,
 With mighty arms aloft he rears him up :
 No more the distant earth her son supplies,
 Lock'd in the hero's strong embrace he lies ;
 Nor thence dismiss'd, nor trusted to the ground,
 Till death in ev'ry frozen limb was found.

Thus, fond of tales, our ancestors of old
 The story to their children's children told ;
 From thence a title to the land they gave,
 And call'd this hollow rock Antæus' cave."

LUCAN : ROWE.

No. 399.

Hercules at the river Strymon.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules arriving on the banks of the river Strymon, between Thrace and Macedonia, and not finding it fordable, throws into its bed some large stones. The river is here represented under the human form, appearing overwhelmed by them, and appealing for pity to Hercules.

No. 400.

Hercules, Eurypylos, and Chalciope.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules, on his return from his expedition against Laomedon, king of Ilium, landed in the island of Cos ; and the inhabitants mistaking him for a pirate, attacked him with stones. Hercules gained a complete victory over them, ravaged their island, slew their king Eurypylos, and carried off his daughter Chalciope.

No. 401.

Hercules extracting the arrow from the centaur Chiron.

SOLON. *Cornelian.*

The centaur Chiron, born of Saturn under the form of a horse, and Philyra daughter of Ocean, was celebrated for his knowledge of astronomy, music, jurisprudence, and medicine. The cave which he selected for his residence, at the foot of mount Pelion in Thessaly, the reputed country of the centaurs, or hippo-centaurs, became a celebrated school, to which resorted the most distinguished men of the heroic ages: Esculapius, Theseus, Hercules, Palamedes, Machaon, Achilles, &c. When Hercules made war against the centaurs, they were defeated, and fled to Malia, where Chiron then was, trusting that his presence would appease the anger of his pupil. Hercules, however, did not desist from pursuing after and shooting at them; and one of the poisoned arrows, taking a wrong direction, hit Chiron on the knee. Hercules, who was greatly distressed at the accident, flew to his assistance, and poured a balsam, the use of which he had learned from Chiron himself, into the wound: but it proved incurable, and the centaur, racked with intolerable pain, raised his hands to heaven, and implored Jupiter to deprive him of immortality, which, as the son of Saturn, he inherited. Jupiter translated him to the heavens, where he became one of the signs of the Zodiac, under the name of *Sagittarius*.

No. 402.

Hercules separating the mountains Abyla and Calpe.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

To Hercules was attributed in olden time the opening of the straits which bore the name of this hero (by separating the mountains Abyla and Calpe), and at a much later period Gibraltar, from the rock Calpe, which was so called, and by which name both are now known.

No. 403.

The same subject in high relief.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*



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No. 401.

Hercules extracting the arrow from the centaur Chiron.

SOLON. *Cornelian.*

The centaur Chiron, born of Saturn under the form of a horse, and Philira daughter of Oceanus, was celebrated for his knowledge of astronomy, music, jurisprudence, and medicine. The cave which he selected for his residence, at the foot of mount Pelion in Thessaly, the reputed cradle of the centaurs, or hippo-centaurs, became a celebrated school, to which resorted the most distinguished men of the heroic ages: Eschylus, Thersites, Hercules, Palamedes, Menestes, Achilleus, &c. When Hercules made war against the centaurs, they were defeated, and fled to Malis, where Chiron then was, trusting that his presence would appease the anger of his pupil. Hercules, however, did not desist from pursuing after and shooting at them; and one of the poisoned arrows, taking a wrong direction, hit Chiron on the knee. Hercules, who was greatly distressed at the accident, flew to his residence, and poured a balsam, the use of which he had learned from Chiron himself, into the wound: but it proved ineffectual, and the centaur, racked with intolerable pain, raised his hands to heaven, and implored Jupiter to deprive him of immortality, which, as the son of Saturn, he inherited. Jupiter complied with his request, and he became one of the signs of the Zodiac, under the name of Sagittarius.

No. 402.

Hercules separating the mountains Abyla and Calpe.

CAMESSIO. *Oriental Cornelian.*

To Hercules was ascribed in older time the opening of the straits which bore the name of this hero (by separating the mountains Abyla and Calpe), and at a much later period attributed to him the rock Calpe, which was so called, and by which name both are now known.

No. 403.

The same subject in high relief.

CAMESSIO. *Oriental Cornelian.*



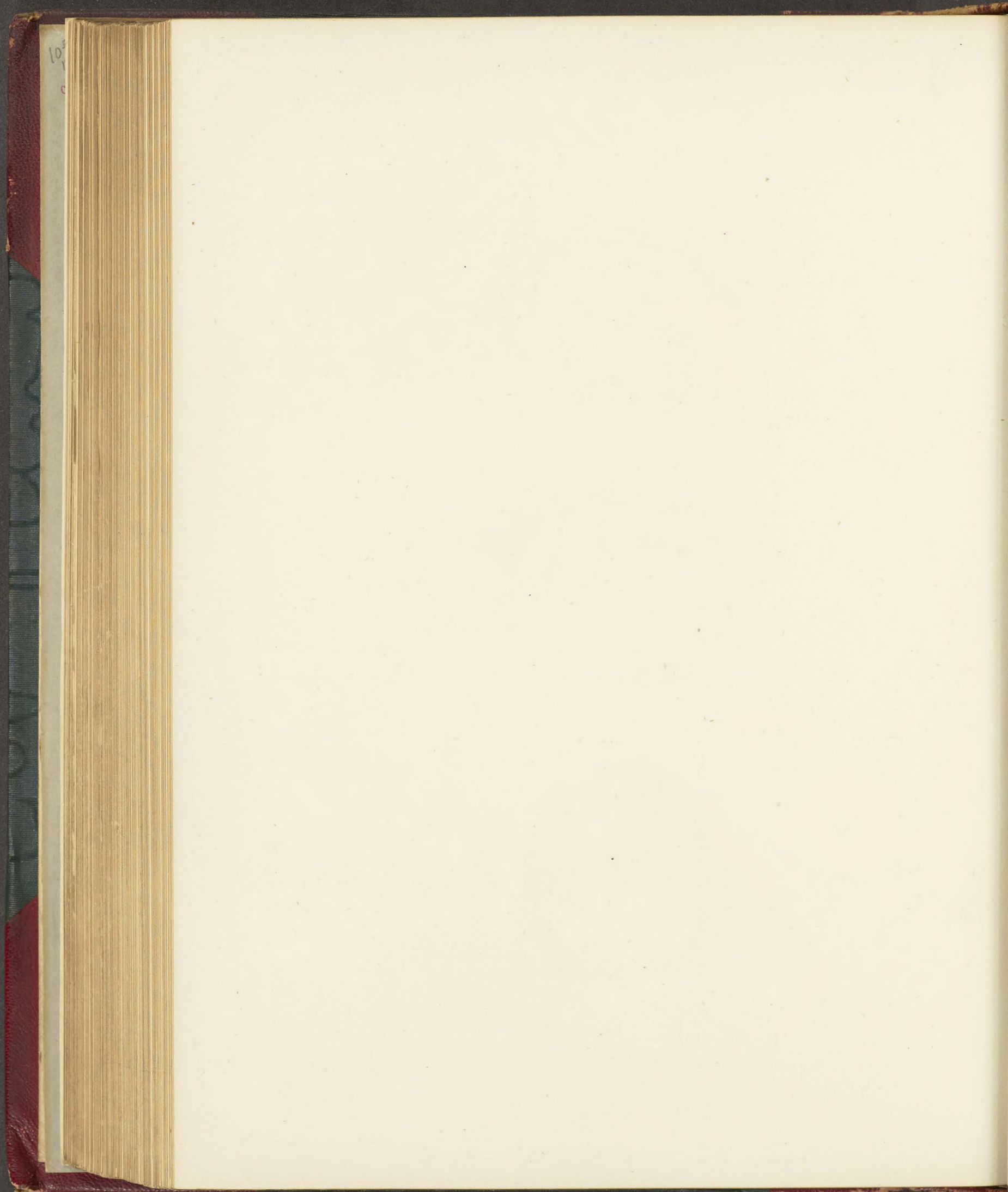
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404



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406



407

No. 494.

Apollo presenting the golden cup to Hercules.

POLYCLETES. *Oriental Amethyst.*

Apollo admiring the intrepidity of Hercules, makes him a present of a golden cup, in which he embarks. The word *cupis* in Greek signifies both cup and vessel, or ship.

No. 495.

Hercules caressing Adonis.

Dioscorides. *Oriental Cornelian.*

The ancients believed that Hercules was so taken with the beauty of the young Adonis, that Venus became jealous; and that she in consequence inspired the eastern Nymph with the passion for Dejanira which proved fatal to Hercules.

No. 496.

Hercules seizing Achelous, who is changed to a serpent, presses his throat, and endeavours to strangle him.

Canova. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"Unwielded by strength, by wiles and arts I take,
And my exploits as horns of spotted make;
When I was twisted in quiver my body round,
To show I was better larger with thine hand,
Myself my power: 'Such has my cradle knew,'
Said I, 'and mine my infant hand o'erthrew.'"

Dylan.

No. 497.

Achelous metamorphosed to a bull: Hercules tearing off one of his horns.

Gnajo. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"Thus equipped I am, another form assumed,
Chang'd to a bull my loving wife the plow:
Straight on the left his crooked horns were thrown
Upon my bristled neck, and begg'd it down."

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No. 404.

Apollo presenting the golden cup to Hercules.

POLYCLETES. *Oriental Amethyst.*

Apollo admiring the intrepidity of Hercules, makes him a present of a golden cup, in which he embarks. The word *scaphis* in Greek signifies both *cup* and *vessel*, or *skiff*.

No. 405.

Hercules caressing Adonis.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

The ancients believed that Hercules was so taken with the beauty of the young Adonis, that Venus became jealous; and that she in consequence inspired the centaur Nessus with the passion for Dejanira which proved fatal to Hercules.

No. 406.

Hercules seizing Achelous, who is changed to a serpent, presses his throat, and endeavours to strangle him.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

“ O’ermatched in strength, to wiles and arts I take,
And slip his hold in form of spotted snake;
Who when I wreathed in spires my body round,
Or shew’d my forked tongue with hissing sound,
Smiles at my threats: ‘ Such foes my cradle knew,’
He cries; ‘ dire snakes my infant hand o’erthrew.’ ”

OVID.

No. 407.

Achelous metamorphosed to a bull: Hercules tearing off one of his horns.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

“ Thus vanquish’d too, another form remains,
Chang’d to a bull my lowing fills the plains:
Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
Upon my brindled neck, and tugg’d it down;

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Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
 And fell'd my bulk among the dusty land.
 Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn
 From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn horn :
 This heap'd with flowers and fruits the naiads bear,
 Sacred to plenty and the bounteous year."

OVID.

No. 408.

Achelous vanquished by Hercules.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

This stone represents the complete victory gained by Hercules over Achelous, when he compelled him to throw himself into the river Thoas, which was henceforth called Achelous. The personified river is holding an oar, and near him is the urn whence flows the spring or source.

" Achelous in his oozy bed
 Deep hides his brow-deform'd and rustic head ;
 No real wound the victor's triumph shew'd,
 But his lost honours griev'd the wat'ry god.
 Yet e'en that loss the willows' leaves o'erspread,
 And verdant reeds in garlands bind his head."

OVID.

" Sov'reign resistless in her sway,
 O'er the charm'd heart victorious Venus reigns.
 Not her sweet force, which gods obey,
 Which Jove's firm soul subdu'd, attunes these
 strains ;
 Which taught the gloomy pow'r to bow,
 The monarch of the realms below ;
 And him who gives his thund'ring waves to
 roar,
 And furious shake the solid shore.
 To other themes these humbler strains belong,
 The warring rivals claim the song ;
 In arms contending for this bride,
 The contest dust, and toil, and wounds decide.

 Rising in all his strength the flood,
 In form a bull terrific to the sight

Ætolian Achelous stood,
 With horns his threat'ning forehead arm'd for
 fight.
 From Thebes the chief of mighty fame
 Fierce to the rough encounter came,
 The son of Jove ; his massy club he rears,
 His bow unbent, his arrows bears.
 Inflam'd with jealous love and rival rage,
 In horrid combat they engage ;
 While Venus with severe delight
 Awards the prize, and arbitrates the fight.

 Dauntless each the fight provokes,
 Loud the thunder of their strokes ;
 The clanging bow now aims the wound,
 With dreadful clash the bull's strong horns re-
 sound.

Then deep he struck my horns into the sand,
 And hild my helm among the dusty land.
 Not yet all fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and grief
 From my main'd front he tore the stubborn hair:
 This heap'd with flowers and fruits the while he lay,
 Bowed to plenty and the hounteous year."

OVID.

No. 408.

Achelus vanquished by Hercules.

CHROMIUS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

This stone represents the complete victory gained by Hercules over Achelus, when he compelled him to throw himself into the river Thes, which was henceforth called Achelus. The personified river is holding an oar, and near him is the sea whence flows the spring of youth.

"Achelus in his easy bed
 Deep hild his bow-bowen'd and earthy head;
 No real wound the sister's blow shew'd,
 But his hot humour grew'd the wat'ry god.
 Yet e'er that loss the willows' leaves o'erspread,
 And verdant reeds in garlands hild his head."

OVID.

Her wings with'd in her wing,
 O'er the char'd land where Venus reigns.
 Not her sweet face, which gods obey,
 Which Jove's own and others' love, attracts these
 waters;
 Which taught the glimmer' pool's to flow,
 The whisper of the vapour below;
 And she who gives the thundering waves to
 roar,
 And Neptune shakes the wild shore,
 To cease these, these hush'd strains 'along,
 The stirring strain o'er the song;
 In arms contending for this lot,
 The water dies, and soil, and wastes divide:
 Slays in all his strength the flood,
 In form a bull, with to the right.

Stolid Achelus stood,
 With horns his throat'ning forehead arm'd for
 fight.
 From Thetis the chief of mighty sons
 Came to the rough encounter came,
 The son of Jove; his many club he wore,
 His bow unbent, his arrows hoar,
 Inflam'd with jealous love and rival rage,
 In horrid combat they engage;
 While Venus with covert delight
 Awaits the prize, and arbitrates the fight.
 Dauntless each the fight provokes,
 Loud the thunder of their strokes;
 The clanging horn now shows the wound,
 With dreadful clink the bull's strong horns re-
 sound.



408





409



410

New front meets front, the furious blow
With horrid conflict threatens death;
Now in strong grasp each struggling foe
Strains ev'ry nerve, and lab'ring pants for
breath.

Meanwhile the beautiful nymph, whose
charms

Inflam'd the combatants to arms,

Anxious and doubtful of her fate,
Conspicuous on the river's margin sat—
(My song recalls the voice of fame):

All was suspense and awful dread,

Till victor now the hero came,

And from her mother's arms the trembling virgin
led."

SCENES, French. Vlog.

No. 409.

Callisto supplicating Jupiter.

APOLLONIA. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Callisto, the daughter of Arcton, married Acton, the son of Amphion. Acton having been slain by Taurus and Axion, the brothers of his father, Callisto presented her sons, still children, to Jupiter, praying him that they might instantly become men to avenge the death of their father. Her prayer was granted.

"Taurus is embroil'd in war, Capricious stands
Invincible but by the Thunderer's hands,
Ambition shall the guilty brothers see,
But such is mutual wounds, and both expire;
The swelling north shall see hereditary wrath,
When the yet laughing fact shall turn to death,
The end shall follow the death of people's blood,
And he who set to both, shall set to both."

Of home and home departs it, where is he then
The father and the mother's ghost he spins,
His with the fatal brother shall expire,
And Phrygia shall the sword be kindred gone,
Children shall then with suppliant pray'r
Plead on Jupiter's relenting ear;
Jove shall with youth her infant sons inspire,
And bid their bosoms glow with manly fire."

Met. book ix.

No. 410.

Hercules killing Porphyron.

POPHYRON. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules being called on by Jupiter to fight against the giants, killed Porphyron, one of the most valiant amongst them, whilst in pursuit of Jove.

"Jove, whose equal gray
The pond'rous mass of rock and stormy mass
O'er gods and mortals, o'er the dreary plains,
And shadowy glades, supremely just he reigns,

But decap'd in his wrath,—to hell purg'd,
With Hercules' headlong rage, the fierce Titan
Whose horrid youth, clad with hyacinth pride,
Remember'd on their bloody torn sides."

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Now front meets front, the furious blow
 With horrid conflict threatens death ;
 Now in strong grasp each struggling foe
 Strains ev'ry nerve, and lab'ring pants for
 breath.
 Meanwhile the beaut'ous nymph, whose
 charms
 Inflam'd the combatants to arms,

Anxious and doubtful of her fate,
 Conspicuous on the river's margin sate —
 (My song records the voice of fame):
 All was suspense and awful dread,
 Till victor now the hero came,
 And from her mother's arms the trembling virgin
 led."

SOPHOCLES, *Trach. Virg.*

No. 409.

Callirhoe supplicating Jupiter.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Callirhoe, the daughter of Achelous, married Alcmaeon, the son of Amphiaraus. Alcmaeon having been slain by Temenus and Axion, the brothers of his first wife Alpheisibœa, Callirhoe presented her sons, still children, to Jupiter, praying him that they might instantly become men to avenge the death of their father. Her prayer was granted.

"Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus stands
 Invincible but by the Thund'rer's hands.
 Ambition shall the guilty brothers fire,
 But rush to mutual wounds, and both expire ;
 The reeling earth shall ope her gloomy womb,
 Where the yet breathing hard shall find his tomb.
 The son shall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
 And in one act be both unjust and good :

Of home and sense depriv'd, where'er he flies
 The furies and his mother's ghost he spies.
 His wife the fatal bracelet shall implore,
 And Phegeas stain his sword in kindred gore ;
 Callirhoe shall then with suppliant pray'r
 Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear ;
 Jove shall with youth her infant sons inspire,
 And bid their bosoms glow with manly fire."

Met. book ix.

No. 410.

Hercules killing Porphyryon.

POLYCLETES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules being called on by Jupiter to fight against the giants, killed Porphyryon, one of the most valiant amongst them, whilst in pursuit of Juno.

"Jove, whose equal sway
 The pond'rous mass of earth and stormy seas
 obey—
 O'er gods and mortals, o'er the dreary plains,
 And shadowy ghosts, supremely just he reigns,

But dreadful in his wrath,—to hell pursu'd,
 With thunder's headlong rage, the fierce Titanian
 brood ;
 Whose horrid youth, elate with impious pride,
 Unnumber'd on their sinewy force relied :

Mountain on mountain pil'd they rais'd in air,
And shook the throne of Jove, and bade the
Thund'rer fear.
But what could Minas, of enormous might,
Typhœus, or Porphyryon's threat'ning height;
Or bold Enceladus, fierce darting far
The trunks of trees uptorn, dire archer of the war,

Though with despair and rage inspir'd they rose,
To sage Minerva's sounding shield oppose?
While Vulcan here in flames devour'd his way,
There matron Juno stood, and there the god of
day."

HÆR. lib. iii. Od. 4.

No. 411.

Hercules slaying the giant Eurytus.

ADMON. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules attacking the giant Eurytus, kills him with a large oak.

" By Venus was Æchalia's* maid,
Of hymeneal bonds afraid,
Consign'd in days of yore
Like a wild filly to the yoke,
Espous'd 'midst horrid slaughter, smoke,
And rites profan'd with gore:
Indignant was the virgin led,
Streaming with dishevell'd hair,
To the stern Alcides' bed,
While bridal shouts were mingled with despair."

EURIPIDES, *Hippolytus*: WOODHULL.

No. 412.

Alcyoneus, the brother of Porphyryon, hurling a piece of rock at Hercules,
who parries the blow with his club.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 413.

Minerva seizing the monster Alcyoneus by the hair, after he had been
wounded by Hercules with an arrow.

CHROMIOS. *Cornelian.*

* Iöle, daughter of Eurytus, king of Æchalia, after having been promised by her father, as Apollodorus informs us, to be given in marriage to the man who should excel him and his sons in archery, was by them unjustly withheld from Hercules, who had given sufficient proofs of his supe-



Mountain on mountain pier'd they rais'd in air,
And shook the throne of Jove, and bade the
Thunders roar.
But what could Minos, of enormous might,
Typhoeus, or Prophyrias' towering height,
Or bold Enceladus, fierce darting far
The trunks of trees upturn, the ashes of the war,

Though with despair and rage inspir'd they rose,
To urge Minerva's sounding shield oppose?
While Vulcan here in flames devour'd his way,
There eastern Jove stood, and there the god of
day?"

Hes. Ill. Ill. Od. 4.

No. 411.

Hercules slaying the giant Eurytus.

ADMON. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules attacking the giant Eurytus, kills him with a large oak.

"By Venus was Glabella's* maid,
Of hyacinth beds affaid,
Chas'd in days of yore
Like a wild dilly to the yoke,
Expos'd 'midst howl'd slaughter, smoke,
And rites profan'd with gore:
Indignant was the virgin led,
Screaming with dishevell'd hair,
To the stern Alcides' bed,
While bridal shouts were mingled with despair."
Evangelina, Hippolyte: Woodcut.

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Alcyoneus, the brother of Porphyrius, hurling a piece of rock at Hercules,
who parries the blow with his club.

APOLLONIUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 413.

Minerva seizing the monster Alcyoneus by the hair, after he had been
wounded by Hercules with an arrow.

CYPRONUS. *Cornelian.*

* The daughter of Jove, King of Glabella, after having been promised by her father, as
Apollonius relates us, to be given in marriage to the man who should excel him and his sons in
valour, was by them refused, without leave Hercules, who had given sufficient proof of his expe-



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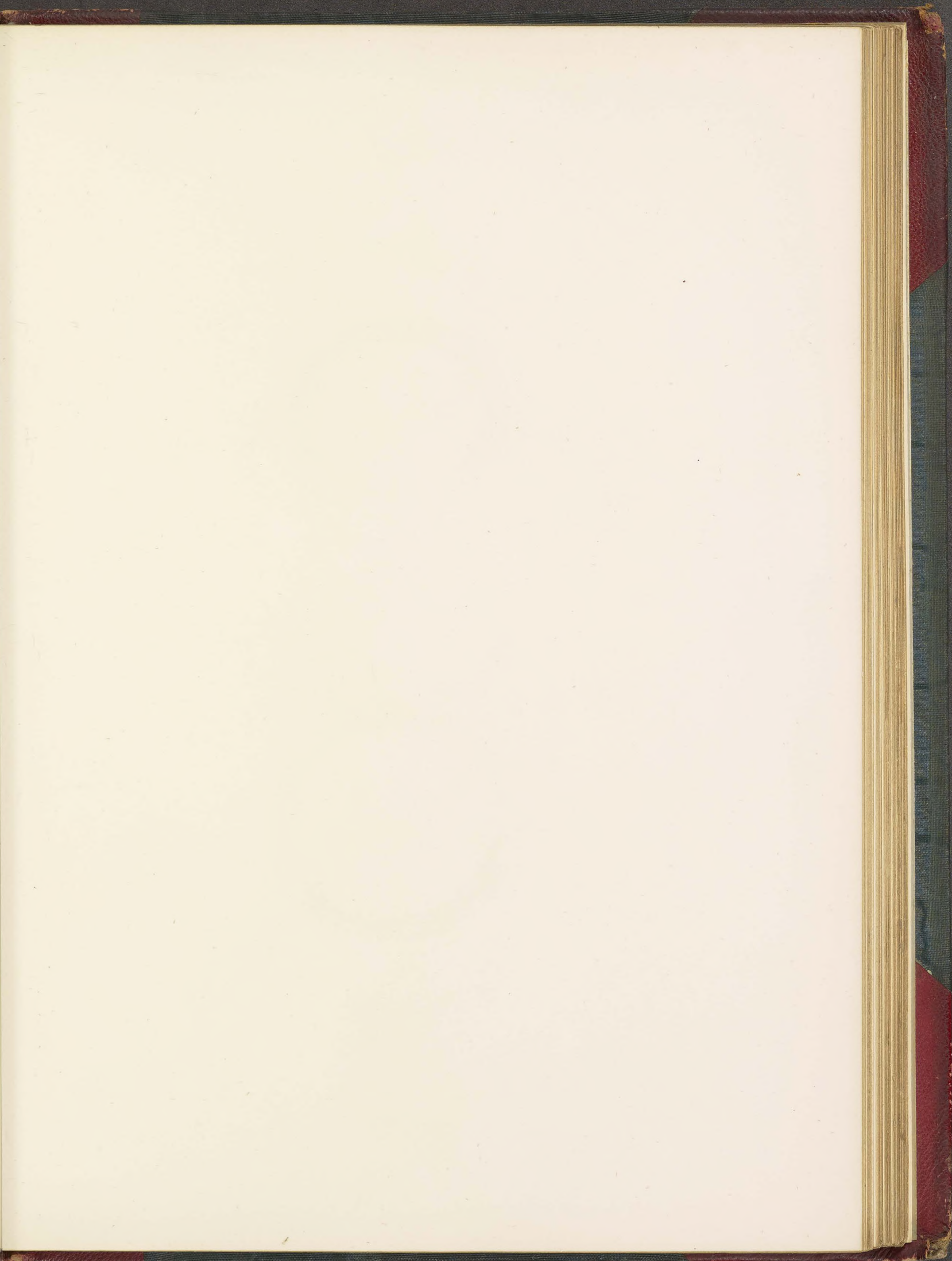


412



413







414



415

No. 414.

Hercules and the sons of Boreas.

Anon.: *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules to revenge himself on Calais and Zethus, the sons of Boreas, for inducing the Argonauts not to take him on board their vessel on his return from seeking He, kills them. One of the sons of Boreas is here seen dead at the feet of Hercules, the other is wounded.

"Then rose contention keen and pungent grief,
For thus abandoning their bravest chief
In silence Jason sat, and long suppress'd,
Though grieved, the following anguish of his
breast.

Brave Telamon, with eager-breeding, spoke:
'Mute is thy tongue, and unconcern'd thy look;
To leave unconquer'd Hercules behind
Was a base project, and by thee design'd;
Lest, when to Greece we steer the sailing pine,
His brighter glories should out-dazzle thine,
But words avail not; I renounce the band,
Whom selfish will this stratagem have plac'd.'

Then spoke Echeclus, inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls sparkling like the burning fire;
On Tiphys then, by rage impell'd, he flew,
And once more Mysia had rear'd the cry.

Again the horses the same course had sail'd,
Though roaring winds and raging waves prevail'd;

Had not old Boreas' sons the chief address'd,
And, nobly daring, his rough rage repress'd.
All hail ye youths! for this heroic deed
Doom'd by the hands of Hercules to bleed:
For when returning home their course they sped,
From funeral games perform'd for Pelias dead,
In one-girt Teneas he the brother slew,
And o'er their graves in hoary hillocks threw
The crumbling mould: then with two sceptres
crown'd,

Erected high the death-dedicated ground,
And o'er still moves—how marvellous the tale!—
With every motion of the northern gale.
But these are facts reserv'd for future years."

APOLL. RHOD.: *FAWKEE.*

No. 415.

Jupiter hurling scrofulas at the Giants.

Cassiodorus: *Sardonyx.*

On the giants Alcion and Bergion opposing Hercules in his endeavours to cross the Rhodan, they were crushed by stones hurled at them from heaven by Jupiter.

chiefly in the use of the bow, a weapon for which he was particularly renowned; upon which he managed here took the city by assault, and having slain her father and brothers, bore off the princess in triumph. The ancient geographers say there were several towns of the name of Cithaia; but although this city of Berytus has had the honour of being twice mentioned, and expressly marked out as such by Homer in his catalogue of the Grecian forces—where he speaks of it with Tifon and Ithone, which were in Thessaly, and receives from Virgil the epithet of *egregia*—Strabo, and all subsequent writers, seem totally unable to ascertain its situation with any degree of precision.

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No. 414.

Hercules and the sons of Boreas.

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Hercules to revenge himself on Calais and Zethes, the sons of Boreas, for inducing the Argonauts not to take him on board their vessel on his return from seeking Ila, kills them. One of the sons of Boreas is here seen dead at the feet of Hercules, the other is wounded.

“Then rose contention keen and pungent grief,
For thus abandoning their bravest chief.
In silence Jason sat, and long suppress’d,
Though griev’d, the labouring anguish of his
breast.

Brave Telamon, with anger kindling, spoke :
‘ Mute is thy tongue, and unconcern’d thy look ;
To leave unconquer’d Hercules behind
Was a base project, and by thee design’d ;
Lest, when to Greece we steer the sailing pine,
His brighter glories should out-dazzle thine.
But words avail not ; I renounce the band,
Whose selfish wiles this stratagem have plann’d.’

Thus spoke Æacides, inflam’d with ire,
His eye-balls sparkling like the burning fire ;
On Tiphys then, by rage impell’d, he flew,
And once more Mysia had receiv’d the crew.

Again the heroes the same course had sail’d,
Though roaring winds and raging waves pre-
vail’d ;

Had not bold Boreas’ sons the chief address’d,
And, nobly daring, his rough rage repress’d.
Ill fated youths ! for that heroic deed
Doom’d by the hands of Hercules to bleed :
For when returning home their course they sped,
From funeral games perform’d for Pelias dead,
In sea-girt Tenos he the brother slew,
And o’er their graves in heapy hillocks threw
The crumbling mould : then with two columns
crown’d,

Erected high the death-devoted ground.
And one still moves—how marvellous the tale !—
With every motion of the northern gale.
But these are facts reserv’d for future years.”

APOLL. RHOD. : FAWKES.

No. 415.

Jupiter hurling aerolites at the Giants.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx.*

On the giants Albion and Bergion opposing Hercules in his endeavours to cross the Rhone, they were crushed by stones hurled at them from heaven by Jupiter.

riority in the use of the bow, a weapon for which he was particularly renowned ; upon which the enraged hero took the city by assault, and having slain her father and brothers, bore off the princess in triumph. The ancient geographers say there were several towns of the name of Æchalia ; but although this city of Eurytus has had the honour of being twice mentioned, and expressly marked out as such by Homer in his catalogue of the Grecian forces—where he speaks of it with Tricca and Ithome, which were in Thessaly, and receives from Virgil the epithet of *egregia*,—Strabo, and all subsequent writers, seem totally unable to ascertain its situation with any degree of precision.

No. 416.

Hercules killing Eryx.

ALLION. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Eryx, the son of Butes and Lycasta, who from his rare beauty was called Venus, was descended from Boreas, king of Thrace. Driven from Bithynia by Amycus, king of the Bebryces, whom some mythologians consider his father, Eryx passed into Sicily, where he became the king of a country which took the name of *Erycia*. Vain of his extraordinary strength, he challenged all strangers who landed on the shores of Erycia to fight with him; and when he had subdued he slew them. Eryx dared to try his strength with Hercules, who had just arrived in Sicily with the oxen of Geryon. The conditions were these: that if Hercules fell, the oxen should belong to Eryx; and if the latter were vanquished, that Hercules should be master of the country. Hercules overthrew Eryx, and slew him. He was buried in the temple which he had raised to his mother, under the name of Venus Erycina, on mount Eryx, near *Drepanum* (now *Trapani*), where divine honours were rendered to this king (VIRGIL'S *Æneid*, book v.). This stone represents Hercules seizing with one hand the throat of the prostrate Eryx, and about to strike him with the other, armed with the cestus, or gauntlet, of great power.

“ ‘What,’ said Eutellus, ‘had your wonder been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
Or viewed the stern debate on this unhappy green?
These which I bear your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark’d with batter’d brains and mingled gore:
With these he long sustained th’ Herculean arm.’ ”

VIRGIL.

No. 417.

Eryx slain at the feet of Hercules, who, proud of his victory, continues his journey, taking with him one of the bulls which he has preserved.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 418.

Hercules striking the rock in the desert.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules while journeying through the deserts of Africa, where he destroys all the monsters, is overcome with thirst and fatigue, and striking a rock with his foot obtains water from it.



No. 416.

Hercules killing Eryx.

ALLIUM. Oriental Sardonyx.

Eryx, the son of Boreas and Lycasta, who from his rare beauty was called Venus, was descended from Boreas, king of Thrace. Driven from Bithynia by Amycus, king of the Hebræans, whom some mythologists consider his father, Eryx passed into Sicily, where he became the king of a country which took the name of *Erycin*. Vain of his extraordinary strength, he challenged all strangers who landed on the shores of Erycin to fight with him; and when he had subdued he slew them. Eryx dared to try his strength with Hercules, who had just arrived in Sicily with the oxen of Geryon. The conditions were these: that if Hercules fell, the oxen should belong to Eryx; and if the latter were vanquished, that Hercules should be master of the country. Hercules overthrew Eryx, and slew him. He was buried in the temple which he had raised to his mother, under the name of Venus Erycina, on mount Eryx, near *Drusacina* (now *Tropani*), where divine honours were rendered to this king (*Vincent's Affid.*, book v.). This stone represents Hercules seizing with one hand the throat of the prostrate Eryx, and about to strike him with the other, armed with the *cestus*, or *gloved fist*, of great power.

"What," said Estelles, "had your wonder here,
Had you the gambols of Abolus men,
Or viewed the stern debate on this unhappy green?
These which I hear your brother Eryx here,
Full mark'd with better'd brains and enlarged gore,
With these halbergs withstand th' Herculean arm."

VINCENT.

No. 417.

Eryx slain at the feet of Hercules, who, proud of his victory, continues his journey, taking with him one of the bulls which he has preserved.

AVONCORNIA. Oriental Cornelian.

No. 418.

Hercules striking the rock in the desert.

CINCINNUS. Oriental Cornelian.

Hercules while journeying through the deserts of Africa, where he destroys all the monsters, is overcome with thirst and fatigue, and striking a rock with his foot obtains water from it.



416

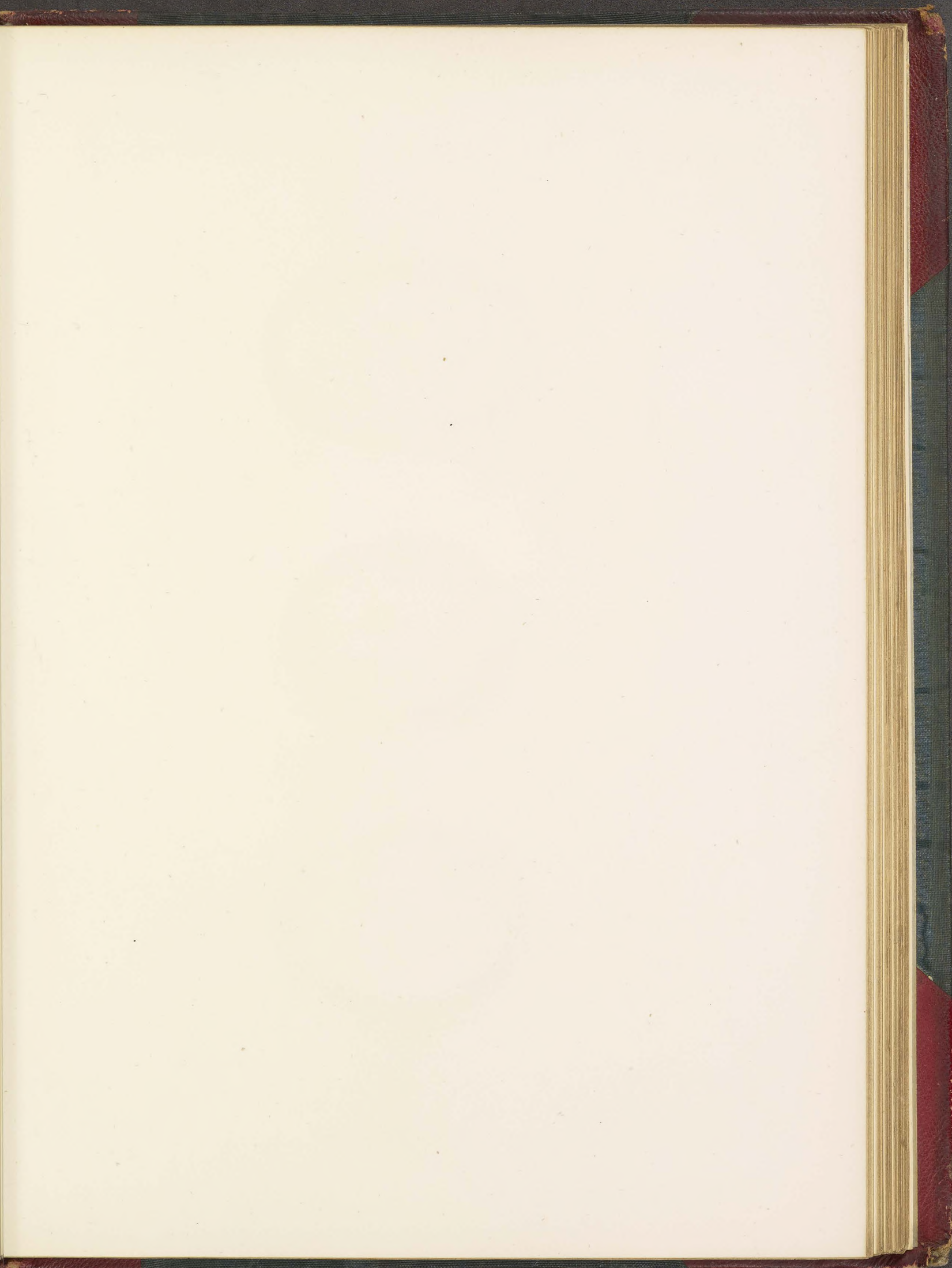


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419



420



421

No. 419.

Juno protecting Geryon.

APOLLONIUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Geryon, son of Chrysos and Callisto the daughter of Ocean, was, according to Hesiod, king of the island of Erythra, between Gades and Spain, and the strongest of men. According to this idea, the poets who took Hesiod for their guide represented Geryon as a giant with three heads. Possessing a species of oxen as beautiful as they were ferocious, he had them fed with human flesh. They were guarded by the shepherd Eurythion, by Orthrus, a dog with two heads, and by a monstrous dragon with seven heads. Hercules landed in the island of Erythra, attacked Geryon, and threatened Juno herself, who hastened to the assistance of the giant.

No. 420.

Hercules killing the dog Orthrus and the shepherd Eurythion.

APOLLONIUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

O Geryon now!

Three-headed form, like the strong Hercules
 Expect'st of me, when his hand-cloven hands
 On thy back, girded by the wave,
 What monstrous crew ample-bron'd he drive
 To sunset Islands, the broad ocean forth
 Have sent, and Orthrus, the grim hard-dog, stretch'd
 Aflong, and in their murky den beyond
 The willow of the long-moaning deep.
 The larger of those heads, Eurythion, slain!"

Hesiod.

No. 421.

Cacus robbing Hercules.

APOLLONIUS. *Caledony, partaking of Snyphara.*

Hercules sleeping at the foot of mount Aevadia, whilst Cacus, the son of Vulcan, a cunning and cruel robber, is dragging by the tail into his cavern one of the bulls that Alcides had stolen from Geryon.

103
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No. 419.

Juno protecting Geryon.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Geryon, son of Chrysaor and Callirhoe the daughter of Ocean, was, according to Hesiod, king of the island of Erythea, between Gades and Spain, and the strongest of men. According to this idea, the poets who took Hesiod for their guide represented Geryon as a giant with three heads. Possessing a species of oxen as beautiful as they were ferocious, he had them fed with human flesh. They were guarded by the shepherd Eurythion, by Orthrus, a dog with two heads, and by a monstrous dragon with seven heads. Hercules landed in the island of Erythea, attacked Geryon, and threatened Juno herself, who had come to the assistance of the giant.

No. 420.

Hercules killing the dog Orthrus and the shepherd Eurythion.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

“Geryon rose,
Three-headed form ; him the strong Hercules
Despoil'd of life among his hoof-cloven herds
On Erythea girdled by the wave,
What time those oxen ample-brow'd he drove
To sacred Tyrinth, the broad ocean frith
Once past ; and Orthrus, the grim herd-dog, stretch'd
Lifeless ; and in their murky den beyond
The billows of the long-resounding deep,
The keeper of those herds, Eurythion, slain.”

HESIOD.

No. 421.

Cacus robbing Hercules.

APOLLONIDES. *Calcedony, partaking of Sapphire.*

Hercules sleeping at the foot of mount Aventin, whilst Cacus, the son of Vulcan, a cunning and cruel robber, is dragging by the tail into his cavern one of the bulls that Alcides had taken from Geryon.

No. 422.

Cacus strangled by Hercules.

DAMAS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules on discovering that Cacus had concealed his oxen in a cave, which was closed with a huge stone suspended by iron chains forged by Vulcan, tore up the rocks to which the door was fastened, removed the stone, and entering the cavern he dragged Cacus thence, in spite of the fire which issued from his mouth.

No. 423.

Hercules, after overthrowing Cacus, seizes him with such force by the throat, that he strangles him. The hands of Cacus are formed like claws, to indicate his rapacity.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 424.

Hercules strangling Cacus, in spite of the flames and smoke which issue from his mouth.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

“ But sav’d from danger, with a grateful sense
The labours of a god we recompense.
See from afar yon rock that mates the sky,
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie,
Such indigested ruin : bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos’d in air !
’Twas once a robber’s den ; enclos’d around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground,
The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess’d ;
The pavement ever foul with human gore ;
Heads and their mangled members hung the
door.
Vulcan this plague begot ; and, like his sire,
Black clouds he belch’d, and flakes of livid fire.

Time, long expected, eas’d us of our load,
And brought the needful presence of a god :
Th’ avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv’d in triumph from Geryon slain ;
Thrice liv’d the giant, and thrice liv’d in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds Alcides drove
Near Tiber’s bank to graze the shady grove ;
Allur’d with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray’d,
Four oxen thence and four fair kine convey’d.
And lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg’d them backwards to his rocky den ;
The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the cave.



No. 422.

Cacus strangled by Hercules.

DAMAN. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules on discovering that Cacus had concealed his oxen in a cave, which was closed with a huge stone suspended by iron chains forged by Vulcan, tore up the rocks to which the door was fastened, removed the stone, and entering the cavern he dragged Cacus thence, in spite of the fire which issued from his mouth.

No. 423.

Hercules, after overthrowing Cacus, seized him with such force by the throat, that he strangles him. The hands of Cacus are formed like claws, to indicate his rapacity.

CARONIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 424.

Hercules strangling Cacus, in spite of the flames and smoke which issue from his mouth.

CARONIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"But sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense
The blessing of a god we recompense.
See first, after you, such that crown the sky,
About whose feet such heaps of rubies lie,
Such indigested rain: black and bare,
How short now it stands, as you'd in air!
'Twas once a soldier's dew: call'd round
With living stones, and deep beneath the ground,
The new-born Cacus, upon that hell's first hour,
The bold, imperious to the sky, pass'd;
The pavement was full with human gore;
Heads and their mingled members hung the
door.
Vulcan this plague sent; and, like his son,
Black smoke he belch'd, and fumes of livid fire.

Time, long expected, sav'd us of our load,
And brought the needful presence of a god:
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph from Geryon slain;
Thence he'd the giant, and thence he'd in vain
His prize, the lowing herds Alcides drove
Near Tiber's bank to graze the shady grove;
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence and four fair kine convey'd,
And lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den;
The tracks across a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the den.



422



423



424

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Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,
To find fresh pasture and untrodden grass ;
The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all
around

With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound :
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud ; with rage he shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak ;
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows' flight,
He climb'd with eager haste th' aërial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his pace ;
Fear in his eye, and paleness in his face,
Confess'd the god's approach : trembling he
springs,

As terror had increas'd his feet with wings ;
Nor stay'd for stairs ; but down the depth he
threw

His body ; on his back the door he drew—
The door a rib of living rock ; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron
chains.

He broke the heavy links ; the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast,
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste ;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold,
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth ; and thrice he compass'd
round

With winged speed the circuit of the ground ;
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back ;
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their
flight.

The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left ; the hero stood
Averse, with planted feet, and from the right
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way ; heaven echo'd at the rattling shock.

Tumbling it chok'd the flood ; on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams di-
vide ;

The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread ;
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed :
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight,
The cavern glares with new admitted light.
So pent the vapours with a rumbling sound
Heave from below and rend the hollow ground.
A sounding flaw succeeds ; and from on high
The gods with hate beheld the nether sky :
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the
sight.

The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Enclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above ; and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war :
He from his nostrils and huge mouth expires
Black clouds of smoke amidst his father's fires,
Gathering with each repeated blast the night,
To make uncertain aim and erring fight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights ; and wades through fumes, and
gropes his way,

Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasp'd his prey.
The monster spewing fruitless flames he found ;
He squeez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck
around,

And in a knot his crippled members bound ;
Then from their sockets tore his burning eyes,—
Roll'd on a heap the breathless robber lies :
The doors unbarr'd receive the rushing day,
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey ;
The bulls redeem'd breathe open air again ;
Next by the feet they drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad sur-
prise,

Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extin-
guish'd eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows,
As priests were added the Pinarian house;

Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be
paid."

Æneis: DRYDEN.

No. 425.

Dejanira mounting the centaur Nessus.

CHROMIOS. *Sardonyx*.

Hercules, accompanied by his wife Dejanira, arriving on the banks of the river Evenus, in Ætolia, the centaur Nessus offered to transport Dejanira on his back to the opposite side. The subject of this stone is Dejanira on the point of placing herself on the back of the centaur, to whom Hercules is indicating the spot where he is to put her down.

"As the strong son of Jove his bride conveys
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raise,
Where from her slopy urn Evenus pours
Her rapid current, swell'd by wint'ry show'rs,
He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
And the deep-rolling waves all pass denied.
As for himself he stood unmov'd by fears—
For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares,—
The strong-limb'd Nessus thus officious cried
(For he the shallows of the stream had tried):
'Swim thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare;
On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care.'"

OVID.

No. 426.

Dejanira wounded.

GNAIOS. *Oriental Cornelian*.

Dejanira while fighting by the side of Hercules against the Dryopes, commanded by their king Theodamas, was wounded. Hercules is here seen supporting his wounded wife, at whose feet Theodamas lies slain.



From that suppliant cry, with voice stark,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Fustian first ordain'd these sacred vows,
As priests were added to the warrior's train;

Who rule'd this altar to the sacred shade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be
paid."

Æschylus: Darius.

No. 425.

Dejanira mounting the centaur Nessus.

CHOROS. Sardonius.

Hercules, accompanied by his wife Dejanira, arriving on the banks of the river Euenos, in Aetolia, the centaur Nessus offered to transport Dejanira on his back to the opposite side. The subject of this stone is Dejanira on the point of placing herself on the back of the centaur, to whom Hercules is indicating the spot where he is to put her down.

"As the strong son of Jove his arms surveys
Where his paternal hands their bulwarks raise,
Where from her slopy urn Euenos pours
Her rapid current, swell'd by whirly eddies,
He sees. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
And the deep-rolling waves all pass denied.
As for himself he stood unmov'd by foam—
For now his bridal charge employ'd his arms,—
The strong-limb'd Nessus thus officious cried
(For he the shallows of the stream had tried):
"Swim thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare;
On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care."

OVIN.

No. 426.

Dejanira wounded.

GRÆCOR. Oriental Cornelian.

Dejanira while fighting by the side of Hercules against the Dryopes, wounded by their King Theodamas, was supported. Hercules is here seen supporting his wounded wife, at whose feet Theodamas lies slain.



425



426



427



428

No. 427.

Nessus giving the poisoned tunic to Dejanira.

TYRANNOS. *Oriental Serdanga.*

Nessus, receiving his death-wound from one of the arrows dipped in the blood of the hydra, whilst expiring revolved on being revenged on Heracles. In this and he gave Dejanira his own tunic, stained with blood, assuring her that it was an antidote against the infidelity of her husband.

"Th' Acheron shok' to Nessus trusts his wife,
All pale and mould'ring for her hero's life;
Clas'd as he stood in the form that's left,
The hidden quiver o'er his shoulder hid,
(For cross the stream his bow and club were cast,
Swift he plung'd in: 'These billows shall be
paid.'

He sail'd; nor sought where smoother waters
glide.

But steam'd the rapid dangers of the tide,
The bark he reach'd; again the bow he took;
When, lo! his hero's known robes clasp'd his
arm.

'Nessus, to thee I sell, about his sides,
'Tis in the stream he dyes, he dyes no more;
Thou shalt not doubt, when in thy husband's arms,
If thou art revenged, now, on the hero's arms.

For a while he stood, the hero's last deny,
Through the water's dark, from sea to sky—
Through the water's dark, from sea to sky—
Through the water's dark, from sea to sky—

Swift as the wind the bark he took,
The water's dark, from sea to sky—
And through the water's dark, from sea to sky—
Which when he reach'd, through the water's dark,
From both the water's dark, from sea to sky—

Swift as the wind the bark he took,
The water's dark, from sea to sky—
And through the water's dark, from sea to sky—
Which when he reach'd, through the water's dark,
From both the water's dark, from sea to sky—

OVID.

No. 428.

Heracles and Charon.

CICERO. *Amthys.*

Heracles descended to the Kingdom of Pluton being back to earth Alceus, the wife of Admetus king of Thessaly. Heracles is here seen on the banks of the Styx, menacing Charon, and obliging him to convey him to the opposite shore.

ALCEUS.

"O son, O thou resplendent light of day!
And ye, O stars above, with swift career
Whirl'd through the heavens!

HERCULES.

Our sufferings they behold
Although we have committed 'gates the gods
Xenon for which they might demand to die.



No. 427.

Nessus giving the empoisoned tunic to Dejanira.

TYRPHON. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Nessus, receiving his death-wound from one of the arrows dipped in the blood of the hydra, whilst expiring resolved on being revenged on Hercules. To this end he gave Dejanira his own tunic stained with blood, assuring her that it was an efficacious remedy against the infidelities of her husband.

“Th’ Aonian chief to Nessus trusts his wife,
All pale and trembling for her hero’s life;
Cloth’d as he stood in the fierce lion’s hide,
The laden quiver o’er his shoulder tied,
(For cross the stream his bow and club were cast,)
Swift he plung’d in: ‘These billows shall be
pass’d,’
He said; nor sought where smoother waters
glide,
But stemm’d the rapid dangers of the tide.
The bank he reach’d; again the bow he bears;
When, hark! his bride’s known voice alarms his
ears.
‘Nessus, to thee I call,’ aloud he cries;
‘Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wise:
Thou monster double-shap’d, my right set free;
If thou no rev’rence owe my fame and me,

Yet kindred should thy lawless lust deny.
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly—
Though wing’d with horse’s speed, wounds shall
pursue.’
Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew:
The centaur’s back admits the feather’d wood,
And through his breast the barbed weapon stood;
Which when in anguish through the flesh he
tore,
From both the wounds gush’d out the spinning
gore
Mix’d with Lernæan venom. This he took,
Nor dire revenge his dying breast forsook:
His garment in the reeking purple dyed,
To rouse love’s passion, he presents the bride.”

OVID.

No. 428.

Hercules and Charon.

CHROMIOS. *Amethyst.*

Hercules descended to the kingdom of Pluto to bring back to earth Alceste, the wife of Admetus king of Thessaly. Hercules is here seen on the banks of the Styx, menacing Charon, and obliging him to convey him to the opposite shore.

ALCESTIS.

“O sun, O thou resplendent light of day!
And ye, O fleecy clouds, with swift career
Whirl’d through the heavens!

ADMETUS.

Our sufferings they behold,
Although we have committed ’gainst the gods
No sin for which thou mightst deserve to die.

ALCESTIS.

Thou too, O earth! ye roofs of stately domes,
And gay apartments, which in bridal pomp
My native land Iolchos erst array'd.

ADMETUS.

Unhappy woman, from thy couch arise,
Forsake me not; but to the powers supreme
Sue for their pity.

ALCESTIS.

I behold the boat,
And him who ferries o'er the dead; he grasps
The pole; by Charon am I summon'd hence.
He cries: 'What mean these fond delays? rouse,
rouse!
Thou stay'st behind when all things else are
ready.'
Thus eagerly he hastens my career.

ADMETUS.

The voyage which thou speak'st of is to me
Most bitter. Ah, how grievous are our woes!

ALCESTIS.

He leads me (see'st thou?) to yon hall of death;
'Tis winged Pluto, who with glaring eyes

Darts horror. What art thou about? release me!
Through what strange paths most wretched am I
borne?

ADMETUS.

By every friend, yet most of all by me,
And these our offspring, partners in my grief,
Lamented.

ALCESTIS.

Loose me, loose me! lay me down;
I have no strength, grim Pluto is at hand,
And thickest night o'erspreads these eyes. My
children,
Your mother, O my children, is no more;
May ye with joy this radiant sun behold!

ADMETUS.

Ah, me! the words I hear are to my soul
More grievous far than death in any form.
Forsake me not, I by the gods implore,
And by our children, who of thee bereft
Will mourn their orphan state; but O resume
Thy spirits: I no longer can exist
When thou art dead; on thee, on thee alone
Depends it, whether I yet live, or quit
This world; for thee I love, and thee revere."

EURIPIDES: WOODHULL.

" Daughter of Pelias, doom'd by fate to dwell
In Pluto's loath'd abode, that vale
Where the sun darts no cheering beams, all
hail!
Inform the swarthy god of hell,
And that old ferryman who plies the oar,
Maintaining ever at the leaky helm
His station, and to Orcus' realm
Conveys the dead, on Acheron's bleak shore
He now hath landed her who did her sex excel.

For thee shall oft the votaries of the muse
To plaintive sounds attune the lyre;
Long shall thy praises fill the vocal choir,
When Sparta's vernal moon renews,
As in meridian lustre through the skies
It glides, that feast from Carnus which its
name
Derives, and as a tribute to thy fame."

EURIPIDES.

" What though the bark to distant lands
Unfurl a prosperous sail,
Not Ammon's fane on Afric's parching sands,
Not Lycia's oracles avail

To free her spirit from the realms of night;
Stern fate draws near and meditates the blow.
E'en where heaven's altars flame with holier
light

Each divine response hath ceas'd :
No longer now to any priest
Desponding can I go.

Liv'd Æsculapius, Pæan's son,
On whom his sire bestow'd
The healing art, Alcestis might be won
From sullen Pluto's loath'd abode,

Those gates of darkness ; for he rais'd the dead,
Brandish'd by Jove from yonder starry cope,
Till winged light'ning smote the sage's head.
But 'midst youth's bloom her life must end ;
Its short duration to extend,
How can I form a hope ?"

EURIPIDES: WOODHULL.

" Now, O my heart, inur'd to many toils,
And thou, my enterprising soul, give proof
How great a son in me Tirynthia's fair
Alcmena, daughter of Electryon, bore
To Jove. For I this woman newly dead
Must save ; and by establishing afresh
In these abodes his dearest wife, repay
Admetus' kindness : therefore will I go
In quest of death, king of the shades, who flits
On sable wings ; him I expect to find
As at the tomb he quaffs the victim's gore.
If rushing forth from ambush, by surprise
Him with these vigorous arms I can enfold ;
No power shall from captivity redeem,
Till he this woman loose, the struggling god.
But if I fail of seizing on this prey,

And he attend not at the hillock drench'd
With blood, I to that murky realm beneath,
Which the sun never visits, the abode
Of Proserpine and Pluto, will descend,
And my petition urge, with a firm trust
That to this upper world I shall convey,
And place again Alcestis in the arms
Of that kind host, who opening wide his doors
Receiv'd me for a guest ; nor drove away,
Though deeply smitten by such grievous woe,
Which with a noble spirit he conceal'd,
Revering me. By what Thessalian chief
Are hospitable deeds like these surpass'd,
Or by what fam'd inhabitant of Greece ?
This generous friend shall therefore never say
He on a worthless man his bounty shower'd."

EURIPIDES.

HERCULES.

" Say, do'st thou hold her ?

ADMETUS.

Yes, I hold her fast.

HERCULES (*taking off the veil*).

With care preserve her, and in future times
Thou wilt proclaim, that he who sprung from
Jove
Hath been a noble guest. Observe her face,
If it resemble thy departed wife ;
Bless'd as thou art, no longer grieve.

ADMETUS.

Ye gods,

What shall I say ? a miracle like this
Was most unhop'd for. But do I indeed
Behold my wife ? or would some fraudulent god
Surprise my senses with ideal joy ?

HERCULES.

Not thus ; in her thou view'st thy real
wife."

EURIPIDES.

" Thee, O Admetus, hath this goddess caught,
Bound with inevitable chains ;
Yet, O despair not ; for tears never wrought
Such wonders as again to earth's domains
Conducting the deceas'd from yon infernal shore.

They whom th' immortal powers by stealth begot,
In the cold grave are doom'd to rot
When life's short day is o'er.
Belov'd while present, and in death still dear,
Thy matchless wife this house for ever shall revere.

Deem not she sleeps like those devoid of fame,
 Unconscious in the lap of earth ;
 Such homage as the gods from mortals claim,
 Each traveller shall pay her matchless worth,
 Digressing from his road, and these bold thoughts,
 express'd

In no faint language, utter o'er her grave :
 ' She who expir'd her lord to save,
 Resides among the bless'd.
 Hail, awful goddess, and this realm befriend !'
 To her their pious vows shall thus the skies
 ascend."

EURIPIDES.

ADMETUS.

" But why thus mute
 Yet stands my wife?

HERCULES.

Thou must not hear her voice
 Till those sepulchral rites have been annull'd
 By which she to the gods of hell beneath
 Was render'd sacred, and the radiant morn
 For the third time arise. Conduct her steps
 Into the royal mansion ; and do thou,
 Who art already eminently just,
 Hereafter with the same benignant zeal

Treat strangers, O Admetus. Now farewell,
 For I must go to execute those labours
 My king the son of Sthenelus ordained.

CHORUS.

A thousand shapes our varying fates assume ;
 The gods perform what we could least expect,
 And oft the things for which we fondly hop'd
 Come not to pass ; but heaven still finds a clue
 To guide our steps through life's perplexing
 maze,
 And thus doth this important business end."

EURIPIDES.

" Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
 And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day ;
 E'en hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
 Of Maia's offspring, and the martial maid."

Odyssey, book xi.

No. 429.

Hercules restrained by Mercury in Hades.

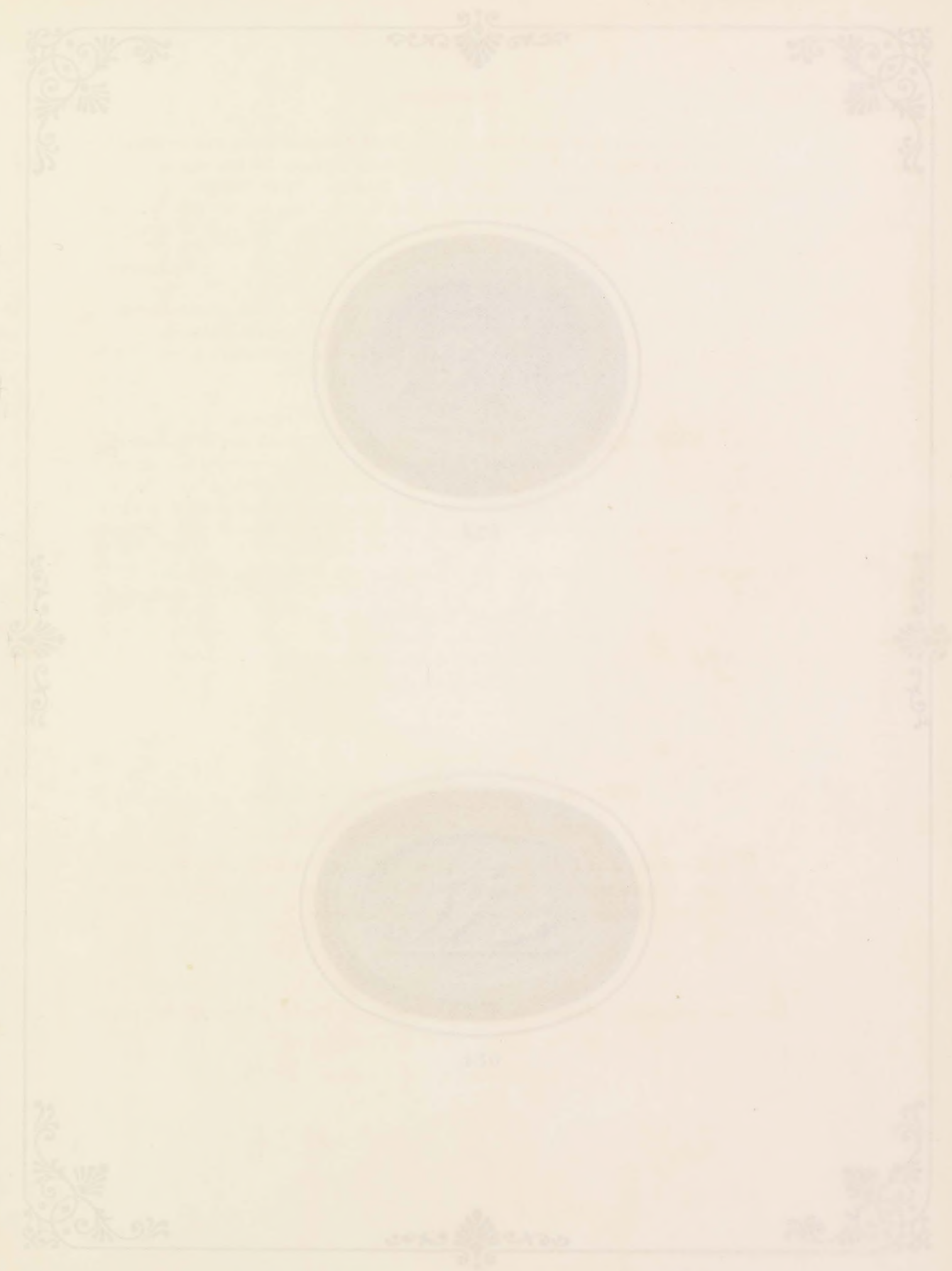
POLYCLETES. *Oriental Cornelian*.

When Hercules entered the infernal regions, all the spirits fled, except Meleager and Medusa. Hercules attempted to strike Medusa, but he was prevented by Mercury, who said to him, "Thy arms, though invincible, are useless against shadows."

No. 430.

Hercules attacking Meneceus, the herdsman of Pluto, whose life is spared
 at the intercession of Proserpine.

APOLLONIDES. *Cornelian*.



Down not she sleeps like those devoid of sense,
 Unconscious to the lay of earth;
 Such thought as the gods from marble steal,
 Each traveller shall pay her marble worth,
 Rising from the tomb, and those best thoughts
 Repeat."

ANACREON.

"But why thus waste
 Yet stand my willer

ANACREON.

Thou must not hear her voice
 Till those equalled rites be's been fulfill'd
 By which she to the gods of hell beneath
 Was render'd sacred, and the solemn when
 For the third time arise. Conduct her steps
 Into the royal mansion; and do thou,
 Who art already eminently just,
 Hereafter with the same benignant soul

Is no false language, when she's her guest:

"She who captiv'd his soul to save,

Reclines among the dead.

Hail, awful goddess, and this shrine befriend!
 To her dear place thou shalt then the rites
 Attend."

EURYPIID.

Trust stranger, O Admetus. Now farewell,
 For I must go to execute those labours
 My king the son of Sthenelus ordered.

EURYPIID.

A thousand shapes our vary'ng fates assume;
 The gods perform what we would least expect,
 And oft the things we wish we hardly hop'd
 Come not to pass; but heaven it's task a clue
 To guide our steps through life's perplexing
 maze.

And thus each day important business end."

EURYPIID.

"Down to these worlds I toid the dismal way,
 And dragg'd the three-month'd dog in upper day;
 E'en hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
 Of Male's offspring, and the martial maid."

Odyssey, book xi.

No. 429.

Hercules restrained by Mercury in Hades.

EURYPIID. *Oriental Cornelian.*

When Hercules entered the infernal regions, all the spirits fled, except Melicertes and Medusa. Hercules attempted to strike Medusa, but he was prevented by Mercury, who said to him, "The arms, though invincible, are useless against shadows."

No. 430.

Hercules attacking Menottus, the herdsman of Pluto, whose life is spared at the intercession of Proserpine.

EURYPIID. *Cornelian.*



429



430







431



432



433



434

No. 431.

Hercules securing Cerberus.

APOLLOVIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"The robber god, insatiable and hard,
 Forgot my service and desert'd reward:
 Sav'd I for this his favourite son distress'd,
 By stern Rary-alops with long labours press'd?
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay:
 I shot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.
 Oh I had my wisdom known this dire event,
 When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went,
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,
 Nor Styx been tripp'd, nor hell swallow'd in vain."

H. 431.

No. 432.

Hercules dragging Cerberus from the infernal mansions.

CHROMOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 433.

Hercules and Pluto.

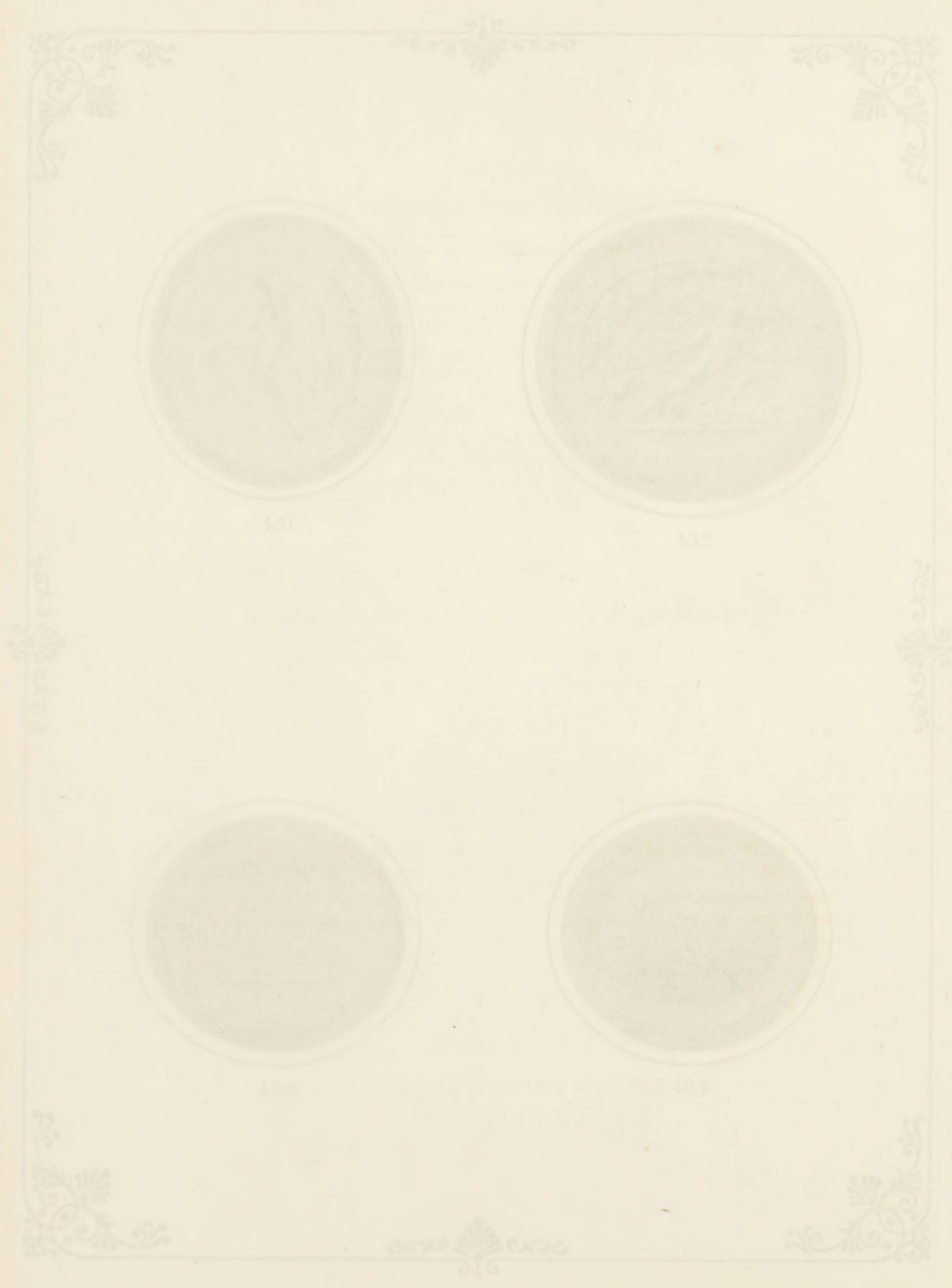
DAMAS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Amongst the boldest exploits of Hercules is that of having dared to attack Pluto at the entrance to the infernal regions, and wound him: it is apparently an allegory of the Sun, emblemized by Hercules, who, with his eyes represented by arrows, made war against Night, and dispelled him from the two hemispheres, which he lights alternately in the twenty-four hours.

No. 434.

The same subject.

CANONIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*



No. 431.

Hercules securing Cerberus.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"The stubborn god, inflexible and hard,
 Forgets my service and deserv'd reward :
 Sav'd I for this his favourite son distress'd,
 By stern Eurystheus with long labours press'd ?
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay :
 I shot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.
 Oh ! had my wisdom known this dire event,
 When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went,
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,
 Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain."

Il. viii.

No. 432.

Hercules dragging Cerberus from the infernal mansions.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 433.

Hercules and Pluto.

DAMAS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Amongst the boldest exploits of Hercules is that of having dared to attack Pluto at the entrance to the infernal regions, and wound him: it is apparently an allegory of the Sun, emblemed by Hercules, who, with his rays represented by arrows, made war against Night, and dispelled him from the two hemispheres, which he lights alternately in the twenty-four hours.

No. 434.

The same subject.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 435.

Hercules chaining Death.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules finding in the infernal regions that Death, armed with a poniard, was carrying away Alceste, chained him, and delivered the faithful wife of Admetus.

"But from the shades
How did you bring her to this upper world?"

HERCULES.

By furiously encountering the stern king
Of disembodied ghosts.

ADMETUS.

"Twixt you and Death,
Where say you was this stubborn battle fought?"

HERCULES.

From ambush at the tomb I sprung, and grasp'd
The tyrant in my arms."

EURIPIDES: WOODHULL.

No. 436.

Hercules, after having chained Death, conducting Alceste from the
kingdom of Pluto.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 437.

The Souls of the Guilty drinking the blood of the victim offered by Hercules.

SOLON. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules, when descending to hell to bring back Theseus, prepared to sacrifice a sterile cow to Proserpine. The souls of the guilty, thirsting for blood, hastened to drink that of the victim.

No. 438.

Hercules in Hell delivering Theseus.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*



No. 435.

*Hercules chaining Death.**Apollonius. - Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules finding in the infernal regions that Death, armed with a poniard, was carrying away Alceste, chained him, and delivered the faithful wife of Admetus.

"But from the shades
How did you bring her to this upper world?"

HERCULES.
By boldly encountering the stern King
Of disembodied ghosts.

ALCESTE.
"Think you now I dwell,
When my soul was this saddest shade's freight?"

HERCULES.
From ambush at the tomb I sprung, and grasp'd
The tyrant in my arms."

FRANCIS WOODFALL.

No. 436.

Hercules, after having chained Death, conducting Alceste from the
kingdom of Pluto.

Chironius. - Oriental Cornelian.

No. 437.

The Soul of the Gally drinking the blood of the victim offered by Hercules.

Solus. - Oriental Cornelian.

Hercules, when descending to hell to bring back Thetis, prepared to sacrifice a victim
near a Gally. The soul of the gally, thirsting for blood, hastened to drink that of the
victim.

No. 438.

*Hercules in Hell delivering Thetis.**Apollonius. - Oriental Cornelian.*



435



436



437



438







439



440



441



442

No. 439.

Hercules freeing Theseus from his chains.

CHRONOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 440.

Hercules conducting Theseus from the infernal regions.

CHRONOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 441.

Telephus suckled by a hind.

CHRONOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Auge, the daughter of Alceus, king of Tegea, was beloved by Hercules, and she became the mother of a child named Telephus. To conceal from her father Alceus the birth of Telephus, she exposed him in a forest, where he was found by a hind, who suckled him with her milk.

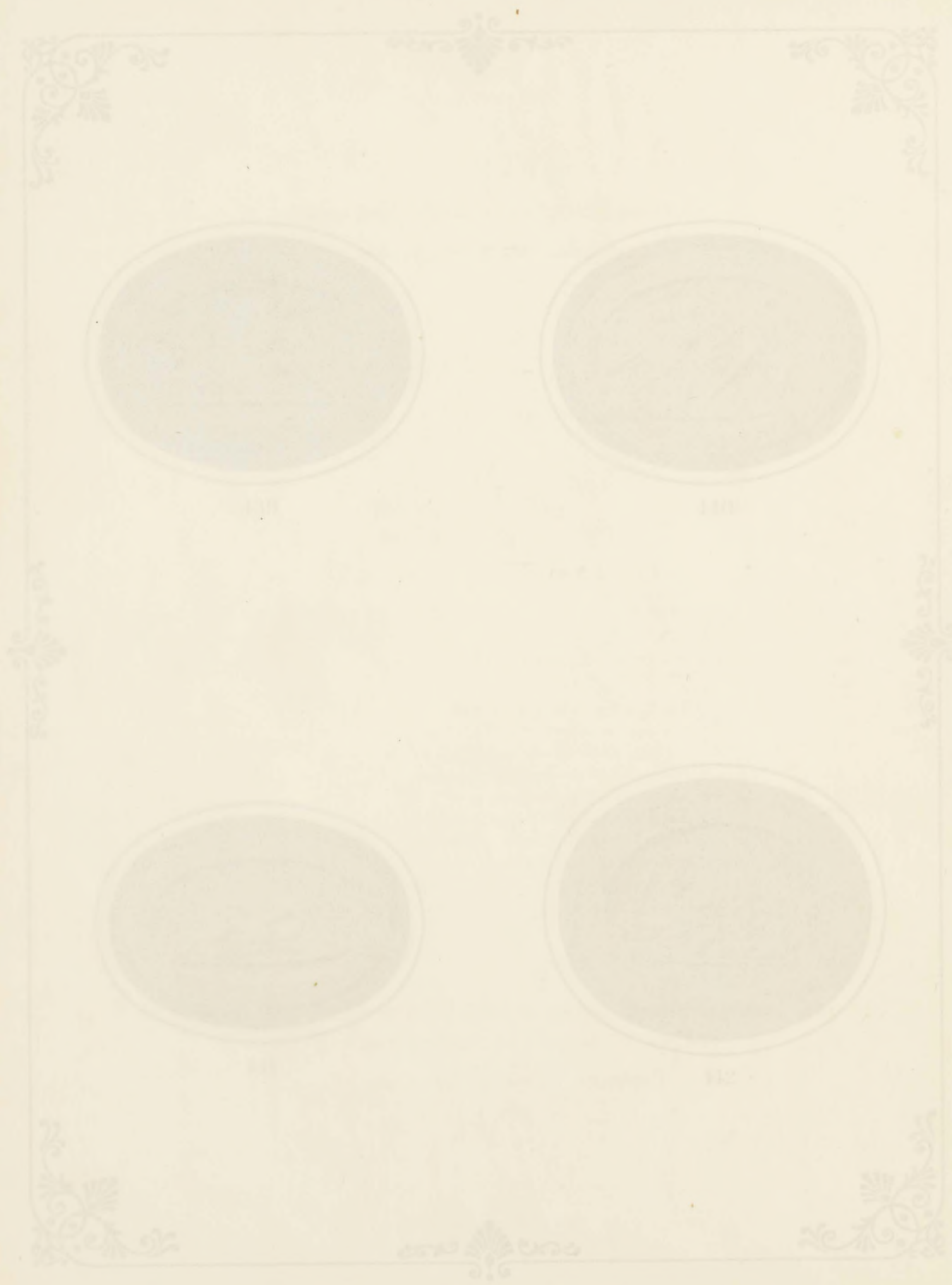
"Pier'd in the centre of those cedars which bear
The name of Pelops, O my native land,
All hail; and thou who reed'st the frozen rock
Of Aready, from whose bosom's cave
I boast my origin, for me in secret
Auge, the daughter of Alceus, bore
To the Thyestian Hercules, Pachaonius
Can witness, for Lycus there releas'd
My mother from the burden of her womb."

ESCHYLUS, *Frags.*

No. 442.

Hercules passing through the forest finds Telephus nursed by the hind:
and, seating himself, he contemplates him.

CHRONOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*



No. 439.

Hercules freeing Theseus from his chains.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 440.

Hercules conducting Theseus from the infernal regions.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 441.

Telephus suckled by a hind.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Augea, the daughter of Aleus, king of Tegæa, was beloved by Hercules, and she became the mother of a child named Telephus. To conceal from her father Aleus the birth of Telephus, she exposed him in a forest, where he was found by a hind, who nourished him with her milk.

“ Plac’d in the centre of those realms which bear
The name of Pelops, O my native land,
All hail; and thou who tread’st the frozen rock
Of Arcady, from whose illustrious race
I boast my origin, for me in secret
Auge, the daughter of Aleus, bore
To the Tirynthian Hercules, Parthenius
Can witness, for Lucina there releas’d
My mother from the burden of her womb.”

EURIPIDES, *Frag.*

No. 442.

Hercules passing through the forest finds Telephus nursed by the hind;
and, seating himself, he contemplates him.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 443.

Augea and Telephus separated by a serpent.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Telephus, warned by an oracle, repaired to Mysia to find his mother Augea, whom Teuthras, king of that country, had adopted as his daughter. This prince being engaged in a war which threatened his crown, had promised the hand of Augea to whomsoever should deliver him from his enemies. Telephus, at the head of the Mysians, gained a complete victory. At the celebration of his marriage with Augea, his mother, urged by a secret presentiment, repulsed him, and the gods sent a serpent to separate them. Augea, alarmed, solicited the protection of the gods.

No. 444.

Phillo discovered by Hercules.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules was enamoured of Phillo, the daughter of Alcimedon, and had by her the infant Ecmagoras; which so exasperated her father, that he exposed Phillo and her child on mount Ostracine, that they might be devoured by wild beasts. A magpie in the neighbourhood, who frequently heard Ecmagoras cry, learned to imitate him; and when Hercules was passing he mistook his note for the crying of a child; and being led by it to the place where Phillo was exposed, he saved her and her child. This circumstance gave rise to the name of a neighbouring fountain.

No. 445.

Hercules killing one of the oxen of Thiodamas.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules, accompanied by his wife Deianira and his son Hyllus, meeting Thiodamas his relation seated on a car drawn by two oxen, begged some provisions of him for Hyllus, who was hungry. On Thiodamas refusing, Hercules killed one of the oxen, the whole of which his son and himself devoured.



No. 443.

Anges and Telephus separated by a serpent.

Pyrronides. *Oriental Cornelia.*

Telephus, warned by an oracle, repaired to Mysia to find his mother Anges, whom Teuthras, king of that country, had adopted as his daughter. This prince being engaged in a war which threatened his crown, had promised the hand of Anges to whomever should deliver him from his enemies. Telephus, at the head of the Mysians, gained a complete victory. At the celebration of his marriage with Anges, his mother, urged by a secret premonition, repulsed him, and the gods sent a serpent to separate them. Anges, alarmed, solicited the protection of the gods.

No. 444.

Philo discovered by Hercules.

Chromides. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules was enamoured of Philo, the daughter of Alcimedor, and had by her the infant Eumagoras; which so exasperated her father, that he exposed Philo and her child on mount Cithraon, that they might be devoured by wild beasts. A magpie in the neighbourhood, who frequently heard Eumagoras cry, learned to imitate him; and when Hercules was passing he mistook his note for the crying of a child; and being led by it to the place where Philo was exposed, he saved her and her child. This circumstance gave rise to the name of a neighbouring fountain.

No. 445.

Hercules killing one of the oxen of Thiodamas.

Apollonides. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules, accompanied by his wife Deianira and his son Hyllus, meeting Thiodamas, his relation seated on a car drawn by two oxen, begged some provisions of him for Hyllus, who was hungry. On Thiodamas refusing, Hercules killed one of the oxen, the whole of which his son and himself devoured.



443



444



445





446



447



448

No. 446.

Hercules dragging the ox which he has killed by the tail, while Deianira and Hylas appear to be impatiently awaiting their repast.

Amulexmas. Oriental Cornelian.

No. 447.

Hercules seated upon a rock.

Pinaculus. Oriental Cornelian.

Hercules, after leaving the ship Argo, which the enormous weight of his body often exposed to the risk of sinking, retired to a rock in Thessaly.

No. 448.

Hercules sending Hylas to the fountain for water.

Dionysius. Oriental Sardonyx.

Hylas, the son of Telephus, King of Mytilene, was from an early age a follower of Hercules, whom he tenderly loved. Hylas having followed this hero in the Argonautic expedition to Colchis, he went down into the plain of Troy to fetch water, when the nymphs or naiads who guarded the fountain were so much with the beauty, that they carried him off, and he returned no more. Hercules with his dog Patroklos, searching for his loss, caused the banks of the Hellespont to resound with their cries, as they called on the name of Hylas (Voss. *Ed. cl.* 43, 44).

When Jason sail'd to find the golden fleece,
And in his train the choicest youth of Greece,
Then with the worthies from the Trojan coast
Came Hercules, for patient till he saw'd,
And Hylas with him; from Telephus they
In the good Argo plough'd the victory way.
Touch'd not the ship the dark Cyanean rocks
That jagged around with crizzling streaks,
But heaved through, and shot the swell of the
Sea
Like an eagle, but in Phaeacian soil

Thence a low ridge, with its station lies,
But in what day or night the Phaeacian sails,
When to the coast the Sarcophagi of the field
(The spring to water's getting) heaving sails,
The flow of the river's current then their sailing
And the ship's day a ready with sailing,
They were of the Hellespont; and in the way
Of long Propontis before Argo lay,
Their own, the Cyanean dwelling there,
The Phaeacians in the broadening waves
went



No. 446.

Hercules dragging the ox which he has killed by the tail, while Deianira and Hyllus appear to be impatiently awaiting their repast.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 447.

Hercules seated upon a rock.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules, after leaving the ship Argo, which the enormous weight of his body often exposed to the risk of sinking, retired to a rock in Thessaly.

No. 448.

Hercules sending Hylas to the fountain for water.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hylas, the son of Thiodamas, king of Mysia, was from an early age a follower of Hercules, whom he tenderly loved. Hylas having followed this hero in the Argonautic expedition to Colchis, he went down into the plains of Troy to fetch some water, when the nymphs or naiads who guarded the fountain were so taken with his beauty, that they carried him off, and he returned no more. Hercules and his companions, inconsolable for his loss, caused the banks of the Hellespont to resound with their cries, as they called on the name of Hylas (VIRG. *Ecl.* vi. 43, 44).

“ When Jason sail’d to find the golden fleece,
And in his train the choicest youth of Greece;
Then with the worthies from the cities round
Came Hercules, for patient toil renown’d,
And Hylas with him; from Iolchos they
In the good Argo plough’d the watery way;
Touch’d not the ship the dark Cyanean rocks
That justled evermore with crashing shocks,
But bounded through, and shot the swell o’ the
flood
Like to an eagle, and in Phasis stood;

Thence either ridgy rock in station lies.
But at what times the Pleiades arise,
When to the court the borders of the field
(The spring to summer turning) herbage yield,
The flow’r of heroes minded then their sailing;
And the third day a steady south prevailing,
They reach’d the Hellespont; and in the bay
Of long Propontis hollow Argo lay.
Their oxen, for Cranaians dwelling there,
The ploughshare in the broad’ning furrow
wear.

They land at eve; in pairs their mess they keep,
 And many strow a high and rushy heap;
 A meadow broad convenient lay thereby,
 With various rushes pranked abundantly;
 And gold-tress'd Hylas is for water gone,
 For Hercules and sturdy Telamon,
 Who messmates were; a brazen urn he bore,
 And soon perceiv'd a fountain straight before.
 It was a gentle slope, round which was seen
 A multitude of rushes, parsley green,
 And the close couch-grass creeping to entwine
 Green maiden hair and pale blue calendine.
 Their choir the wakeful nymphs, the rustic's dread,
 In the mid sparkle of the fountain led;
 Malis and young Nachæa looking spring,
 And fresh Euxica. These the youth did bring,
 And o'er the water hold his goodly urn,
 Eager at once to dip it and return.
 The nymphs all clasp'd his hand; for love seiz'd
 all,
 Love for the Argive boy; and he did fall,
 Plumping at once into the water dark:
 As when a meteor glides with many a spark,

"Far from the train with brazen vase the boy
 Explores the silver fount with faithful joy;
 The lucid stream, the genial meal, his care,
 Plac'd for his lord's return in order fair:
 Attention's office great Alcides taught,
 First from a father's arms the infant brought.
 Pierc'd mid Dryopian plains by matchless might,
 A lowly lab'rer urg'd the baleful fight;
 For he, while sorrow clouds his low'ring brow,
 Guides o'er the stubborn earth the sev'ring plough,
 The warrior marks, and rushing to the soil,—
 'Resign,' he cries, 'the partner of thy toil!'
 Yet vainly cries; 'gainst all the native train
 Alcides burns to try th' embattled plain,
 Foes as they liv'd to right's eternal laws.
 Yet wand'ring from her task the muse withdraws:
 And now the fountain smiles to youthful haste,
 With Pega's name by circling nations grac'd;
 Ev'n at the moment greets th' inquirer's view,
 When virgin choirs the festal mirth pursue;

Plumping from out the heavens into the seas;
 And then some sailor cries, 'A jolly breeze!
 Up with the sail, boys!' Him upon their knees
 The nymphs soft held; him dropping many a tear,
 With soft enticing words they strive to cheer.

Anxious Alcides linger'd not to go,
 Arm'd like a Scythian with his curved bow;
 He grasp'd his club, and thrice he threw around
 His deep, deep voice at highest pitch of sound.
 Thrice call'd on Hylas, thrice did Hylas hear,
 And from the fount a thin voice murmur'd near—
 Though very near, it very far appear'd.
 As when a lion, awful with its beard,
 Hearing afar the whining of a fawn,
 Speeds to his banquet from the mountain lawn,
 In such wise Hercules, the boy regretting,
 Off at full speed through pathless brakes was
 setting.

Who love much suffer: what fatigue he bore
 What thickets pierc'd! what mountains clam-
 ber'd o'er!
 What then to him was Jason's enterprise?"

THEOCRITUS.

For ev'ry nymph, whose spotless charms the
 pride
 Of meads that heave, or lovely Pega's tide,
 Join at the darkling hour the votive throng,
 Who wake to Dian's praise the hallow'd song;
 The nymphs from mountain brow, from cave ad-
 vance,
 From forest wide to join the mystic dance.
 One (all were wont their snowy limbs to lave)
 Fair Ephidatia rising from the wave,
 Ey'd the fair boy, whose charms with vernal
 claim
 Beam in his face, and triumph in his frame.
 The full-orb'd moon her cloudless light resign'd,
 Love's charming goddess fascinates her mind
 Each thought entranc'd her, wild'ring transports
 thrill.
 He from the stream th' entrusted urn to fill,
 Obliquely bends; the gathering waters round
 Dash'd gurgling to the vessel's brazen sound:



449

Fond o'er his neck one waken arm she throws,
 And decks with his her rosy lips to close;
 The other clasp his elbow's polished gleam,
 And sinks his beauties in the ventral stream.
 Thy son, great Egeus, whose footsteps stray
 Far from th' accursed trails their outward way,
 Heard the lost Hylas' shriek; his anxious sight
 Expected waits to hail the man of might.
 Wung'd in the forest he hurries: the savage flies
 Less swift to blinding honeycombs' wings,
 Ung'd by bees' stinger, rushing to his food
 In vain; nor caution warns his coast of blood,
 While footling sheep-like grunts with belated
 toll
 Putting he roars, and th'd resigns the spell.
 Thus frith the hero, roars the fatal spell;
 Fruitless the assaults—fruitless is the chase!
 Impetuous in return he grasps the blade,
 Lost to the head's detouring jaw betray'd,
 His mangled arms may glut their rage of prey,
 Or sink the spell of man's consuming away.
 The fallen glar'ring from his death to stalks,
 And marks Achilles in his homeward walks;
 Knows the bold warrior to the back his stride,
 That form to vain would sliding darkness hide,

Fix'd on the melancholy tale of death,
 With sighs he slowly leaves his throbbing breath:
 'Unhappy master, mine the note of woe!
 Hylas shall ne'er from Pega's pure flow
 Greet thy fond looks; none shall, a plund'ring
 train,
 Withhold the captive, or some least hath slain:
 Still, still his clamours pierce me to the soul!
 He can't; the briny event's big currents roll
 Adown th' herculean fate; the black blood round
 Each mortal body venereal to the ground
 He casts the pier's huge load: now here, now
 there,
 Wayward he roars, as swells the tide of care,
 Thus wand'ring, frantic with th' unconquered sting,
 Forsores his green diadem, the loving things
 Headless of sheep-like and their flock, his eyes
 Wide he pursues: now boundless in his love,
 Now stopping, fix'd; now casting his huge head,
 He swells the mourners as his features spread.
 The hero thus, while every flow bleeds,
 With angish heaving as the tempest speeds,
 Steps down faint, parting from his toll, and vents
 His waste of woe in wildness of lament."

ARISTO, HILTON.

No. 449.

Alcides presenting to Licymnius the urn containing the ashes of his son
 Argos.

APOLLONIUS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Argos, the son of Licymnius, brother of Alceus, was also among the followers of Hercules, who promised to bring him back to his father. Argos died on the journey; and Hercules, to fulfil so far as he was able his engagement with Licymnius, caused the young man's body to be burned, and collecting the ashes, he enclosed them in an urn and took them to his father. This is the first instance on record of burning a corpse.



Fond o'er his neck one wanton arm she throws,
 And seeks with his her rosy lips to close ;
 The other clasps his elbow's polished gleam,
 And sinks his beauties in the central stream.
 Thy son, great Eilatus, whose footsteps stray
 Far from th' associate train their onward way,
 Heard the lost Hylas' shriek ; his anxious sight
 Expectant waits to hail the man of might.
 Wing'd to the fount he bursts : the savage flies
 Less swift to bleating innocence's cries,
 Urg'd by keen hunger, rushing to his food
 In vain ; for caution mocks his scent of blood,
 While fost'ring shepherds guard : with baffled
 toil

Panting he roars, and tir'd resigns the spoil.
 Thus frets the hero, roams the fatal space ;
 Fruitless the tumults—fruitless is the chase !
 Impetuous in return he grasps the blade,
 Lest to the beast's devouring jaw betray'd,
 His mangled corse may glut their rage of prey,
 Or sink the spoil of man's ensnaring sway.
 The falchion glitt'ring from his sheath he stalks,
 And marks Alcides in his homeward walks ;
 Knows the bold warrior to the bark his stride,
 That form in vain would circling darkness hide.

Fix'd on the melancholy tale of death,
 With sighs he slowly heaves his throbbing breath :
 ' Unhappy master, mine the note of woe !
 Hylas shall ne'er from Pega's purer flow
 Greet thy fond looks ; some fiends, a plund'ring
 train,

Withhold the captive, or some beast hath slain :
 Still, still his clamours pierce me to the soul !'
 He ceas'd ; the briny sweat's big currents roll
 Adown th' herculean face ; the black blood round
 Each entrail frets ; resentful to the ground
 He casts the pine's huge load : now here, now
 there,

Wayward he veers, as swells the blast of care.
 Thus wand'ring, frantic with th' envenomed sting,
 Forsakes his green domains, the lowing thing.
 Heedless of shepherds and their flocks, his course
 Wide he pursues : now boundless in his force,
 Now stopping, fix'd ; now rearing his huge head,
 He swells the murmurs as his tortures spread.
 The hero thus, while ev'ry fibre bleeds,
 With anguish headlong as the tempest speeds.
 Stops short faint, panting from his toil, and vents
 His waste of woe in wildness of laments."

APOLL. RHODIUS.

No. 449.

Alcides presenting to Licymnius the urn containing the ashes of his son
 Argeas.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Argeas, the son of Licymnius, brother of Alcmena, was also among the followers of Hercules, who promised to bring him back to his father. Argeas died on the journey ; and Hercules, to fulfil as far as he was able his engagement with Licymnius, caused the young man's body to be burned, and collecting the ashes, he enclosed them in an urn and took them to his father. This is the first instance on record of burning a corpse.

No. 450.

Hercules and Omphale.

SOLON. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules, captivated with Omphale, queen of Lydia, exchanged his club and lion's skin for her distaff and spindle. He is here seen arranging the extremities of the lion's skin, with which she has clad herself, on the neck of Omphale, who is leaning on the club.

“ And where through flow’ry vales Meander glides With winding waves, and turns with reflux tides, Has Hercules been seen in shameless guise, Ill suiting him whose shoulders bore the skies, With bracelets deck’d, and other female gear Which wanton damsels at their revels wear. Bright chains of gold around those arms they view, Which in Nemæan woods the lion slew, Whose skin, a glorious robe, he proudly wore, And on his back the dreadful trophy bore. See his rude locks with gaudy ribands bound, And purple vests his manly limbs surround, Such as the soft Mæonian virgins wear, To catch in silken folds the flowing hair. Now horror in your mind his image breeds, Who fed with human flesh his pamper’d steeds; His conqueror had Busiris thus beheld, He’d doubt his fall, and still dispute the field: These toys Anteus from your neck would tear, Asham’d his victor should such trinkets wear. ’Tis said you with Ionian girls are seen, In base attendance on their haughty queen; That baskets in your hands like them you bear, And the vain menace of your mistress fear. For shame! were those victorious hands de- sign’d For women’s service; or to free mankind? How think you to the wond’ring world ’twill sound, That at command you turn the spindle round?	Your work’s set out, your mistress you must please, And your toils dwindle to such tasks as these! But your rough fingers break the slender thread, And from the fair a drubbing oft you dread: Now at her feet, methinks, I see you lie, While she looks from you with an angry eye. To plead for pity you your error own, And brag, in your excuse, what deeds you’ve done: How, when a child, two serpents you o’ercame, And then the Erymanthean boar did tame. The heads that were on Thracian gates affix’d, And what to them you did you vaunt of next; Of Diomedes and his mares you boast, Of your fam’d conquests on th’ Iberian coast; Of Gerion’s herd, and Cerberus, you tell, And the dread wonders you perform’d in hell— How thrice they both reviv’d, and thrice they fell; How the huge giant, by a fierce embrace, You grip’d to death, and kill’d with a caress; How the swift horses, that outflung the wind, By you were left in race, and lagg’d behind; You put them on Thessalian hills to flight, Nor you their speed, nor double forms affright. But ill by you are such high things express’d, A suppliant, like Sidonian harlots dress’d. Your tongue might by your figure well be tied, And you, for shame, the tale you tell her hide. Nor can all this alone preserve her smiles, She wears your arms, and triumphs with your spoils.
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No. 450.

Hercules and Omphale.

Satan. *Oriental Cornelian.*

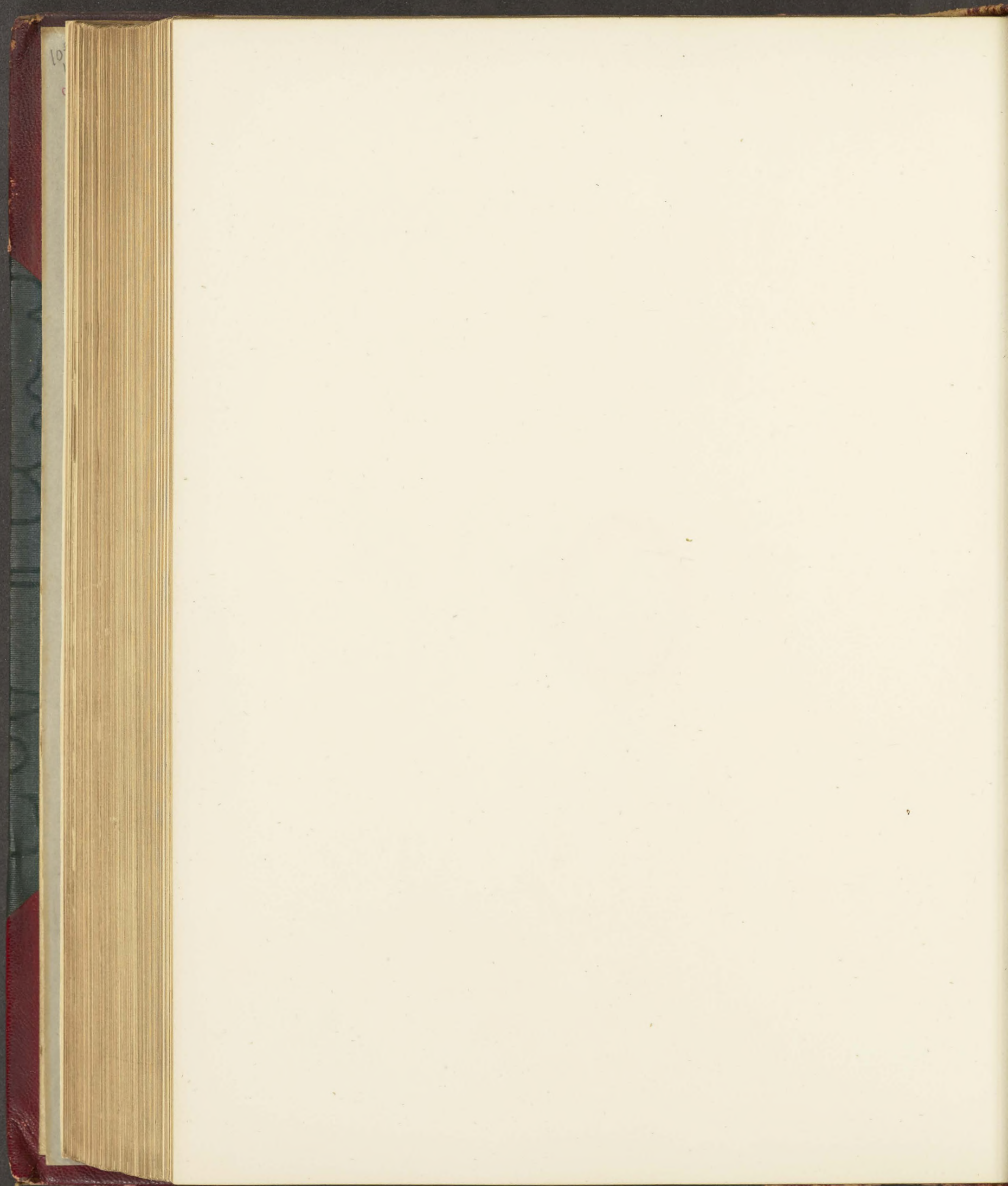
Hercules, captivated with Omphale, queen of Lydia, exchanged his cloth and lion's skin for her distaff and spindle. He is here seen arranging the extremities of the lion's skin, with which she has clad herself, on the neck of Omphale, who is leaning on the club.

"And where through flow'ry vales Meander
glides
With winding waves, and turns with reflux
tides,
Has Hercules been seen in shameless guise,
In willing sign whose shoulders leave the skies,
With bosoms deck'd, and other female gear
Which wanton damsels at their revels wear.
Bright chains of gold around those arms they
view,
Which in Nemean woods the lion drew,
Whose skin, a glorious robe, he proudly wore,
And on his back the dreadful trophy bore.
See his rude locks with gaudy flowers bound,
And purple vests his manly limbs surround,
Such as the soft Macedon virgins wear,
To catch in silken folds the flowing hair,
Now horror in your mind his huge steeds,
Who fed with human flesh his pumper'd steeds;
His conqueror had Busiris thus beheld,
He'd doubt his fall, and still dispute the field:
Those boys Antaeus from your neck would tear,
Antaeus' too strong should such trophies wear,
"Th' art you with Lycus' gifts are come,
To lose ornaments as their brightly green;
That trophies in your hands like them you
own,
And the wild mistress of your mistress hair.
For shame! now those victorious hands de-
sign'd
For woman's service, as to feet clank'd?
How think you to the wind'ing wheel 'twill
sound,
That at command you turn the spindle round?

Your work's set out, your mistress you must
please,
And your tale d'awdle to such tasks as these!
But your rough fingers break the slender thread,
And from the hair a drizzling oft you dread:
Now at her feet, no thanks, I see you lie,
Whispering secrets from you with an angry eye.
To please her you you your error own,
And beg, in your excuse, what deeds you've
done—
How, when a child, you slay'd you Orestes,
And then the Pyrrhus whom heur did tame.
The heads that were on Thracian gates affix'd,
And what to them you did you resort of next;
Of Demeter and his name you bear,
Of your flut'd conquests on th' Thracian coast;
Of Gorian's head, and Cerberus, you tell,
And the dread wonders you perform'd in
hell—
How thrice they both reviv'd, and thrice they
fell;
How the huge giant, by a secret entrance,
You grip'd to death, and kill'd with a snore;
How the swift horses, that outsteer the wind,
By you were left in race, and legg'd behind;
You put them on Thracian hills to flight,
Nor you their speed, nor death's forms affright.
But ill by you are such high things express'd,
A suppliant, like Sclonion harlots dress'd.
Your tongue might by your figure well be fed,
And you, for shame, the tale you tell her tell.
Nor can all this show pleasure her smiles,
She wears your arms, and triumphs with your
spells.



450





451



452



453

Go, boast your glorious acts, while all that see
Your differing garbs, will guess you both to be,
Than the soft harlot, and the leery she.
As greater you than all your conquests are,
The less you to your conqueror can compare;
And as you can't your loved desires subdue,
The mightier she who masters them and you.
To her the glory of your deeds is due,
And thence her pow'r with your disgrace re-
sounds:
The victor's prize, the laurel-wreath resign,
Those songs and trophies are no longer thine;
She holds them all. Eternal shame, to see
That skin on her which eddied once but thee!

And the rude robe that thou with pride hast worn,
Her feeble limbs enfold, and sink to scorn.
These spoils, mistaken man, are not her aim,
Thyself's her triumph, and her spoil's thy shame.
By her the merit of thy might's suppress'd;
Her conquest was thyself; and thine, a beast.
She leaves the laden reel, and learns the use
Of arrows poison'd with Lemnian juice.
She who can scarce the flying wheel command,
And turn the spindle with her trembling hand,
Now teaches it the massy club to wield,
Which tam'd the fiercest monsters of the field.
This with delight she in her mirror views,
Fights o'er thy fights, and all thy foes subdues.

OVIS, *Ep.*: OLIMNEX.

No. 451.

Hercules spinning, while Omphale, dressed in the lion's skin and armed
with the club, is looking on.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

The expression of Omphale, proud of her complete victory over Hercules, is worthy of remark.

No. 452.

Hercules giving Omphale the axe which he had taken from Hippolita,
queen of the Amazons.

DIOSCORIDES. *Anethyst.*

The kings of Lydia preserved the remembrance by always making use of this weapon in
battle.

No. 453.

Pan detected attempting to surprise Omphale.

CHARILAS. *Oriental Cornelian.*



Go, boast your glorious acts, while all that see
 Your differing garbs, will guess you both to be,
 Thou the soft harlot, and the hero she.
 As greater you than all your conquests are,
 The less you to your conqu'ror can compare;
 And as you can't your lewd desires subdue,
 The mightier she who masters them and you.
 To her the glory of your deeds redounds,
 And fame her pow'r with your disgrace re-
 sounds:
 The victor's praise, the laurel-wreath resign,
 Those songs and trophies are no longer thine;
 She heirs them all. Eternal shame, to see
 That skin on her which suited none but thee!

And the rude robe that thou with pride hast worn,
 Her feeble limbs enfold, and sink to scorn.
 These spoils, mistaken man, are not her aim,
 Thyself's her triumph, and her spoil's thy fame.
 By her the merit of thy might's suppress'd;
 Her conquest was thyself; and thine, a beast.
 She leaves the laden reel, and learns the use
 Of arrows poison'd with Lernæan juice.
 She who can scarce the flying wheel command,
 And turn the spindle with her trembling hand,
 Now teaches it the massy club to wield,
 Which tam'd the fiercest monsters of the field.
 This with delight she in her mirror views,
 Fights o'er thy fights, and all thy foes subdues.'

OVID, *Ep.*: OLDMIXON.

No. 451.

Hercules spinning, while Omphale, dressed in the lion's skin and armed
 with the club, is looking on.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

The expression of Omphale, proud of her complete victory over Hercules, is worthy of remark.

No. 452.

Hercules giving Omphale the axe which he had taken from Hippolita,
 queen of the Amazons.

DIOSCORIDES. *Amethyst.*

The kings of Lydia preserved the remembrance by always making use of this weapon in
 battle.

No. 453.

Pan detected attempting to surprise Omphale.

CHARILAOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules and Omphale, fatigued with a long journey, are on the point of entering a cave to repose themselves, and the god Pan, who is enamoured of Omphale, conceals himself behind a tree, and joyfully watches for a favourable opportunity to surprise her.

“ Tradition tells a merry jest.
Perchance Tirynthius by his sweetheart's side
Walk'd, whereas Faunus on a bank them spied.
He eyes and fries; and, 'Country lasses,' cries,
'None for my diet; here my Cupid lies.'
The Lydian's shoulders with perfumed hair,
Her breasts with glitt'ring gold begaudied were.
A golden fan Sol's rival heat repell'd,
Which Hercules' kind hand before her held.
To Bacchus' groves and Tmoles' vineyards now
They came when Hesper in the west did glow.
A cave by which there plays a cheerful brook,
With topazes and pumice arch'd they took.
Now, while the servants had prepar'd the feast,
In her attire her Hercules she dress'd.
She puts on him her purple waistcoat slender,
And girdle, which embrac'd her body tender.
Her zone's too little, and her waistcoat's bands
He stretches out to thrust forth his huge hands;
Her bracelets break, not made for that intent,
His huge plaice-foot her pretty sandals rent.
His weighty club and lion's spoils she tries,
And quiver-weapons of a lesser size.
Thus supper ended, both themselves apply
To sleep, and on two several couches lie;
Because next day some rites to Jove's wine-son
They should perform, which must be purely done.

Pan comes (what dares not vent'rous love as-
sault?)
In midnight darkness to the silent vault;
He finds the servants clogg'd with wine and sleep,
And hopes the same clogs did the lovers keep.
In comes the lecher bold, roams here and there;
His groping hands his wary ushers were.
At last he on the lady's bed lays hold,
At first right happy in his venture bold.
Soon as he touch'd the lion's bristly hide,
He plucks his hand back greatly terrified.
Then trembling comes again, again goes back,
Just like a traveller that spies a snake.
Then feels he to the softer-clothed bed,
Which stood at hand, by coz'ning signs misled.
Meanwhile the feet he softly doth uncover;
His legs with bristly hairs were harsh all over.
. Alcides from the couch
Throws him quite off: down lumps the lustful
slouch.
Mæonia at the noise for lights doth cry,
Which brought there make a strange discovery.
He with his fall much bruised, groans and moans,
And much ado heaves up his heavy bones.
Alcides laugh'd, and all, at that night-rover;
And Omphale laughs at her goodly lover.”

OVID, *Fasti*.

No. 454.

Hercules carrying off Iole.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules having demanded of Eurytus, king of Œchalia, his daughter Iole in marriage, was refused; and making war against Eurytus, killed him and all his children, but Iole, whom he carried off.

Hercules and Omphale, fatigued with a long journey, are on the point of entering a cave to repose themselves, and the god Pan, who is enamoured of Omphale, conceals himself behind a tree, and secretly watches for a favourable opportunity to surprise her.

Tradition tells a merry jest,
 Pausanias Thyræides by his sweetheart's side
 Walk'd, whence Pannus on a bank them spied,
 His eyes and fringes and, 'Country lasses,' cried,
 'None for my diet; here my Cupid lies.'
 The Lythian's shoulders with perfumed hair,
 Her breast with glitt'ring gold bejewelled were,
 A golden too her rival breast repel'd,
 Which Hercules' kind hand before her held.
 To Bacchic groves and Tmolus' vineyards now
 They came when Hesper in the west did glow,
 A cave by which there plays a cheerful brook,
 With myrtle and pumice arch'd they took.
 Now, while the servants hail prepar'd the feast,
 In her attire her Hercules she dress'd.
 She puts on long her purple waistcoat slender,
 And girdle, which embrac'd her lady tender,
 Her shoes too little, and her waistcoat's bands
 He loosens out to throat forth his huge hands;
 Her wand'ring back, no more for that intent,
 His huge plaids from her pretty sandals rent.
 His weighty club and lion's spells she tries,
 And quivers-swords of a lesser size.
 Thus apparelled, both themselves apply
 To sleep, and on two several couches lie;
 Remember next day some rites to Jove's winged
 They should perform, which must be purely done.

Pan comes (what darts not want'rous love assault?)

In midnight darkness to the silent vault;
 He feeds the servants dogs'd with wine and sleep,
 And hopes the same dogs did the lovers keep.
 In comes the lecher bold, roams here and there;
 His groping hands his wary waken were.
 At last he on the lady's bed lays bold,
 At first right happy in his venture bold,
 Soon as he touch'd the lion's bristly hide,
 He plucks his head back greatly terrified.
 Then trembling comes again, again goes back,
 Just like a traveller that quakes a snake.
 Then feels he in the water-dropt bed,
 Which stood at hand, by one'ssing signs misled.
 Meanwhile the feet he softly doth uncover;
 His legs with bristly hairs were hark all over.
 Alas from the couch
 Throws him quite off: down jumps the lustful
 stoach.
 Moans at the noise for lights doth cry,
 Which brought there make a strange discovery.
 He with his fall much bruised, greas'd and mean,
 And much ado leaves up his heavy bones.
 Alas he laugh'd, and all, at that night-covers;
 And Omphale laughs at her goodly lover.

OVID, *Fast.*

No. 454.

Hercules carrying off Iole.

CHRONOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules having demanded of Eurytus, King of Clethia, his daughter Iole in marriage, was refused; and making war against Eurytus, killed him and all his children, but Iole, whom he carried off.



454



DEIANIRA.

"Who, by the gods, and whence are these?
If right
I judge of misery, wretched is their state.

LICHAS.

These, when the town of Eurytus he raz'd,
He for himself selected, and the gods.

DEIANIRA.

Advanc'd against this town was he engag'd
In tedious war all this vast length of time?

LICHAS.

No; but in Lydia he was long detain'd,
Not free—such his account—but sold a slave.
We should not censure, lady, what appears
Wrought by the hand of Jove. Betray'd, and sold
To the barbaric Omphale, he pass'd
One tedious year a slave; but the disgrace
So stung his noble soul, that with an oath
He vow'd the author of this wrong, his wife,
And children should be slaves. Nor vow'd in
vain:

But expiation made, with social hosts
Vengeful he march'd against the rampired walls
Of Eurytus; for him of all mankind
Alone he deem'd the cause of his disgrace,
Who to his hearth when he approach'd—a friend—
With hospitable rites receiv'd of old—
Insulted him aloud with taunting words,
And all the outrage of an hostile mind:
Reviling him as holding in his hands
Arrows by fate assign'd to reach the mark;
But that his sons excell'd him in the skill
To draw the bow; that by the nobly born
He as a slave should be trod down and crush'd;
Nay, more, with wine when heated, from his house
He spurn'd him forth. Indignant at these wrongs,
O'er the Tirynthian hills when Iphitus
Search'd for his steeds that from their pastures
rov'd,

His eye on other objects bent, his mind
On other thoughts engag'd, he hurl'd the youth
From the steep summit of the tow'ring rock.

Offended at the deed, Olympian Jove,
The supreme king and father, sent him thence,
To slavery sold, nor brook'd a treacherous act
Unpractised but against this hapless youth.
With manly fortitude, and front to front,
In arms had he oppos'd him, heav'n's high king
Had pardon'd him, and deem'd his vengeance
just;

But base insidious wrong the gods abhor.
But all those boasters, whose reviling tongues
Were wanton in their insolence, have now
Their mansions in the gloomy realms beneath,
And their proud city is enslav'd. These dames,
Which here thou seest, from high and happy life
Sunk to this wretched state, attend thy will.
Such are thy lord's commands, which I perform
With faithful zeal. When to his father Jove
The hallow'd victims for his conquest vow'd
Are slain, expect him here. Of my long speech,
Though grateful all, this gives thee highest joy.

CHORUS.

Now, royal lady, certain joy is thine;
This captive train gives proof of his report.

DEIANIRA.

Yes, my heart feels it; I have cause, just cause
Of joy; it bounds to hear my lord returns
Victorious: all within me is alive
To tender sympathy. Yet those who deep
Resolve the change of fortune must have fears,
Lest he, who triumphs now, may sometime know
A sad reverse. E'en now, my friends, my heart
Feels the warm touch of pity, while I see
These wretched females, from their country torn,
Torn from their parents, in a foreign land
To exile doom'd; yet these, perhaps, are sprung
From generous lineage, but must now sustain
A servile life. O Jove, whose guardian pow'r
Averts misfortune, never may I see
My offspring by thy anger thus assail'd;
Or if to suff'rings thou hast doom'd them, spare
My anguish, nor inflict them whilst I live!
Such are my fears, these females as I view."

SOPHOCLES.

No. 455.

Hercules seated, leaning on his club, and surrounded by his trophies ;
while Fame, by the sound of the trumpet, is announcing his deeds to
the Universe.

ALLION. *Oriental Cornelian.*

“ The lay records the labours, and the praise,
And all th’ immortal acts of Hercules.
First how the mighty babe, when swath’d in
bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant’s hands ;
Then as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th’ Æchalian walls and Trojan overthrew.
Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur’d by Juno’s and Eurystheus’ hate.
Thy hands, unconquer’d hero, could subdue
The cloud-born centaurs, and the monster crew.

Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue lay fawning at thy feet,
And seiz’d with fear, forgot thy mangled meat.
Th’ infernal waters trembl’d at thy sight ;
Thee, god, no face of danger could affright :
Not huge Typhœus, nor th’ unnumber’d snake,
Increas’d with hissing heads, in Lerna’s lake.
Hail, Jove’s undoubted son ! an added grace
To heav’n, and the great author of thy race.”

VIRGIL.

No. 456.

Hercules Musagete, or Conductor of the Muses.

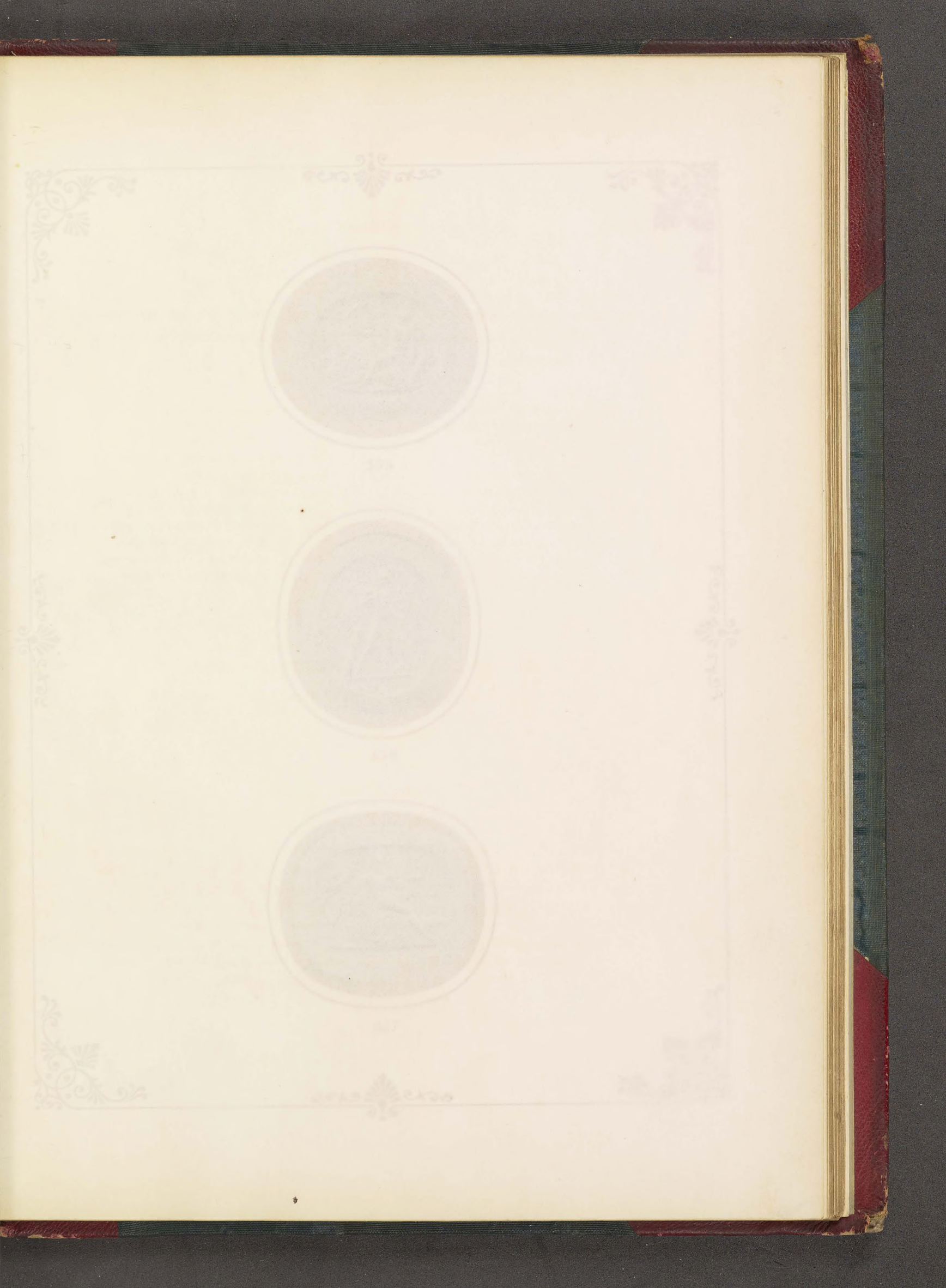
CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 457.

Hercules triumphant.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules after his different exploits had different appellations : that of *Buphagus* (eater of oxen), *Addephagus* (insatiable), *Bibax* (drinker), *Musagete* (conductor of the Muses), *Muscarius* (the driver away of flies), &c. That of *Thespicius* appears on this stone, from the circumstance of his having slept successively with the fifty daughters of Thespius, the son of Agenor, and made them all mothers, with the consent of their father. Hercules is seated on the skin of the Nemean lion, attended by two genii, one of whom places a chaplet on his club for each victory, surmounted by a butterfly, the emblem of life ; while the other is pouring out a restorative liquid for Hercules.



No. 455.

Hercules seated, leaning on his club, and surrounded by his trophies ;
while Fame, by the sound of the trumpet, is announcing his deeds to
the Universe.

ALLION. *Oriental Cornelian.*

" The lay records the labours, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
First how the mighty babe, when swath'd in
bands,
The serpent strangled with his infant's hands;
Then as he grows and matchless force he grew,
Th' Ethiopian walls and Trojan overthrow.
Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
Procured by Juno's and Eurydice's hate,
Thy hands, unconquer'd here, could subdue
The cloud-born centaurs, and the monster crew.

Nor thy restless arms the bull withstand,
Nor be the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian coast,
With tolling tongue lay yawning at thy feet,
And mix'd with fear, forgot thy mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembl'd at thy sight;
There, god, on feet of danger could alight:
Not huge Typhoeus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
Incessant with hissing heads, in Lethe's lake,
Hail, Juno's undaunted son! an added grace
To hero's, and the great author of thy race."

VIRGIL.

No. 456.

Hercules Musagetes, or Conductor of the Muses.

CHRONIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

No. 457.

Hercules triumphant.

PYRGOTELES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules after his different exploits had different appellations: that of *Hoplages* (saver of men), *Strophages* (insatiable), *Bibax* (drinker), *Musagetes* (conductor of the Muses), *Moxos* (the driver away of flies), &c. That of *Theopios* appears on this stone, from the circumstance of his having slept successively with the fifty daughters of Thepius, the son of Agenor, and made them all mothers, with the consent of their father. Hercules is seated on the skin of the Nemean lion, attended by two girls, one of whom places a chaplet on his club for each victory, surmounted by a butterfly, the emblem of life; while the other is pouring out a restorative liquid for Hercules.



455



456



457





458



459



460



461

No. 458.

Hercules tying to his club Passalus and Achemon.

Argos, Oriental Ceramic.

Hercules Melanopygos, a hero of whom is said near Thebes, to have been of his own
to his club Passalus and Achemon, the sons of Antenor, leaders of the Danaans, who had refused
to assist him while he was sleeping under a tree. They returned to the palace of the king, where
where they were, as a punishment for their want of human sympathy, made

No. 459.

Hercules carrying Passalus and Achemon on his club, suspended by the
feet, who in this posture ridiculed his black head, calling him Melanopyges.

Argos, Oriental Ceramic.

No. 460.

Hercules emerging from the body of the sea-monster.

Cyzicus, Ceramic, partaking of Sapphire.

It was believed that Hercules had been swallowed by a sea-monster, where he remained
three nights (a circumstance which gave rise to the name of Triton), and that he released
himself by tearing the entrails of the animal.

No. 461.

Lichas giving Hercules the poisoned robe which Deianira, jealous of his
love for Iphigeneia, had sent him.

Treves, Oriental Ceramic.

"These pale blood-red robes are woven with the life, the death, the
And would her little folk with graving face
The mother see, O Deianira, moved
That Hercules the fair Iphigeneia loved."



No. 458.

Hercules tying to his club Passalus and Achemon.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

Hercules Melampyges, a statue of whom is seen near Thermopylæ, in memory of his tying to his club Passalus and Achemon, the sons of Sennon daughter of Ocean, who had ventured to insult him while he was sleeping under a tree. They belonged to the nation called Cereopes, whom Jupiter, as a punishment for their want of honour, changed to monkeys.

No. 459.

Hercules carrying Passalus and Achemon on his club, suspended by the feet, who in this posture ridiculed his black back, calling him Melampyges.

ADMON. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

No. 460.

Hercules emerging from the body of the sea-monster.

CHROMIOS. *Calcedony, partaking of Sapphire.*

It was believed that Hercules had been swallowed by a sea-monster, where he remained three nights (a circumstance which gave rise to the name of *Trivesperus*), and that he released himself by tearing the entrails of the animal.

No. 461.

Lichas giving Hercules the poisoned tunic which Deianira, jealous of his love for Iole, had sent him.

TEUCER. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"Fame (who falsehood clothes in truth's disguise,
And swells her little bulk with growing lies)
Thy tender ear, O Deianira, moved
That Hercules the fair Iole loved.

Her love believes the tale; the truth she fears
Of his new passion, and gives way to tears.
The flowing tears diffused her wretched grief—
'Why seek I thus from streaming eyes relief?'

She cries: 'indulge not thus these fruitless cares,
The harlot will but triumph in thy tears.
Let something be resolv'd while yet there's time:
My bed not conscious of a rival's crime,
In silence shall I mourn, or loud complain—
Shall I seek Calidon, or here remain?
What though allied to Meleager's fame,
I boast the honours of a sister's name?
My wrongs perhaps now urge me to pursue
Some desp'rate deed by which the world shall
view

How far revenge and woman's rage can rise,
When weltering in her blood the harlot dies.'
Thus various passions rul'd by turns her breast:
She now resolves to send the fatal vest,
Dyed with Lernean gore, whose power might
move
His soul anew, and rouse declining love;
Nor knew she what her sudden rage bestows,
When she to Lichas trusts her future woes:
With soft endearments, she the boy commands
To bear the garment to her husband's hands."

OVID.

" But, my friends,
What I possess of pow'r to heal my griefs
I will inform you. In a brazen vase,
A present from the ancient centaur long
Have I preserv'd; while yet in youth's fresh
bloom,
This from the shaggy Nessus I receiv'd,
When dying from his wound. It was his wont
O'er the deep flood Evenus rolls to bear
For hire, who wish'd to reach the further bank,
In his strong arms; nor dashing oar was his,
Nor barge with swelling sails. Me thus he bore,
When, unattended with my father's train,
I follow'd Hercules; but when he reach'd
The middle of the stream, his wanton hands
'Gainst modesty transgress'd; I cried aloud:
The son of Jove sprung forward, in his hand
His ready bow, from which a feather'd shaft
Wing'd with impetuous fury pierc'd his side.
Me then the dying monster thus address'd:
' Daughter of aged Æneus, I no more
Shall pass this flood; but since my arms have
borne
Thee their last charge, derive thou thence this
good,
Observant of my words:—Preserve with care
The clodded blood which issues from my wound;
The gore of the Lernean hydra ting'd
The blacken'd shaft: this will have pow'r to
charm
The heart of Hercules to thee assur'd,

That never woman shall his eyes behold
Fair and attractive of his love like thee.'
To memory this recalling (for with care
The dying centaur's gift I have preserv'd),
With it, my friends, this vestment I have ting'd,
Nothing omitted which he gave in charge
While yet he liv'd. These things are now pre-
par'd.

The boldness of ill arts I would not know,
I would not learn; those women I abhor
Who dare attempt them: yet her youthful bloom
Could I by charms o'ercome, and soothe the heart
Of Hercules to love, I would assay
Their potency; but if you deem th' attempt
Unmeet, or void of force, I will forbear.

CHORUS.

If thou hast aught of confidence in deeds
Like this, we judge that thou hast purpos'd well.

DEIANIRA.

My confidence is only such as gives
Strength to opinion not assured by proof.

CHORUS.

Then put it to the proof; opinion else,
Though built on reason, no assurance yields.

DEIANIRA.

We soon shall know; for Lichas from the gate
I see advance; he quickly will be here.



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Only be secret; for e'en shameful things
In dark concealment are secur'd from shame.

LICHAS.

Daughter of Ocean, give me thy commands;
Too long already I have linger'd here.

DEIANIRA.

Lichas, in this my care hath been employ'd,
Whilst converse with the stranger thou hast held,
That thou may'st bear this beautiful woven vest,
Wrought by my hands, a present to thy lord.
This give him, with a charge that let himself

No mortal in it proudly be array'd;
Not ever let the sun's resplendent beam
Behold it, nor the altar's sacred flame,
Nor the bright-blazing hearth, till he shall stand
In public view, and show it to the gods,
When on some solemn day the victim bleeds:
For such my vow, if e'er I saw or heard
That he return'd in safety, with this robe
To deck his person, that before the gods
Gorgeous in new attire he might appear,
And offer sacrifice. Bear this, in proof
I gave such charge; my signet he will know."

SOPHOCLES: *POTTER.*

No. 163.

Hercules having put on the fatal tunic, becomes furious, and seizes
Lichas.

CORAMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

HYDRA.

"If thou wouldest know it, I must tell thee all
The ruin'd town of Eurytus destroy'd,
The trophies of his conquest, and the spoils
He to Coramios brought, a rocky point
High-riding on the Egean shore, and wash'd
On each side by the sea; his alters there,
And the green foliage of a grove, he rais'd
To Jove his father: there my longing eyes
With joy first saw him. But as he prepar'd
The various victims, hence his servant came,
The hooded Lichas, and thy present brought,
The fatal vest. With this, for such thy charge,
He robed himself, and alas twelve beautiful halls
Selected from the prey; but to the god
An hundred various victims he had brought.
At first th' unhappy hero, with a mind

Cheerful and joying in his gorgeous robe,
Offer'd his vows; but when the bloody flame
Blaz'd from the hallow'd sacrifice, and heat
Glow'd from the unctuous fire, close to his sides
And to each limb, as by some artist fix'd,
The robe adher'd; and through his bones shot
Sore
Excruciating pains; then as the poisonous gore
Of the detested hydra trickled deep,
He ask'd th' unhappy Lichas, for thy crime
In robbing him, by whose lustre and
He brought this robe. Unconscious what he
brought,
Th' ill-fated herald said, from thee alone
It was a present to his charge assign'd,
And brought to be receiv'd it."

SOPHOCLES.



Only be secret ; for e'en shameful things
In dark concealment are secur'd from shame.

LICHAS.

Daughter of Æneus, give me thy commands ;
Too long already I have linger'd here.

DEIANIRA.

Lichas, in this my care hath been employ'd,
Whilst converse with the strangers thou hast held,
That thou may'st bear this beaut'ous woven vest,
Wrought by my hands, a present to thy lord.
This give him, with a charge that but himself

No mortal in it proudly be array'd ;
Nor ever let the sun's resplendent beam
Behold it, nor the altar's sacred flame,
Nor the bright-blazing hearth, till he shall stand
In public view, and shew it to the gods,
When on some solemn day the victim bleeds :
For such my vow, if e'er I saw or heard
That he return'd in safety, with this robe
To deck his person, that before the gods
Gorgeous in new attire he might appear,
And offer sacrifice. Bear this, in proof
I gave such charge ; my signet he will know."

SOPHOCLES: POTTER.

No. 462.

Hercules having put on the fatal tunic, becomes furious, and seizes
Lichas.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

HYLLUS.

" If thou wouldst know it, I must tell thee all.
The far-fam'd town of Eurytus destroy'd,
The trophies of his conquest, and the spoils
He to Cenæum brought, a rocky point
High-rising on the Eubœan shore, and wash'd
On each side by the sea ; his altars there,
And the green foliage of a grove, he rais'd
To Jove his father : there my longing eyes
With joy first saw him. But as he prepar'd
The various victims, hence his servant came,
The herald Lichas, and thy present brought,
The fatal vest. With this, for such thy charge,
He rob'd himself, and slew twelve beaut'ous bulls
Selected from the prey ; but to the god
An hundred various victims he had brought.
At first th' unhappy hero, with a mind

Cheerful and joying in his gorgeous robe,
Offer'd his vows ; but when the bloody flame
Blaz'd from the hallow'd sacrifice, and heat
Glow'd from the unctuous firs, close to his sides
And to each limb, as by some artist fix'd,
The robe adher'd ; and through his bones shot
fierce
Convulsive pains ; then as the poisonous gore
Of the detested hydra rankled deep,
He ask'd th' unhappy Lichas, for thy crime
In nothing blameable, by whose base arts
He brought this robe. Unconscious what he
brought,
Th' ill-fated herald said, from thee alone
It was a present to his charge assign'd,
And brought as he receiv'd it."

SOPHOCLES.

No. 463.

Hercules throwing Lichas into the sea.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Cornelian.*

“Th’ unwitting hero takes the gift in haste,
And o’er his shoulders Lerna’s poison cast :
As first the fire with frankincense he strows,
And utters to the gods his holy vows,
And on the marble altar’s polish’d frame
Pours forth the grapy stream ; the rising flame
Sudden dissolves the pois’nous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves be-
dews.

With wonted fortitude he bore the smart,
And not a groan confess’d his burning heart.
At length his patience was subdu’d by pain,
He rends the sacred altar from the plain ;
Æte’s wide forests echo with his cries ;
Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.
Where’er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears,
The mangled muscles and huge bones he bares,
(A ghastful sight!) or raging with his pain,
To rend the sticking plague he tugs in vain.

As the red iron hisses in the flood,
So boils the venom in his curdling blood.
Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
And livid sweats down all his body flow ;
The cracking nerves, burnt up, are burst in
twain,

The lurking venom melts his swimming brain.

Then, lifting both his hands aloft he cries ;
‘ Glut thy revenge, dread empress of the skies ;
Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
Look down with pleasure, and enjoy my smart.
Or, if e’er pity mov’d a hostile breast,
(For here I stand thy enemy profess’d,)
Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
Inur’d to trouble, and to labours born.
Death is the gift most welcome to my woe,
And such a gift a stepdame may bestow.

Was it for this Busiris was subdu’d,
Whose barb’rous temples reek’d with strangers’
blood ?

Press’d in these arms, his fate Antæus found,
Nor gain’d recruited vigour from the ground.
Did I not triple-form’d Geryon fell ?
Or did I fear the triple dog of hell ?
Did not these hands the bull’s arm’d forehead
hold ?

Are not our mighty toils in Elis told ?
Do not Stympthalian lakes proclaim my fame ?
And fair Parthenian woods resound my name ?
Who seiz’d the golden belt of Thermodon ?
And who the dragon-guarded apples won ?
Could the fierce Centaur’s strength my force
withstand,

Or the fell boar that spoil’d th’ Arcadian land ?
Did not these arms the hydra’s rage subdue,
Who from his wounds to double fury grew ?
What if the Thracian horses, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I saw, and with their barb’rous lord o’erthrew ?
What if these hands Nemæa’s lion slew ?
Did not this neck the heav’nly globe sustain ?
The female partner of the Thund’rer’s reign
Fatigu’d, at length suspends her harsh com-
mands,

Yet no fatigue hath slack’d these valiant hands.
But now new plagues pursue me, neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts, can stop their raging course.
Devouring flame through my rack’d entrails
strays,

And on my lungs and shrivell’d muscles preys ;
Yet still Eurystheus breathes the vital air.
What mortal now shall seek the gods with
pray’r ?

No. 463.

Hercules throwing Lichas into the sea.

APOLLONIUS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haste,
And o'er his shoulder Lerna's poison cast:
As fast the fire with frankincense he strews,
And offers to the gods his holy vows,
And on the marble altar's polish'd frame,
Pours forth the grapy stream; the rising fumes
Golden dissolve the poisonous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves be-
decks.

With wanted fortitude he bears the smart,
And not a groan confess'd his burning heart.
At length his patience was subdu'd by pain,
He rends the sacred altar from the plain;
(Ere's wide forests echo with his cries;
Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.
Whene'er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears,
The mingled venoms and huge hauses he bares,
(A ghastly sight!) or raging with his pain,
To rend the sticking plague he tugs in vain.

As the red iron hisses in the flood,
So boils the venom in his smould'ring blood.
Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
And fluid sweats down all his body flow;
The crackling nerves, burst up, are burst in
train.

The burning venom melts his swimming brain,
Then, lifting both his hands aloft he cries;
"Grant thy revenge, dread empress of the skies;
Safe with my death the rancour of thy heart,
Look down with pleasure, and enjoy my smart.
Or, if e'er pity mov'd a hostile breast,
(For here I stand thy enemy profess'd,)
Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
Inu'd to trouble, and to labours born.
Death is the gift most welcome to my woe,
And such a gift a stepdame may bestow.

Was it for this thy wife was subdu'd,
Whose back-ross temples reek'd with stranger's
blood?

Press'd in these arms, his fate Anteus hated,
Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground.
Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fall?
Or did I fear the triple dog of hell?
Did not these hands the bull's world-breasted
hold?

Are not our mighty wars in file told?
Do not Stragapulus know how often my name?
And his Parnassus words record my name?
Who seiz'd the golden belt of Thersites?
And who the dragon-guarded apples won?
Could the fierce Centaur's strength my force
withstand,

Or the fell boar that spoil'd th' Arcadian land?
Did not these arms the hydra's rage subdue,
Who from his wounds in double fury grew?
What if the Theban horses, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I saw, and with their last'ning lord withdrew?
What if these hands Neume's son slew?

Did not this neck the bear'sely globe sustain?
The female partner of the Thunderer's reign
Fatigu'd, at length suspended her harsh com-
plaints,

Yet no fatigue hath slack'd these valiant hands.
But now new plagues pursue me, neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts, can stop their raging course.
Devouring flame through my neck'd entrails
strays,

And on my lungs and shiv'ring sides preys;
Yet still Eurystheus breathes the vital air.
What mortal now shall seek the gods with
prayer?



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The hero said ; and with the torture stung,
 Furious o'er Cete's lofty hills he sprung :
 Stuck with the shaft, thus scours the tiger round,
 And seeks the flying author of his wound.
 Now might you see him trembling, now he vents
 His anguish'd soul in groans and loud laments ;
 He strives to tear the clinging vest in vain,
 And with uprooted forests strews the plain.
 Now kindling into rage his hands he rears,
 And to his kindred gods directs his pray'rs ;
 When Lichas, lo ! he spies ; who trembling flew,
 And in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
 Had shunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his
 pain,
 His madness chaf'd, and thus he raves again :
 ' Lichas, to thee alone my fate I owe,
 Who bore the gift, the cause of all my woe.'
 The youth all pale, with shiv'ring fear was stung,
 And vain excuses falter'd on his tongue.

Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face
 He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace :
 He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
 And hurl'd with more than with an engine's
 force ;
 Far o'er th' Eubœan main aloof he flies,
 And hardens by degrees amid the skies.
 So show'ry drops, when chilly tempests blow,
 Thicken at first, then whiten into snow ;
 In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
 In solid hail result upon the ground.
 Thus whirl'd with nervous force through distant
 air,
 The purple tide forsook his veins with fear ;
 All moisture left his limbs. Transform'd to stone,
 In ancient days the craggy flint was known :
 Still in th' Eubœan waves his front he rears,
 Still the small rock in human form appears,
 And still the name of hapless Lichas bears."

OVID, *Met.*

" At these words,
 Rack'd as he was with agonising pains,
 He seiz'd him by the foot above the part
 Where the joint bends, and dash'd him 'gainst the
 rock
 Projecting o'er the waves that wash its sides ;
 A mingled mass of hair, and brains, and blood,
 Flow'd from his shatter'd head. Th' assembled
 crowds
 Lament the hero's suff'rings, and the fate
 Of Lichas ; but of all the train not one
 Had courage to approach him. To the ground
 One while he bent convuls'd ; anon erect
 He cried aloud ; the promontories round,
 The rocks of Locris, and Eubœa's heights,
 Resounded with his cries : but now grown faint,
 And oft with anguish writhing on the earth,
 With many a groan he curs'd thy nuptial bed,
 Inhuman as thou art, to his repose
 So fatal ; curs'd thy father's bridal rites,
 Whence to his life this pest. Then through the
 mist
 That darken'd o'er him, his distorted eyes

He rais'd, and saw me 'midst the numerous
 crowd
 Weeping his fate ; he look'd on me, and cried :
 ' My son, come to me ; do not fly my ills,
 Though with thy dying father thou shouldst
 die ;
 But bear me hence, and see thou lay me where
 No mortal may behold me : if thy soul
 Is sensible of pity, from this land
 Remove me ; haste, that here I may not die.'
 Thus as he urg'd, we plac'd him in a bark,
 And brought him to this shore, no easy task,
 Roaring aloud through anguish ; him thou soon
 Or living wilt behold, or lately dead.
 This 'gainst my father have thy arts devis'd,
 This hast thou done, my mother ; and this deed
 May rigorous justice on thy head repay,
 And the avenging fury, if my pray'rs
 Be righteous. They are righteous ; thou hast
 cast
 All that is righteous from thee, and hast slain
 The best, the noblest man the earth could boast ;
 His equal never more shalt thou behold.

CHORUS.

Without reply why dost thou haste away?
Silence, be thou assur'd, confirms the charge.

HYLLUS.

Nay, let her go; and may a favouring gale
Swell as she goes, and waft her from my sight.
Why should I cherish with a son's fond pride
The name of mother? Nothing hath she done
That shews a mother's part: let her then go,
And take this farewell with her, May she find
Such joys as to my father she hath given!

CHORUS.

See, virgins, see, the doom of old
By the prophetic voice foretold,
Advances with impetuous speed,
For thus the Fates decreed:
'Twelve times the moon shall bend her silver
bow,
Then rest from toils the son of Jove shall know.'
See, th' event with secret force
Onward holds its destin'd course;
For he who sinks to Pluto's peaceful shore
Is to toils a slave no more.

ANTISTROPHE I.

For if the centaur o'er his head
Guileful the sanguine cloud has spread;
If from the venom-tinctur'd vest
He feels the rankling pest

Of death, and of the spotted hydra born;
How shall he see another orient morn?
Ours the hero to deplore,
Wasted by the hydra's gore;
As the rough centaur's wiles their pangs impart,
Burning in his tortur'd heart.

STROPHE II.

But as fear her love alarms,
When now the royal dame with dread
Beholds a rival to her nuptial bed;
Confiding in these fatal charms,
She thoughtless is ensnar'd with hostile wiles,
Whilst hope to win her lord her heart beguiles.
Now the ruin she deplores,
Now the tear of anguish pours:
For fate advancing all the treach'ry shews,
Whence this mighty mischief flows.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Forth hath burst the fount of tears:
The pest is spread. From all thy foes
Never on thee, Alcides, fell such woes
To rouse dejected pity's fears.
Alas, th' illustrious hero's fatal spear,
That flam'd terrific in the front of war!
From Æchalia's summit hoar,
This the captive virgin bore.
The deed declares Idalia's sportive queen,
Acting silent and unseen."

SOPHOCLES.

No. 464.

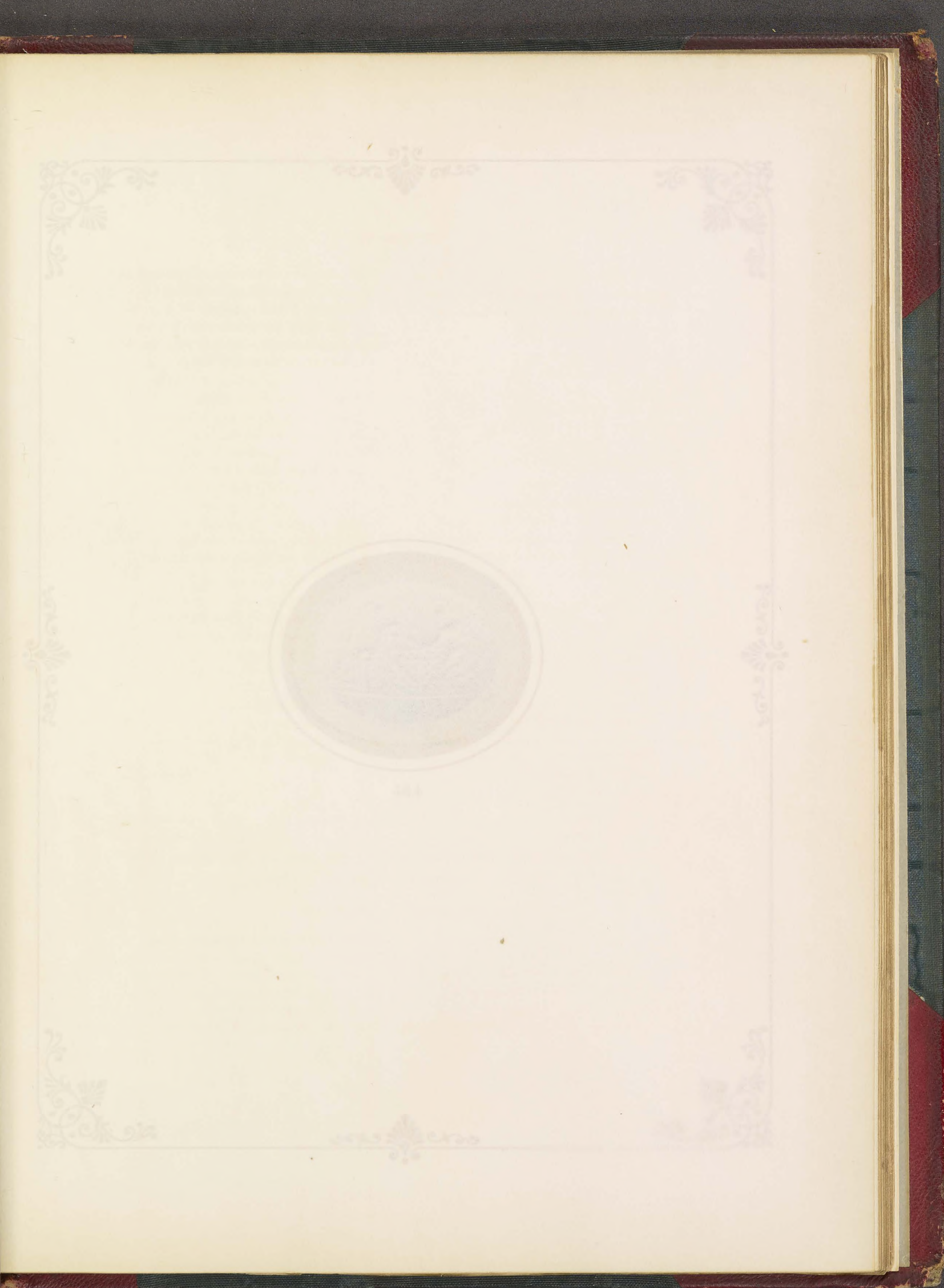
Hercules frenzied on mount Æta, felling the trees for his funeral pyre,
which Philoctetes is engaged in raising.

APOLLONIDES. *Amethyst.*

HERCULES.

"Ye hallow'd altars, whose firm base is fix'd
On high Cenæum, what a recompense
For all my victims to unhappy me
Have you repaid! O Jove, with what fierce pains

Hast thou afflicted me! This dire disease,
Whose unextinguish'd rage to madness fires
My bursting veins, O that I had not known!
What potent charm, what skill medicinal
Can mitigate, without the pow'r of Jove,
These agonising pangs! O might I see



CHORUS.

Without reply why dost thou haste away?
Silence, be thou assur'd, confirms the charge.

HYLLUS.

Nay, let her go; and may a favouring gale
Swell as she goes, and wait her from my sight.
Why should I cherish with a son's fond pride
The name of mother? Nothing hath she done
That shows a mother's part: let her then go,
And take this farewell with her, May she find
Such joys as to my father she hath given!

CHORUS.

See, virgins, see, the doom of old
By the prophetic voice foretold,
Advances with impetuous speed,
For thus the Fates decreed:
Twelve times the moon shall bend her silver
bow,
Then rest from toils the son of Jove shall know.
See, th' event with secret force
Onward holds its destin'd course;
For he who seeks in Phœbe's peaceful shore
Is to take a share in wars.

ANTISTROPHES I.

For if the eagle o'er his head
Guileful the sanguine cloud has spread;
If from the venom-dragon's nest
He feels the swelling pest

Of death, and of the spotted hydra born,
How shall he see another orient morn?
Ours this hero to deplore,
Wasted by the hydra's gore;
As the rough combat's when their pains import,
Burning in his terror'd heart.

STROPHES II.

But as fear her love alarms,
When now the royal dame with dread
Beholds a rival to her nuptial bed;
Confiding in these fatal charms,
She thoughtless is ensnair'd with hostile wiles,
Whilst hope to win her love her heart beguiles.
Now the ruin she deploras,
Now the fear of anguish pains;
For fate advancing all the trench'ry shows,
Whence this mighty mischief flows.

ANTISTROPHES II.

Fort's both bent the front of tears;
The pest is spread: From all thy foes
Never on thee, Alcides, fell such woes
To rouse departed piety's fears.
Alas, th' illustrious hero's fatal spear,
That flam'd terrific in the front of war!
From Othello's summit hour,
This the captive virgin bore.
The dead doctors Idæa's sportive quiver,
Acting silent and unseen."

EPILOGUE.

No. 464.

Hercules frenzied on mount Ceta, felling the trees for his funeral pyre,
which Philoctetes is engaged in raising.

APOLLOSIDES. *Amethyst.*

HERCULES.

"Ye hallow'd altars, whose firm base is fix'd
On high Cnemus, what a recompense
For all my victims to unhappy me
Have you repaid! O Jove, with what fierce pains

Hast thou afflicted me! This dire disease,
Whose unextinguish'd rage to madness fires
My burning veins, O that I had not known!
What potent charm, what skill medicinal
Can mitigate, without the pow'r of Jove,
These agonizing pangs! O might I see



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This miracle, though distant! Let me lie,
 Ah, let me lie repos'd. Why dost thou touch,
 Why dost thou raise me up? Each touch is death.
 Thou hast awaken'd pangs that were at rest:
 Again my tortures are inflam'd, again
 They rush upon me. Ah, where are you now,
 Ye most unjust of all the Grecian race?
 With many toils th' infested seas I clear'd,
 And all the ruffian-haunted woods; yet now
 I miserably perish; not a man
 Will bring or fire or sword to put an end
 To my afflictions; not a man will come
 Willing to rend from me this hated life.

ATTENDANT.

O thou his son, this task requires a strength
 Greater than mine,—assist him thou; thine eye
 Quicker than mine sees what may give him aid.

HYLLUS.

I touch him, but to mitigate his pains
 Exceeds my pow'r; and all the healing art
 Avails not: that must be the work of Jove.

HERCULES.

My son, my son, where art thou? In thy arms
 Raise me, support me. O my cruel fate!
 This fierce, immedicable, wasting pest
 Attacks, again attacks me; wretched me!
 O Pallas, it consumes me. O my son,
 In pity to thy father draw thy sword,
 And plunge it deep into my throat; the deed
 Will not be impious: heal these torturing pangs,
 Inflicted by thy mother's wicked hands.
 O might I see her fall'n, thus fall'n, as me
 Her arts have sunk! Thou monarch of the dead,
 Brother of Jove, give me a speedy death,
 And lay, O lay a tortured wretch at rest!

CHORUS.

My friends, chill horror shakes me, as I hear
 The miseries which th' illustrious hero bears.

HERCULES.

What fiery and unutterable pains
 With rankling venom pierce my hands, my back!

Such not the wife of Jove to me assign'd,
 Nor stern Eurystheus, as this treach'rous dame,
 Daughter of Ceneus, whose entangling net,
 The texture of the Furies, burns my limbs,
 And works me death: close to my sides it sticks,
 Eats through my skin, and rioting beneath,
 My vitals drains: already hath it drank
 The fresh streams of my blood, and all my flesh
 Is wasted, by these gnawing bands consum'd.
 This not the spear on the ensanguin'd plain
 Uplifted, nor the terrible array
 Of earth-born giants, nor the furious force
 Of savage beasts roused from their horrid dens,
 Nor Grecian, nor Barbarian, nor the rage
 Of ruffian bands from which I purg'd the earth,
 Effected; but a single woman, form'd
 By nature weak—a woman to the ground,
 Without a sword, hath brought me. But, my
 son,

Now prove thyself my son, nor more revere
 A mother's name; but bring her from the house,
 And give her to my hands, that I may know
 If more my wretched state afflicts thy heart
 Than hers, when thou shalt see her ruin'd form
 Defac'd by my just vengeance. Go, my son!
 Dare this; have pity on me. Many feel
 The touch of pity for me, as I weep
 Like a sick girl lamenting; till this hour
 No man can say that e'er his eyes beheld
 Such weakness in me, but without a groan
 Toils and afflictions always I sustain'd:
 But now my firmness sinks, and I am found
 Amidst my ills a woman. But, my son,
 Come to me, nearer stand; come all, observe
 From what a malady these torturing pains
 I suffer; look, I throw my vests aside—
 Behold this wretched body; what a sight
 To move your pity! Ah, this burning spasm
 Rends me afresh, it pierces through my sides!
 No rest this cruel, gnawing pest allows.
 Receive me, O thou monarch of the dead!
 Strike me, ye bolts of Jove; O king supreme,
 Roll thy red thunders, hurl them on this head,
 My father! for it riots now again,

Gains strength, grows fiercer. O my hands, my
hands,
My back, my breast, my arms! Are these the
nerves
In which I gloried once, whose matchless strength
Quell'd the Nemean lion with the blood
Of slaughter'd herds distain'd, whose savage rage
None dar'd approach? Are these the nerves,
whose might
Crush'd the Lernæan hydra, and subdu'd
The host of monsters to the horse's strength
Joining the human form, a lawless band,
To outrage train'd, exulting in brute force?
The boar of Erymanthus? the grim dog
Of hell, three-headed monster, by no arms
To be attack'd, from dire Echidna sprung?

The dragon, guardian of the golden fruit
On earth's remotest verge? These glorious toils,
These and a thousand more have I achiev'd;
But never mortal o'er my glory raised
A trophy. Nerveless now this hardy frame
Is shatter'd, and beneath this blind disease
I waste away; my mother's virtuous name
Avails me not, nor through the starry skies
That I am call'd the son of thund'ring Jove.
Yet know you this, though I am nothing now,
A weak exhausted nothing, yet e'en thus
I will inflict just vengeance on her head
Who brought me to this state; that she may
learn,
And publish to the world, that it is mine
In life or death to punish impious deeds."

SOPHOCLES.

No. 465.

Hercules giving Philoctetes his bow and arrow.

ADMON. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"But now the hero of immortal birth
Fells Cete's forests; on the groaning earth
A pile he builds: to Philoctetes' care
He leaves his deathful instruments of war;
To him commits those arrows, which again
Shall see the bulwarks of the Trojan reign."

No. 466.

Hercules extended on the funeral pile, and near him Philoctetes holding
a lighted torch.CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

"The son of Pæan lights the lofty pyre,
High round the structure climbs the greedy fire:
Plac'd on the top, thy nervous shoulders spread
With the Nemean spoils, thy careless head
Rais'd on the knotty club with look divine,



Gain strength, grow fiercer. O my hands, my
hands,
My back, my breast, my arms! Are these the
arms
In which I gloried once, whose matchless strength
Quell'd the Nemean lion with the blood—
Of slaughter'd heads detain'd, whose savage rage
None dur'd approach? Are these the nerves,
whose might
Quell'd the Lernaean hydra, and subd'd
The host of monsters to the horse's strength
Joining the human form, a lawless hand,
To outrage us'd, exulting in brute force?
The bear of Erymanthus! the grim dog
Of hell, three-headed monster, by an arm
To be attack'd, from dire Echidna sprung?

The dragon, guardian of the golden fruit
On earth's remotest verge! These glorious toils,
These and a thousand more have I achiev'd;
But never mortal o'er my glory reid
A trophy.
Is charn'd, and beneath this blind of water
I waste away; my mother's virtuous name
Ave's me not, nor through the stony skin
That I am call'd the son of thundering Jove.
Yet know you this, though I am nothing now,
A weak exhausted nothing, yet e'en thus
I will inflict just vengeance on her head
Who brought me to this state; that she may
learn,
And publish to the world, that it is mine
In life or death to punish heinous deeds."

HERCULES.

No. 465.

Hercules giving Philoctetes his bow and arrow.

ADROS. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

"But now the hero of immortal birth
Fells Asia's forests; on the groaning earth
A pile he builds: to Philoctetes' care
He leaves his deathful instrument of war;
To him commits these arrows, which again
Shall see the bulwarks of the Trojan reign."

No. 466.

Hercules extended on the funeral pile, and near him Philoctetes holding
a lighted torch.

CHROMIOS. *Oriental Cornelian.*

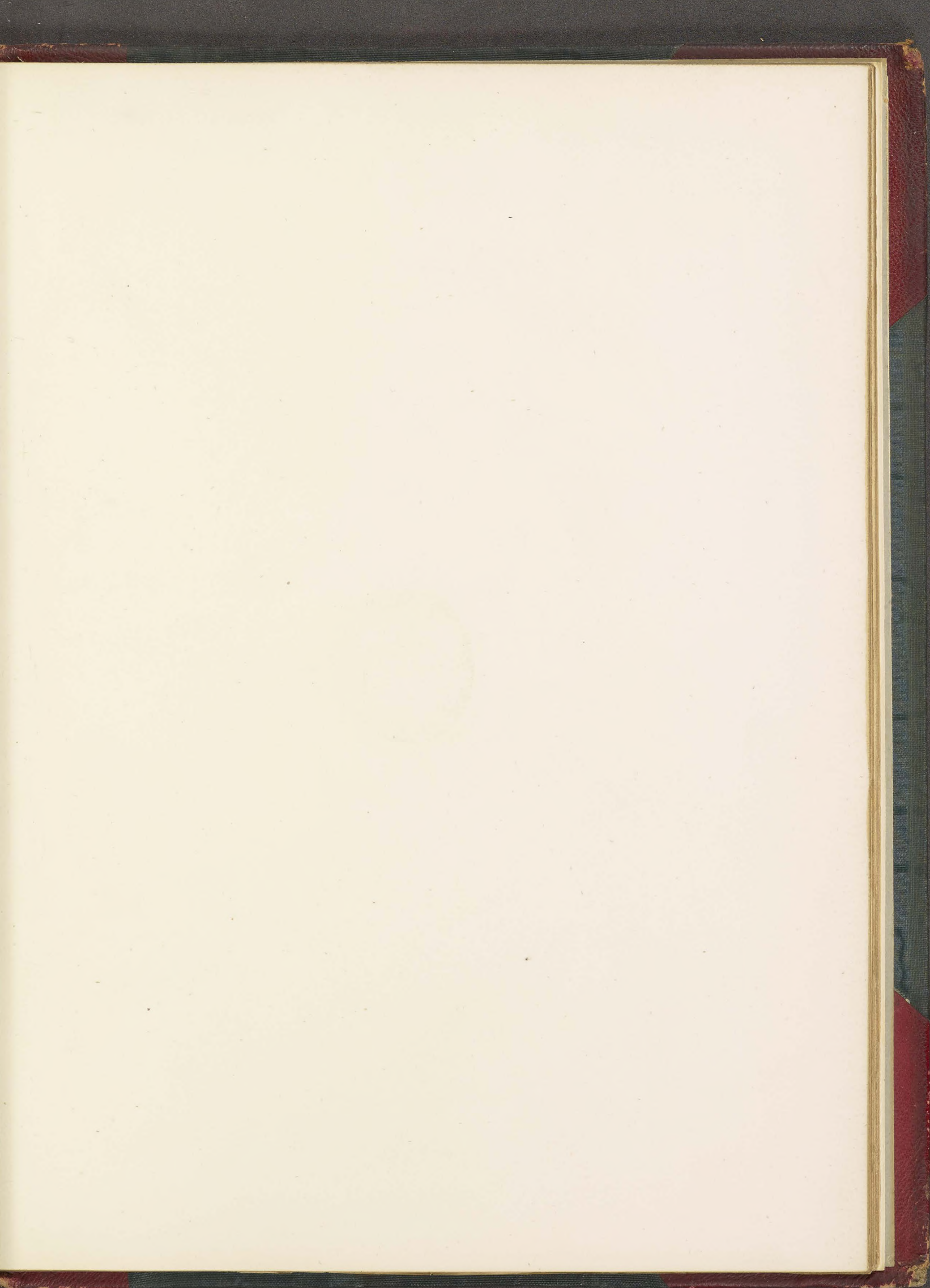
"The son of Pean lights the lofty pyre,
High round the structure climbs the greedy fire:
Plac'd on the top, thy nervous shoulders spread
With the Nemean spoils, thy careless head
Bask'd as the happy rich with look divine,



465



466





467

Here thou, dread hero, of celestial line,
Wert wreath'd at ease; as when, a cheerful guest,
Wine crown'd thy banks, and flow'rs thy temples dress'd.
Now on all sides the potent flames aspire,
And crackle round these knees that mock the fire."

GRIN.

No. 467.

Head of Hercules.

Oriental Amethyst.

The jealousy and hatred which Eurythens bore to Hercules and his family were not extinguished by the death of that hero: he pursued the mother and children of Alcides to Athens, where they had sought refuge under the protection of Theseus. Eurythens made war against them, and was slain by Hyllus, one of the sons of Hercules.

"For Lince's death, by all the tuneful Nine
Bewail'd, doth Phœbus self complain,
And loudly uttering his auspicious strain,
Smile with a golden quill the lyre: but none
Shall be the task, while songs of praise
I chant, and bring the laurel wreath,
His matchless fortitude & ardour,
Who sought Let's lowest gloom, the dreary
shades beneath;

Whether I call the Heroon of Jove,
Or of Amphitryon; for the fame
To which his labours have so just a claim
Must e'en in death attract the public love:
In the Neuman forest first he slew
That lion huge, whose thorny hide
And grinning jaws extended wide
He o'er his shoulders threw.

The winged arrows whirling from his bow
Did on their native hills rebound
The Centaurs' ears with many a deadly wound;
Alcides' matchless strength, both Peneus knew,
Distinguished by his rapid waves,
The fields and waste of wide extent,
With Pelion, and the neighbouring rivers
Of Hœcetes, uprising from whose steep ascent

Tall pine that cast a venerable shade,
The monsters arm'd their fearful hands,
And strode terrific o'er Theseus's lands:
Then breathless on th' ensanguin'd plain he lay
That hind distinguish'd by her golden horns,
And still in Dian's temple seen;
His prize, to glad the huntress queen,
Glauc's walls adorn.

The chariot with triumphal emblems grav'd
Ascending, to his stronger yoke
The Diomedes' furious courses broke,
Scorning the bit, in hateful stalls who plac'd
By their fell lord, the flesh of man
Raging devour'd, accursed food:
A stream from their foul mangers ran,
Fill'd with filthy gore, and many a goblet
crude.

O'er Helens' silver tide, at the command
Of Argos' unrelenting king
Eurythens, he these captive steeds did bring,
Close to Atreus' mouth on Pelion's strand.
Inhuman Cyrenus, son of Mars, next felt
The force of his resounding bow,
Useless wretch, the stranger's life,
Who in Argives dwelt.



Here thou, dread hero, of celestial line,
Wert stretch'd at ease; as when, a cheerful guest,
Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flow'rs thy temples dress'd.
Now on all sides the potent flames aspire,
And crackle round those limbs that mock the fire."

OVID.

No. 467.

Head of Hercules.

Oriental Amethyst.

The jealousy and hatred which Eurystheus bore to Hercules and his family were not extinguished by the death of that hero: he pursued the mother and children of Alcides to Athens, where they had sought refuge under the protection of Theseus. Eurystheus made war against them, and was slain by Hyllus, one of the sons of Hercules.

"For Linus' death, by all the tuneful Nine
Bewail'd, doth Phœbus' self complain,
And loudly uttering his auspicious strain,
Smite with a golden quill the lyre: but mine
Shall be the task, while songs of praise
I chant, and twine the laureat wreath,
His matchless fortitude t' emblaze,
Who sought hell's inmost gloom, the dreary
shades beneath;
Whether I call the Hero son of Jove,
Or of Amphitryon; for the fame
To which his labours have so just a claim
Must e'en in death attract the public love:
In the Nemæan forest first he slew
That lion huge, whose tawny hide
And grinning jaws extended wide
He o'er his shoulders threw.

The winged arrows whizzing from his bow
Did on their native hills confound
The Centaurs' race with many a deadly wound:
Alcides' matchless strength doth Peneus know,
Distinguish'd by his limpid waves,
The fields laid waste of wide extent,
With Pelion, and the neighbouring caves
Of Homoles, uprooting from whose steep ascent

Tall pines that cast a venerable shade,
The monsters arm'd their forceful hands,
And strode terrific o'er Thessalia's lands:
Then breathless on th' ensanguin'd plain he laid
That hind distinguish'd by her golden horns,
And still in Dian's temple seen;
His prize, to glad the huntress queen,
Cœnoë's walls adorns.

The chariot with triumphal ensigns grac'd
Ascending, to his stronger yoke
He Diomedes' furious coursers broke,
Scorning the bit, in hateful stalls who placed
By their fell lord, the flesh of man
Raging devour'd, accursed food:
A stream from their foul mangers ran,
Fill'd with unholy gore, and many a gobbet
crude.

O'er Hebrus' silver tide, at the command
Of Argos' unrelenting king
Eurystheus, he these captive steeds did bring,
Close to Anauros' mouth on Pelion's strand.
Inhuman Cynus, son of Mars, next felt
The force of his resounding bow,
Unsocial wretch, the stranger's foe,
Who in Amphanea dwelt.

Then came he to th' harmonious nymphs, that
band

Who in Hesperian gardens hold
Their station, where the vegetative gold
Glow in the fruitage,—with resistless hand
To snatch the apple from its height;
The dragon wreath'd his folds around
The tree's huge trunk, portentous sight,
In vain: that monster fell transfix'd with many
a wound.

Into those straits of the unfathom'd main
He enter'd with auspicious gales,
Where fear'd the mariner t' unfurl his sails,
And fixing limits to the wat'ry plain,
His columns rear'd. Then from the heavens'
huge load

The wearied Atlas he reliev'd:
His arm the starry realms upheav'd,
And propp'd the gods' abode.

Foe to the Amazons' equestrian race,
He cross'd the boist'rous Euxine tide,
And gave them battle by Mæotis' side.
What friends through Greece collected he to
face

Hippolita, th' intrepid maid,
That he the belt of Mars might gain,
And tissu'd robe with golden braid:
Still doth exulting Greece the virgin's spoils
retain,

Lodg'd in Mycene's shrine, with gore im-
bru'd.

The dog of Lerna's marshy plain,
Who unresisting multitudes had slain,
The hundred-headed hydra, he subdued,
Aided by fire and winged shafts combin'd;
These from his well-stor'd quiver flew,
And triple-form'd Geryon slew,
Fierce Erythræa's hind.

But having finish'd each adventurous strife,
At length in evil hour he steers
To Pluto's mansion, to the house of tears,
The jail of labour, there to end his life,
Thence never, never to return:
His friends dismay'd forsake these gates,
In hopeless solitude we mourn.

Hell's stern award is pass'd, the boat of Charon
waits

To their eternal home his sons to bear,
Most impious, lawless homicide!

For thee, O Hercules, thee erst his pride,
Thy sire now looks with impotent despair.
Had I the strength which I possess'd of
yore,

I with my Theban friends, array'd
In brazen arms, thy sons would aid:
But youth's blest days are o'er."

EURIPIDES: WOODHULL.

No. 468.

Hyllus presenting the head of Eurystheus to Alcmena.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

MESSENGER.

"Your eyes indeed behold, O royal dame,
Yet shall this tongue declare, that we have
brought

Eurystheus hither; unexpected sight,
Reverse of fortune his presumptuous soul
Foresaw not; this oppressor little deem'd

That he should ever fall into your hands,
When from Mycene, by the Cyclops' toil
Erected, he those squadrons led, and hoped
With pride o'erweening to lay Athens waste.
But heaven our situation hath revers'd;
And therefore with exulting Hyllas joins
The valiant Iolaus, in erecting



Then came he to th' harmonious nymphs, that
land

Who in Hesperian gardens hold
Their station, where the vegetative gold
Glosses in the fruitage,—with restless hand
To snatch the apple from its height:
The dragon wreath'd his folds around
The tree's huge trunk, portentous sight,
In vain: that monster fell transfir'd with many
a wound.

Into these straits of the unfathom'd main
He enter'd with auspicious gales,
Where har'd the machin'g' r' unfurl his sails,
And fixing limits to the wat'ry plain,
His columnar rear'd. Then from the heavens'
huge land

The wearied Atlas he reliev'd:
His arm the starry nubes uprear'd,
And penpp'd the gods' abode.

Far to the Amazons' equestrian race,
He cross'd the hoist'rous Raxine tide,
And gave them battle by Minot's side.
What friends through Greece collected he to
see

Hippolite, th' intercept maid,
That h' the belt of Mars might gain,
And there'd robe with golden braid:
Still doth exulting Greece the virgin's spoils
retain.

Lodg'd in Mycene's stables, with gates im-
barr'd.

The dog of Lerna's marshy plain,
Who appeasting multitudes had slain,
The hundred-headed hydra, he subdued,
Aided by fire and winged shafts combin'd;
These from his well-stor'd quiver flew,
And triple-bran'd Geryon slew,
Fierce Erythrae's hind.

But having finish'd each adventurous strife,
At length in evil hour he steers
To Phrya's mansion, to the house of tears,
The jail of labour, there to end his life,
Thence never, never to return:

His friends dismay'd forsake those gates,
In hopeless solitude we mourn:
Hell's stern award is paid, the host of Chiron
waits

To this eternal house his arms to bear,
Most impious, lawless homicide!
For then, O Hercules, thou wast his pride,
Thy side now looks with impotent despair.
Had I the strength which I possess'd of
yore,

I with my Theban friends, array'd
In brazen arms, thy sons would aid:
But youth's best days are o'er."

EVANGELINE: WOODHULL.

No. 463.

Hyllus presenting the head of Eurystheus to Alcmena.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

WINDING.

"Your eyes indeed behold, O royal dame,
Yet shall this tongue declare, that we have
brought

Eurystheus hither; unexpected sight,
Reverse of fortune his presumptuous soul
Foreaw not; this oppressor little dream'd

That he should ever fall into your hands,
Whom from Mycenæ, by the Cyclope's toll
Enslaved, he those squadrons led, and hoped
With pride o'erweening to lay Athens waste.
But heaven our situation hath revers'd;
And therefore with exulting Hyllus joins
The vallant Iolus, in meeting



468



469



470



471

Trojan in Troy, the author of our tragedy
Will stay to you commended me to lead
This voyage, willing to delight your soul;
For 'tis most grateful to behold a foe
Fall'n from the height of our prosperity.

Antenor.

Can't it then, Antenor, report of length back
Justice
O'erthrown then. First I lost even the land,
And dare to face this river? I am dashed
Into a vessel, then no longer whole;
Art thou the man (for I would know the truth)
Who didst presume to keep Antenor's wrongs
From author of all mischief, as he, who
While yet he liv'd, whatever was his name,
His generous spirit? For to what use didst
Dishonour not before him? At my request

to be liv'd to th' infernal shades;
That, when, and didst commission him to stay
By day and night. Various other mischief,
Unnumber'd by this country'd, I mention not;
Nor can I speak of them at large
Nor in such tedious words. Nor was it enough
To see him wrong'd, from such Grecian state
He was expelled, but expelled, though
To the gods, the gods of the gods,
O'erthrown, who were before him, grey through
With battle scars. For when we had found
That the river was a vessel, and a few days
Which he had been in.

Antenor.

Heaven and Earth.

Diomedes, Hector, and others.

Hector in Olympus petitioned for the restoration of his beloved to youth and he obtained his request. He did more than is ever granting like wish nature which, although then in a very advanced age, rather than young again.

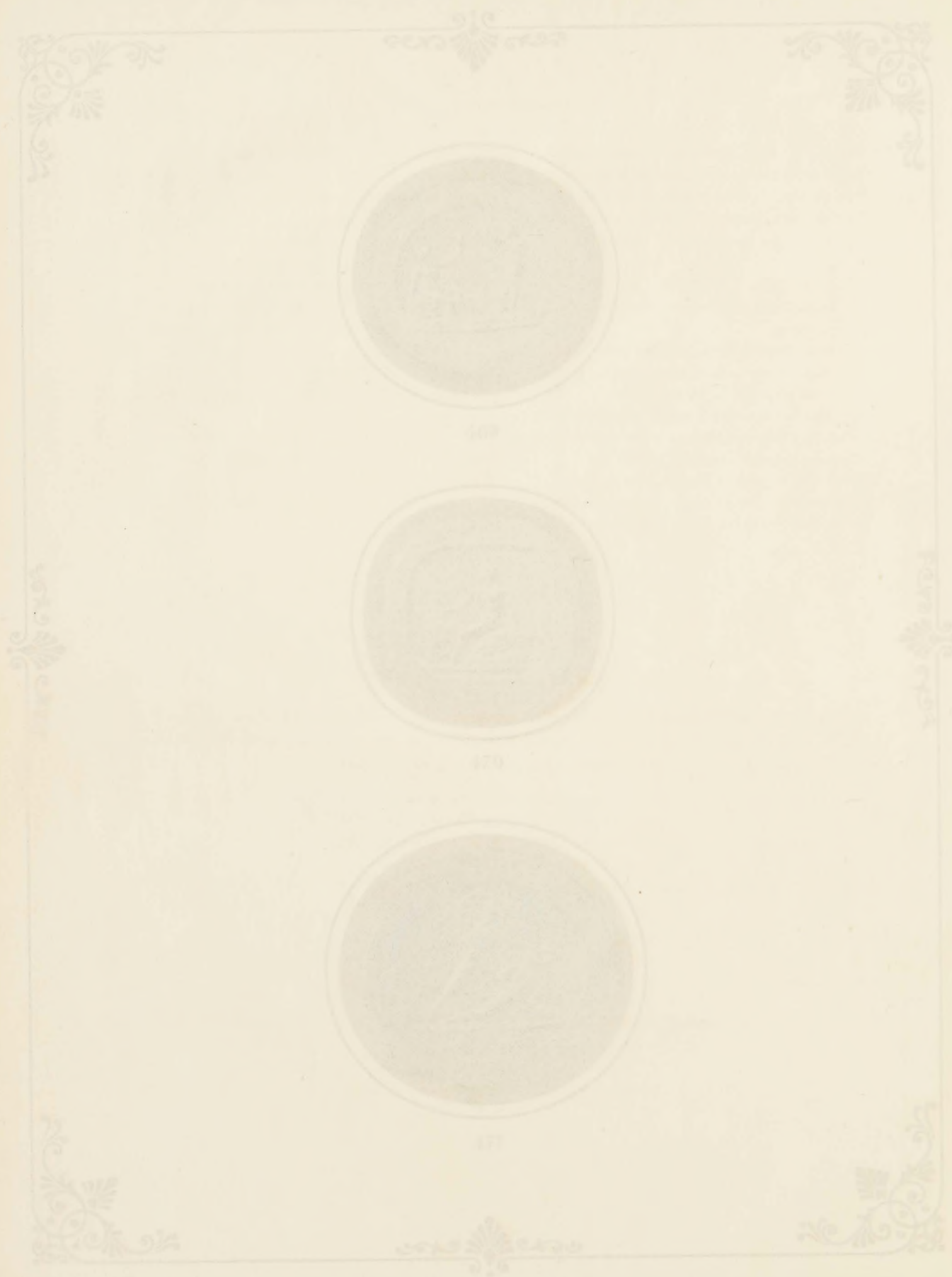
Diomedes, Hector, and others.

A youth he shall be, as he was before
Of his own age, and of his own kind,
And of his own name, and of his own power,
And of his own spirit, and of his own soul.

Antenor.

Indra, become young again, looking up to the stars, petitioned of Hercules
and others for the same.

Antenor, Hector, and others.



Trophies to Jove, the author of our conquest.
But they to you commanded me to lead
This captive, wishing to delight your soul :
For 'tis most grateful to behold a foe
Fall'n from the height of gay prosperity.

ALCMENA.

Com'st thou, detested wretch? at length hath
justice
O'ertaken thee. First hither turn thy head,
And dare to face thine enemies; for, dwindled
Into a vassal, thou no longer rul'st.
Art thou the man (for I would know the truth)
Who didst presume to heap unnumber'd wrongs,
Thou author of all mischief, on my son
While yet he liv'd, wherever now resides
His dauntless spirit? For in what one instance
Didst thou not injure him? At thy command,

Alive he travell'd to th' infernal shades;
Thou sent'st, and didst commission him to slay
Hydras and lions. Various other mischiefs,
Which were by thee contriv'd, I mention not;
For an attempt to speak of them at large
Would be full tedious. Nor was it enough
For thee to venture on these wrongs alone;
But thou, moreover, from each Grecian state
Me and these children hast expell'd, though
seated
As suppliants at the altars of the gods,
Confounding those whose locks are grey through
age
With tender infants. But thou here hast found
Those who were men indeed, and a free city
Which fear'd thee not."

EURIPIDES: WOODHULL.

No. 469.

Hebe and Iolas.

DIOSCORIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

Hercules in Olympus petitioned Jupiter to restore Iolas, the companion of his labours, to youth, and he obtained his request. On this stone Hebe is seen presenting Iolas with nectar, which, although then at a very advanced age, makes him young again.

"Iolas stands before their eyes,
A youth he stood, and the soft down began
O'er his smooth chin to spread, and promise man.
Hebe submitted to her husband's prayers,
Instill'd new vigour, and restored his years."

OVID.

No. 470.

Iolas, become young again, looking up at two stars, symbolical of Hercules
and Hebe his wife.

APOLLONIDES. *Oriental Sardonyx.*

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA

TO PART II.

No. 245.

BOCHART says (and his solution of the fable of Æolus having been king of the winds is the most probable of the many solutions given) that the word Æolus is derived from the Phœnician word *aol*, which signifies a tempest; whence the Greeks formed the word *aella*. The Phœnicians observing, in their trading along the Mediterranean, the king of a cluster of islands in the Sicilian seas to be remarkable for his knowledge of navigation and of astronomy, and for his careful observation of the weather, and therefore able to give useful instructions to mariners when to sail, and how to avoid the fury of a storm, called him king *Aolin*, or king of the winds and storms.

No. 250.

Read "Cyclop."

No. 251.

Read as a title, "Galatea, the sea-nymph, escaping from Polyphemus, who has crushed her lover Acis." Acis was metamorphosed into a fountain.

No. 254.

Read as a title, "Jupiter appearing in all his glory to Semele."

No. 255.

The worship of *Bacchus*, called by the Greeks *Dionusos*, was one of the most ancient in Greece. Herodotus says the Greeks themselves could not explain the origin of its introduction from the East. *Bacchus*, or *Iachus* (says Bryant), is derived from the oriental word *oue*, king, or great man. It was a custom of the Greeks, when they found a similarity between foreign names, especially of divinities (whose worship was introduced among them), and words in their own language, to devise some fanciful or fabulous explanation of it.

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XI

"The history of Dionusos," he adds, "is closely connected with that of Bacchus, though they were in truth two distinct persons: the close similarity between several parts of their history, and of their attributes, has caused them to be identified with each other. It is said of the former, that he was born at Nusa, in Arabia; but the people upon the Indus insisted that he was a native of their country, and that the city Nusa, near Mount Meru, was the true place of his birth. He taught the nations whither he came, to build and plant, and to enter into societies. To effect this, he collected the various rude families, and built towns for them—then gave them laws, and taught them the worship of the gods—taught them to plant the vine, and extract the juice of the grape, besides much other salutary knowledge. This he did through all his travels, till he subdued and civilised every region in the east: his beneficence extended over all the habitable world, subduing nature in its sterility and fierceness. Hence he is represented frequently as drawn by tame panthers, or lions. The account given by the Egyptians is consonant to that of the Indians, except that the Egyptians supposed him to have belonged to their own country, and to have set out by the way of Arabia and the Red Sea, till he arrived at the extremities of the East. He travelled also into Libya, as far as the Atlantic; of which exploit Thymætes is said to have given an account in an ancient Phrygian poem. After his Indian expedition, which occupied three years, he passed over into Thrace, where Lycurgus resisted his efforts, and at last expelled him. He came into Greece; and was then adopted by the people, and represented as their countryman. He also visited many places on the Mediterranean, especially the coasts of Italy, where he was taken prisoner by Etrurian pirates. Some say he conquered all Etruria. The fact is, that Dionusos (or Bacchus) is multiplied into as many personages as Hercules. His history was interesting, and his acts beneficial; and therefore he was a favourite theme with the ancient poets. Diodorus says that he was the same as the Egyptian Osiris."

The fact that the vine (the cultivation of which, among other improvements, he introduced as a source of comfort to mankind) yields the most delicious and exhilarating juice above all the productions of the earth, has given rise to the notion that he was exclusively the god of wine. Now this was not his exclusive attribute; nor did the Greeks (though it may have been his predominant and most attracting attribute) think so. They considered him the primitive father of civilisation, animal enjoyment, and hilarity; and therefore introduced a greater number of festivals in his honour, than to that of any other divinity in the whole range and system of their polytheism. These festivals, by which the Athenians numbered their years, were blended with a great deal of mystery, and celebrated with uncommon pomp. It is not now necessary here to enter into a detailed account of his rites and festivities; but it may be stated that these festivals were called Dionusia and Bacchanalia (from his names), and Orgia, from *orge*, frenzy, in consequence of the licentious and wild behaviour of his votaries.

As there have been various accounts of the birth and exploits of Bacchus, the different artists have given different representations; and even the same artist varies his representations. He is represented sometimes as a full-grown, bearded person; sometimes as a florid-faced boy. A lion or panther is one of his general accompaniments.

Nos. 256, 257, 258, 259.

These numbers are incorrectly arranged and incorrectly described. The subject marked 257 should have come first, and have the following title, "Jupiter commanding Mercury to bear off to Ino the infant Bacchus, transformed into a kid." Then should come the subject marked 258, and be entitled, "Mercury holding Bacchus transformed into a kid." Next the number marked 256, and be entitled, "Mercury wafting young Bacchus through the air;" and next No. 259, "Mercury committing the infant Bacchus to the care of Ino."

No. 262.

There are various accounts of the conduct of Theseus to Ariadne. It is sufficient here to state that the popular statement is, that after she was instrumental in releasing him from the dangers of the labyrinth in which he was confined by her father, he took her and her sister Phædra away with him. When they arrived at the isle of Naxos, he there deserted her, and eloped with her sister to Athens. Bacchus having discovered Ariadne on the island, fell in love with and married her. He gave her a crown set with stars, which Vulcan wrought for Venus. After her death, which was caused by Diana because she had not preserved her virginity, this crown became a constellation.

No. 266.

Read as a title, "Bacchus pointing derisively at Hercules sleeping."

No. 268.

This should follow No. 265.

No. 269.

This subject forms one of the most beautiful representations in the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Ampelos means a vine.

"'Tis said, that Ampelos of blooming face,
A nymph and satyr's son, the hills of Thrace
Adorn'd, whom Bacchus fondly did caress,
And let him from the grapes the vintage press;
Once, as a lofty and a spreading vine
Did through the branches of an elm entwine,
Th' advent'rous youth climbs up the tree elate,
And, falling, met with his untimely fate:
Bacchus, in pity of his mournful case,
Gave him amongst the starry signs a place."

OVID: *Fasti*, book iii.

No. 274.

The first quotation given is not from Ovid, but from Homer (*Iliad*, book vi.).

No. 286.

Read as a title, "Jupiter, metamorphosed into a swan, visiting Leda."

No. 290.

To prevent confusion in the explanation of this subject, it is necessary to state that the Bebryces migrated from Thrace to Asia.

No. 301.

This number has been inadvertently introduced here.

No. 303.

Read as a title, "Circe poisoning the water in which Scylla bathes."

No. 309.

Read *Myiagrus*, which is the proper compound word. *Myagrius* means *mouse-catcher*.

No. 314.

The huge serpent here is meant to represent the fierce heat of the sun in summer, under which these noxious animals acquire all their strength and activity. The quotation from Ovid properly belongs to the following subject.

No. 320.

The caduceus, or rod entwined by two serpents, was the symbol of peace; hence those ambassadors who went to sue for peace were called *caduceatores*. Camillus first erected a temple to concord in the Capitol, where the magistrates often assembled for public business.

No. 321.

The Greeks worshipped Felicity under the name of Macaria. The children of Hercules having fled from Eurystheus to Athens for protection, the Athenians espoused their cause. But the oracle having declared that the voluntary sacrifice of one of the children was indispensable to the Athenian success, Macaria offered herself; and the Athenians gained a signal victory. The Athenians after this deified her as the representative of Felicity. Lucullus first built a temple to Felicity in Rome, on his return from the war against Mithridates.

No. 322.

This virtue was deified by the Romans on occasion of a discovery made, that a daughter privately sustained with her own milk her aged parent, who had been closely confined, and debarred of all nourishment. This act created such a sensation that the parent was released, and they were both supported at the public expense. A temple was erected to Piety on the spot, by Acilius Glabrio.

No. 323.

For *Meed* read *Medos*. According to Hesiod (*Theog.* 890), Metis was a distinct being from Minerva; being the first wife of Jupiter, whom he devoured in her pregnancy; and he then produced Minerva from his own head. The fable is thus explained by Lord Bacon, in his *Essay on Counsel*. "The ancient times set forth the incorporation of counsel with kings, and the wise and politic use of counsel by kings: the one, in that they say that Jupiter did marry *Metis*, which signifieth *counsel*; the other, in which they say that she conceived by him; but he suffered her not to bring forth, but ate her up; whereby he was himself delivered of Pallas armed out of his head. This fable containeth a secret of empire: how kings are to make use of their council of state—that first they ought to refer matters unto them, which is the begetting or impregnation; but when they are elaborated, and shaped in the womb of their council, and grow ripe, and be ready to be brought forth, that then they suffer not their council to go through with the resolution and direction, as if it depend on them, but take the matter back into their own hands: that the decrees and final directions (which, because they come forth with wisdom and power, are resembled by Pallas armed) proceeded from themselves; and not only from their authority, but the more to add reputation to themselves, from their head and device."

No. 325.

Chastity, Pudicitia, was worshipped by the Romans under the figure of a *matron*, half veiled. There were two temples dedicated to her; one to Pudicitia Patricia, exclusively confined to women of rank; the other to Pudicitia Plebeia. In both temples, no matron was permitted to sacrifice unless her reputation was unsullied, and she had been but once married: matrons, who were admitted, obtained *the crown of chastity*.

No. 326.

The worship of Fidelity, *Fides*, called also *Solafides*, was introduced into Rome by Numa, and maintained at the public cost. No bloody sacrifices were offered in her temple; her priests were dressed in pure white robes, and presented their offerings with the right hand only. So highly was she revered, that, in cases of intricacy, the magistrates often referred the decision of the litigated question to the *faith* of the contending parties.

No. 328.

Men are urged by Hope to become industrious and acquire subsistence, of which ears of corn were the type; are induced by Hope to sleep away and forget their cares, which is indicated by the poppies; and are steered by Hope right onwards to their object, as typified by the rudder.

No. 330.

The representation here is not that she is "seated *in* clouds which *overhang* a pyramid," but that she is seated *on* clouds; and that the *pyramid*, the meet type of her durable deeds and fame, on the summit of which she lays her hand, *out-tops the clouds*. It is more natural to suppose that glory and the lasting monument of her deeds should out-top the clouds, than that the clouds should overhang them, and therefore wrap them in obscurity.

No. 333.

Her attributes here are the horn of plenty and the rudder of a ship, to shew that she distributes riches and abundance, and directs the affairs of the world; or (for there are two explanations of the subject) that she dispenses all the treasures of sea and land. She stands upon a globe.

No. 337.

This was meant to express that sleep subdues, and renders harmless, the strongest and fiercest of all animals; or that the presence of even the greatest danger cannot prevent sleep. In this group sleep holds the soporific poppy-plant; and overhead is the owl, the bird of night.

No. 338.

This should follow No. 428. Charon, according to the *Theogony* of Hesiod, was the son of Erebus and Nox. His office was, in the infernal regions, to ferry across the river Acheron the spirits of the dead for a small fare. Those who could not pay this fare, which was usually put into the mouths of the dying, were, like those who did not receive the rites of burial, obliged to wander on the banks of the river for a hundred years, before they could be admitted to a passage. He was represented as a muscular, ragged, repulsive, grisly-looking person, of a hale and green old age, with rough, matted, and filthy beard and hair. See VIRGIL, *Æneid*, book vi.

No. 339.

Pausanias shews that Latona and Diana interceded to appease the anger of Apollo, and Minerva to appease Hercules. At their intercession he restored the tripod. The priestess usually sat on a tripod.

No. 344.

As Amphitryon was king of Thebes, Hercules was born in that city, and called the Theban Hercules.

No. 345.

Iphicles, or Iphiclus, was the twin brother of Hercules; but while Hercules was the son of Jupiter, Iphicles was the reputed son of Amphitryon.

No. 349.

There is a material error in the explanation here. It was Eurystheus the son of Sthenelus, and not Iphicles the son of Amphitryon, who gave the orders to Hercules. The wife of Sthenelus king of Mycenæ, and Alcæna, were pregnant at the same time. Jupiter, to appease the jealousy of Juno, declared that the child first born of either should rule the other. Juno delayed the parturition of Alcæna, and Eurystheus was born first. Eurystheus, actuated partly by jealousy of the rising celebrity of Hercules, but chiefly acting on the divine decree in his favour, imposed his tyrannical commands on Hercules to perform certain feats, which were generally considered impossible. Hence the famous legends of "the labours of Hercules." Here, once for all, it may be sufficient to state that there were many heroes of this name. Varro enumerates forty-three. Indeed almost every nation had one Hercules, or more; hence arises the discordant variety of the accounts about him, which it is not easy to reduce to system or consecutive order. But the achievements and adventures of them all have been condensed by the Greeks in the exploits of the Theban Hercules. Of this hero it is enough here to say, in general, that he was gifted with every accomplishment and power of mind and body that nature, or education through all its range and various departments of instruction, could give him. He was instructed by the most eminent masters in the different branches of philosophy, science, and elegant accomplishment, as well as in the various gymnastic and military exercises. He could touch the lyre as tenderly and skilfully, as he could powerfully and victoriously wield his club. In a word, the Greeks considered him the personification of human power directed for the public good, in destroying monsters and tyrants; and in removing every obstacle to the civilisation and happiness of mankind. From his own reputed intellectuality, and from his instrumentality in advancing civilisation and letters, he was styled *Musagetes*, or *leader of the Muses*. And yet, because physical prowess appears the most prominent engine in the achievement of his greatest victories, there prevails a vulgar opinion that he is the representative of mere manly strength. This is a mistake; for the Greeks represented him as the abstraction of all human power—intellectual as well as physical. He was deified after death, and married to Hebe. He is generally represented with a lion's skin, and a club—sometimes with a bow.

Nos. 357 and 358.

Transpose these numbers.

No. 359.

Read "Pholus."

No. 362.

Read as a title, "Hercules wounding the brazen-footed stag." This stag is generally known as the stag of Mount Mœnalus.

No. 365.

These birds were said to have had beaks, talons, and wings of iron, and to have destroyed and fed on the inhabitants bordering on the lake Stymphalus in Arcadia: the simple explanation of which fable is, that they were a gang of iron-tempered robbers that plundered the country, and evaded pursuit by their fleetness, and defied punishment by their ferocity.

No. 366.

From the entire omission here of any explanation of this subject, it is necessary to state that Minos, king of Crete, who had obtained wide dominion over the circumjacent seas, was so vainglorious as to refuse to offer the rightful sacrifice to Neptune. Neptune, to punish his disobedience and impiety, sent from out the sea a bull-shaped monster to desolate his country. This monster Hercules subdued, and dragged bound to Eurystheus. The plain solution of this fable appears to be, that the usurped supremacy over the free-trading on those seas by Minos raised up a formidable corsair or freebooter that ravaged the coast, but was eventually destroyed by Hercules. It is stated that Eurystheus let loose this bull, which afterwards was known as the famous bull of Marathon, subdued by Theseus. Of this an account is given under the head of Theseus.

No. 367.

Diomedes, a Thracian prince, was not only remarkable for his own ferocity and power, but his fierce horses were trained to attack strangers and devour their flesh: hence the great arduousness of a contest with him. However, Hercules killed him.

No. 368.

There are two versions of this story. One is, that Eurystheus, anxious to obtain for his daughter the belt of Hippolyte, the most famous in the world, ordered Hercules to bring it. Hercules, though attended only by a few followers, encountered the Amazons, the most formidable antagonists in those times—defeated Hippolyte, and gained the girdle, or belt. Another is, that she gave it as the ransom of her sister Menalippe, whom he had taken prisoner.

No. 370.

Here Hercules is represented as driving the butt-end of his club against the cistern (the

usual attribute of a river-god), and discharging its contents through the stable, while the river-god is remonstrating against the act. In this stable or shed 3000 oxen were kept; and Hercules was required to perform the labour of cleansing it in one day. The work was considered impossible: but ingenuity and skill effected what physical strength could not. This achievement was of great value as an example, by shewing to the world in general that a slight exercise of skill is of more advantage than a great exercise of physical power; and to the Greek husbandmen in particular, an easy mode of keeping their stalls clean, and their cattle consequently healthy.

Augeas cheated him out of the promised reward—the tenth of the stock. For this treachery Hercules justly sacked his city and slew him; but generously surrendered the kingdom to his son Phyleus, who disapproved of his father's conduct. This story was an example to shew that perfidy and honesty should have, each its adequate reward.

No. 375.

The most probable explanation of the fable of Atlas having sustained the heavens on his shoulders, and of Hercules having for a short time relieved him, is, that he possessed great knowledge of astronomy and of the system of the universe, which Hercules learned and communicated to the Greeks.

Another well-supported opinion is, that on the summit of this lofty mountain, Atlas, there was a famous temple to Cœlus, the religious rites of which contained some sublime mysteries, in which Hercules was initiated.

There are different accounts of this labour of Hercules. Some say that he plucked the apples himself, after he slew the dragon.

No. 378.

Read as a title, "Hercules killing the vulture that fed on the liver of Prometheus." The fables about Prometheus are various. The artist here follows the account that Prometheus, having been chained to a rock over a ravine on Mount Caucasus, while a vulture preyed constantly on his liver, which grew as fast as it was devoured,—a punishment inflicted by Jupiter for his having stolen celestial fire, and with it animated into man a human figure formed of clay,—was released by Hercules, who slew the vulture or eagle. See *Addenda et Corrigenda* to the first number of Class III.

No. 389.

Read as a title, "Hercules enclosing the pigmies in a bag."

No. 391.

Read as a title, "Hercules killing *Sileus* with a spade."

No. 402.

There is an error in the explanation of the text here : both mountains are not now known by the name of Calpe. The hill on the African side was called Abyla ; that on the Spanish, Calpe, which the Moors called Tarik. Hence Gibraltar is a contraction of the Moorish words Gebel al Tarik, or the hill of Tarik.

No. 405.

As Adonis was fond of the chase, he is here represented as accompanied by his dog.

Nos. 406, 467, 468.

Achelous had (it is fabled) the power of transforming himself into many shapes. This horn became to Hercules a horn of plenty. The fables of the transformations into a serpent and a bull, and the wrenching off of the horn, are said to mean the serpentine course and roaring of the river, which divided itself into two streams or horns, which flooded the neighbouring country. One of these Hercules cut off, and so drained and fertilised the land.

No. 415.

The arrows of Hercules were exhausted before he prayed to Jupiter for assistance : hence he is here represented as holding up his empty quiver to heaven. The place where these stones fell from the air on the giants was called "the stony field" in Narbonne.

No. 422.

Read as a title, "Hercules dragging Cacus out of his den."

No. 423.

Read as a title, "Hercules griping the throat of Cacus, who discharges volumes of fire and smoke."

No. 424.

Read as a title, "Hercules strangling Cacus." These two numbers ought to be transposed.

No. 426.

This should follow No. 446. Theodamas, with his forces, attacked and wounded Hercules for having slain the ox Dejanira ; but was himself slain by Hercules, who took off with him his son Hylas. Hylas afterwards became his constant friend.

No. 428.

It is generally supposed that Hercules was commanded by Eurystheus to descend to the

infernal regions to bring up Cerberus. It is enough to state here that, when he did descend thither, whatever may have been the command or the object, he is represented by different authors to have performed different feats, and to have released several persons.

No. 433.

Read as a title, "Hercules transfixing Pluto with an arrow."

No. 438.

Read as a title, "Hercules meeting Theseus and Pirithous chained to a rock in hell." There are three figures in the group; and neither of the captives is represented in the act of receiving deliverance. Theseus is holding out his hands in supplication, while Pirithous is bending backward in an agony of despair at being left behind. It is in the following number the delivery of Theseus is represented.

Nos. 445 and 446.

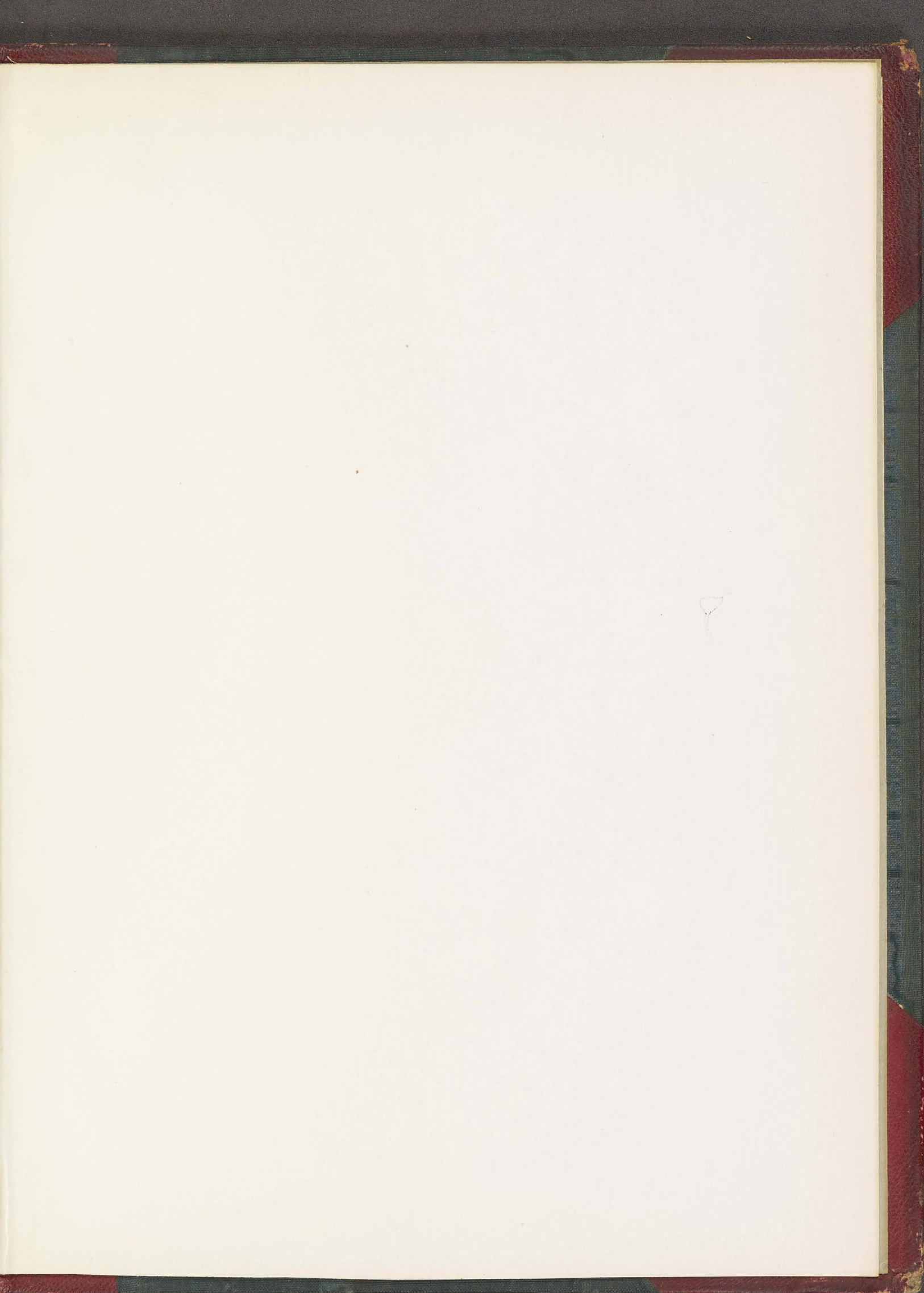
These numbers should immediately precede No. 426.

No. 457.

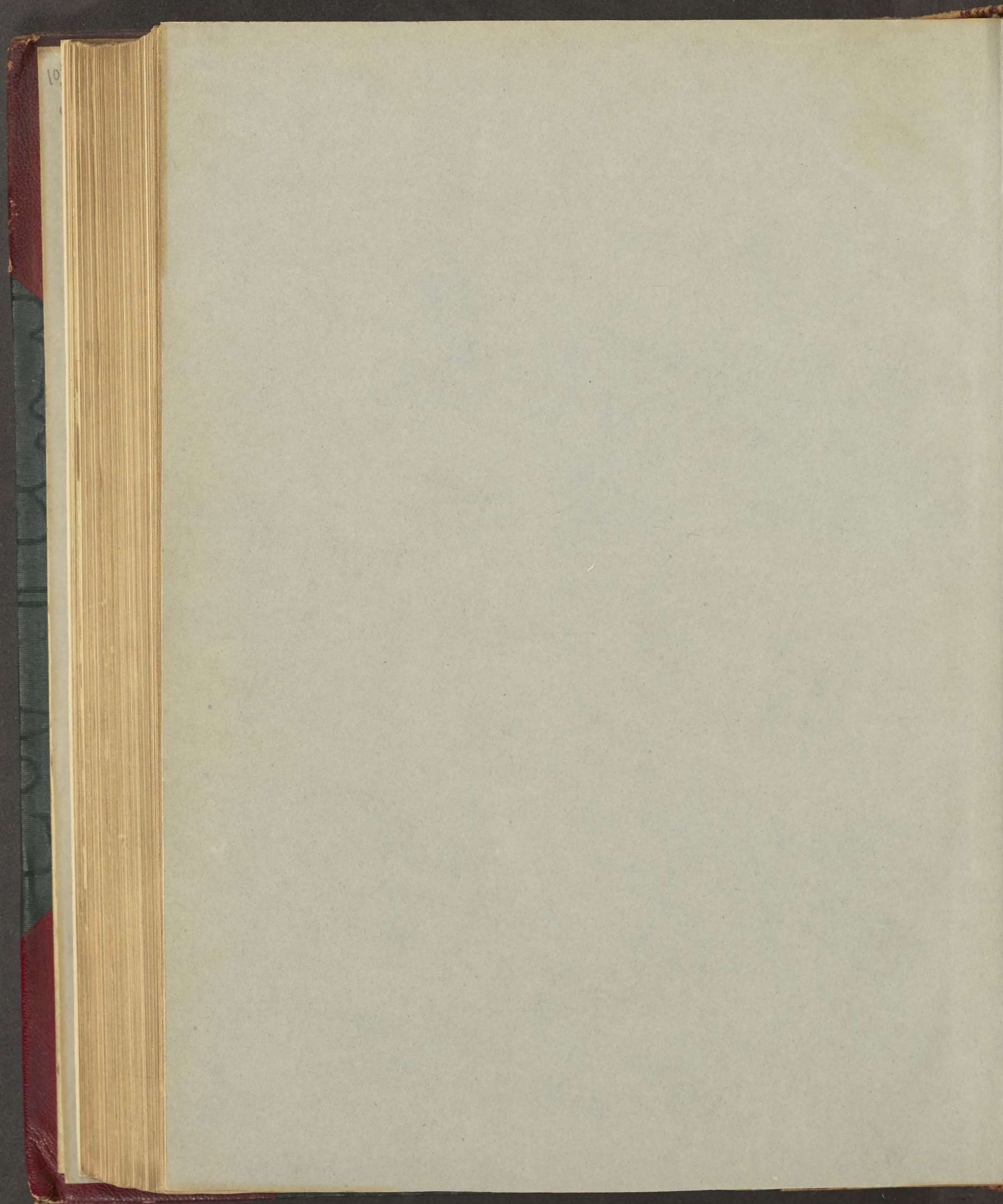
There is no butterfly, and only one genius, represented. It would be a more appropriate arrangement if Nos. 455, 456, and 457, were immediately to precede No. 467.

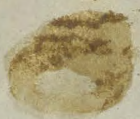
No. 471.

"Hyllus cutting off the head of Eurystheus." CHROMIOS; *Cornelian*. This number which has been omitted, ought to precede No. 468.









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